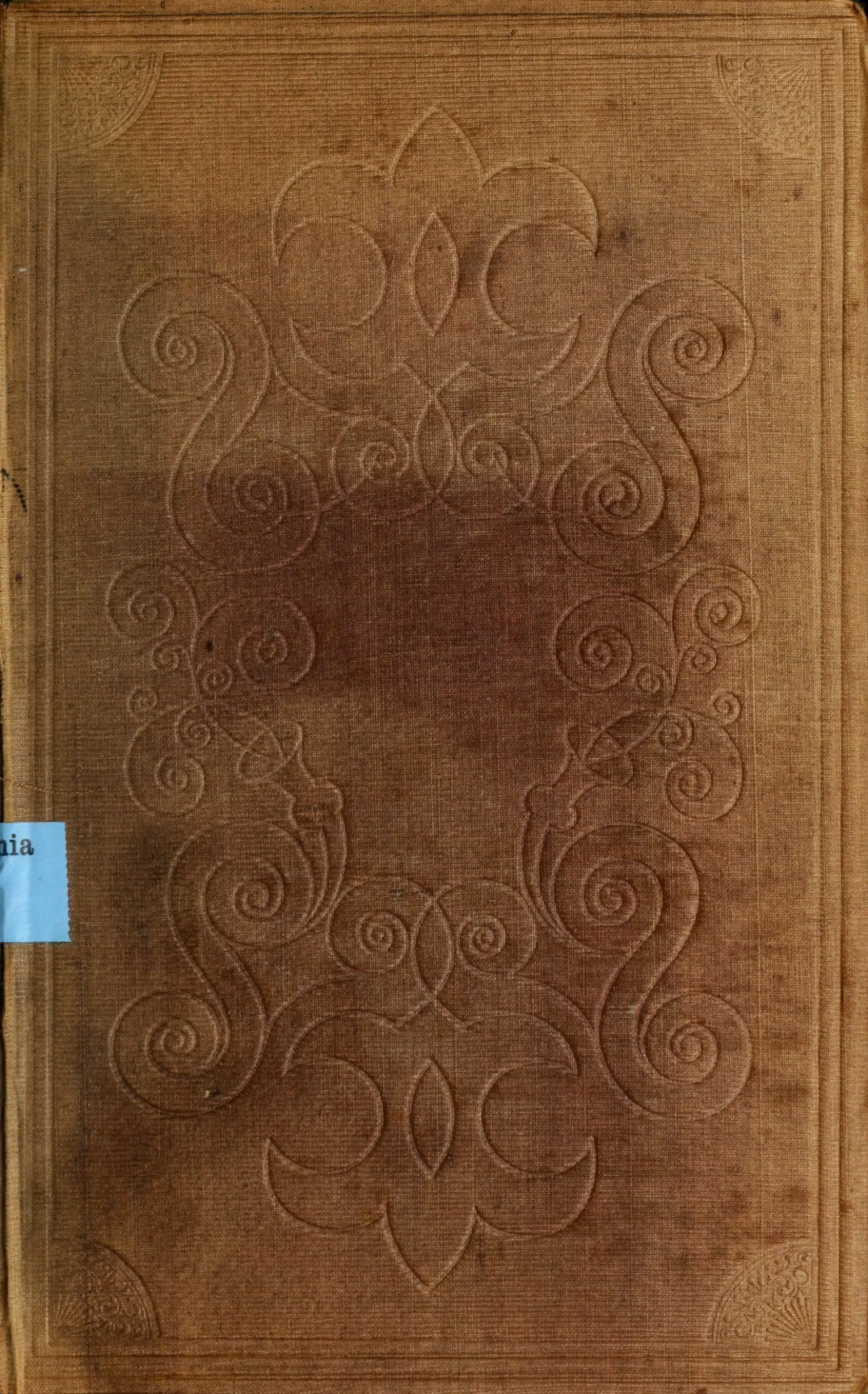


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*To the*  
Magnus of Lansdowne & Co  
As President of the Literary Fund. This volume  
is presented with the highest sentiments  
of respect from the Author.  
Dover. 21. May 27. B30

## I T A L Y.

*Preparing for Publication,*

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

T H E   D E L U G E :

A DRAMA,

IN TWELVE SCENES.

AND

THE VISION OF THE ANCIENT KINGS:

WITH OTHER POEMS.

# I T A L Y:

A POEM,

In Six Parts :

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CLASSICAL NOTES.

BY

JOHN EDMUND READE,

AUTHOR OF CAIN THE WANDERER.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ ditissima terra,  
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,  
Laudibus Italiæ certent.

VIRGIL.

LONDON :

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1838.



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PR  
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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

&c. &c. &c.

---

SIR,

HAVING received your express permission for the Dedication, conveyed to me in a very gratifying manner, through the medium of a mutual friend, I will only take leave to say that I do not address you either in your character as a politician, or as a patriot. Poetry has no politics : poets ought to merge their political tendencies in the love of their Country, and in the best interests of general humanity ; and who, among those who differ most from your own views, ever questioned your sincerity here ?

When nearly arrived at the completion of the work on which I had been engaged, I looked round to consider to whom I should offer it, for, touching so largely on the arts, it seemed more particularly to require a De-

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dication. I consulted a literary friend of unquestioned judgment and ability :—" Select the highest," was the reply ; " political feelings he must have, but from those of party he should stand aloof." My mind involuntarily turned to yourself ; chiefly, perhaps, for a reason which had not been expressed ; I felt, that, from the apparent freshness of your classical remembrances and associations, the offering might not be altogether unwelcome ; for poetry, or the imaginative and reasoning faculties, when employed on such a subject as Italy, afford indeed, (to use language which was ardently responded to on a stirring occasion,\*) " a noble relaxation, " which, while it unbends, invigorates the mind—while " it is relieving and refreshing it from the exhaustion of " present contention, is bracing and fortifying it from " that which is to come."

With the highest sentiments of admiration

and respect,

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JOHN EDMUND READE.

\* Inaugural Address delivered at Glasgow.



It has been suggested that, on the publication of a Work, on the important subject chosen, the Author should say something more of self than appears in the Preface subjoined. In compliance with this suggestion, he will devote as few words as are absolutely necessary to that ungracious subject.

From the age of eighteen to that of thirty-seven years, the aim and end of his ambition has tended towards one point—to prove himself a Poet. It was during the year 1829, having previously essayed a small volume of minor pieces, which met attention, that he published a Dramatic Poem, entitled “Cain the Wanderer.” It appeared during the Author’s absence, and in what Publishers term the dead time of the season. Rough, however, and unpolished as were

its lines, even to ruggedness, the reception which it met with surpassed the writer's expectations. Even now, the liberal spirit of one literary paper\* is remembered; the first which devoted to it a leading article, the more gratifying, as its Editor was then a stranger to the Author. Various other reviewers were more generous than they were just; until, at length, the Edinburgh Review, in an article which was felt, at the time, as rather unnecessarily severe, exposed the many defects of the Drama. The article, it is possible, was designed as a rough kindness to the writer. The second edition of the Poem, already in hand, was, in consequence, immediately withdrawn, and the Author earnestly set himself to revise that which he felt he had too hastily thrown out; a task which—with subsequent productions—he is thankful he has been permitted to accomplish. A lover, even to enthusiasm, of Nature, he has everywhere exemplified its influences in his writings; feeling that, to whatever extent education and art may exalt and refine the mind, all our real images of transcendental greatness, of beauty, and of power, are drawn from that source alone.

\* The Literary Gazette.

## PREFACE.

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AT the close of the year 1834, I forwarded a Tour, written in prose, to my Publishers, descriptive of what I had seen in the South.\* I purposed to continue it, but found, that when standing before objects of the great and beautiful, in art, or nature, my thoughts involuntarily toned themselves to a higher strain of language than that which best accords with prose. I, therefore, most willingly returned to what most writers of verse are willing to consider their natural vocation; and if an author's own testimony to the closest possible fidelity on his part, with regard to description, thought, and feeling, can be supposed to give the reader any additional interest in the work, I can with truth aver that I have scarcely written a line except in the pre-

\* Extracts have appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine*—entitled *Prose by A Poet*.



sence of the objects described; and as in the whole limitless kingdoms of Art and Nature, as in the moral world, I believe the Good and the Beautiful everywhere presides, and, if sought for, is everywhere to be found, so I have only written when I have felt myself under their immediate influences.

I must aver with the like truth, however, that I did not visit Italy with the slightest design of writing a Poem. It was among the Statues and Paintings of the Tribune, at Florence, that I first wrote down the impressions of the hour; until I found, when at Rome and Naples, that the habit had entailed its necessity: the slender thread, or, rather, rivulet of Poetry, which, at first, had drawn me on, deepened and widened into a stream, to which I, insensibly, devoted every thought and feeling.

I have carefully avoided reference to Continental, or, indeed, to any politics, varying as they do with the time. Italy must, at last, be united, and recover her freedom: it is the ultimate destiny of all nations; but, as with Poland, her hour has not arrived. As the world of Nature is overcast by the sullen mists, and sluggish vapours of a Winter's sky, when the Sun, once so animating and enlivening, indicates his presence only by the common light in which all live and enjoy; so

under the more palpable oppressions of despotic sway, chilling and nipping all genial influences, and blighting or restraining all that vigorous growth, which, allowed to exercise its energies, would so adorn and benefit humanity, does an Empire draw on its languishing existence, awaiting the dawn, the glow, and the warmth of Liberty, which must as inevitably return to her as the Star to its wonted course, or as the Sun to the summer's morning.

I have dwelt only on those objects which are immutable and eternal: on her master-works of Art, both in Painting and in Sculpture; and on the sublimest forms of Nature in that glorious land, over which the Almighty seems more especially to cast his mantle of the Beautiful.

Italy stands like a winter's tree; the summers that shone upon it, and brought forth all its strength, and fruits, and foliage, have passed away; yet, though denuded of its once too rank luxuriance, its limbs motionless and lifeless, that life is dead in appearance only; the vital principle condenses round its heart; but a Kingdom, with all its giant energies and infinite existence, cannot be rooted up or overthrown; the sun, the freedom, and the life, that warmed, expanded, and invigorated its mighty ramifications, must again

burst forth. Nature, by her own immutable laws, must again assert her energies ; and Nations, following her example, gather themselves together, and rejoice beneath its protecting shadows.

On works of Art, the Statues for example, whatever novelty, real or seeming, my stanzas may pretend to, consists in this ; that I extract from them, and I endeavour to enforce, that *moral feeling* with which I am satisfied every Master-Artist of ancient times was impressed, and of which he endeavoured to make his work the reflection. I felt that it animated them all, each having its peculiar stamp of character ; and feeling this, I have endeavoured to embody my impressions. I consider that Pliny, also, has expressed a similar sentiment, though couched in different language ; for, speaking of a famous Painter, he observes—*In unius hujus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur ; et cum sit ars summa, ingenium tamen ultra artem est.*\*

Be it, also, borne in mind, that in addition to various objects in Florence and Rome, and much of classic ground hitherto untouched, the whole territory of Naples, with all its exhaustless treasures, lay open to

\* In the works of this man, more is always understood than is painted : and when he has attained the height of art, the mind of the Artist is felt beyond it.



the scholar, and, still more, to the reflective and the imaginative observer. Pompeii, Vesuvius, Baiæ, Cuma, Capri, with all their impressive reminiscences; Sorrento, Amalfi, and perhaps, above them all, PESTUM, may be considered by the Poet, as unbroken, almost as untrodden ground.

I found that copious notes were necessary to illustrate various passages: the greater part of them are drawn from standard authorities; when occasional anecdotes might be thought welcome, I have introduced them. I have, also, added notices set down, at the moment, from my own Journal; believing that such sketches, however hasty, are more graphic, and possess more the air of reality, than when elaborately finished. Occasional extracts of the deepest interest are quoted from the Roman poets and historians: but they grow so much *out* of the subject, that I feel assured not one of them will be deemed superfluous. My great object in these Notes has been to *interest*, to make them a part of the Poem. In this, I wish to hope that I have succeeded.

I have chosen the measure adopted by Spenser, Beattie, Thomson, and by a far higher name than the two latter, as that, which, uniting in itself the heroic and Ægiac, allows, above all others, the greatest field of

latitude for description, and for every change of thought, of sentiment, and of passion. I consider my Poem as a depositary and a record of the thoughts and impressions of the hour, cast in a language correspondent to the objects which inspired and called it forth; and to which, if I am permitted to approach old age, I may turn as a friend—once the companion and the solace of many a happy hour: in whose reflection, if I may so speak, I may again enjoy the pleasures of memory.

I will not conclude this Preface without commenting on the present *apparent* distaste to Poetry.

Not half a century since, Collins burnt his noble Odes with indignation, not one single copy having sold; he is now recognised to *be* what he then was—a Poet of the very first order. An infinitely higher example than he, one whose name alone inspires veneration, MILTON, in his earlier day, with all the grandeur of his transcendent genius, which he so well knew that he possessed—even Milton himself, with all those powers that disdained “a middle flight,” looked anxiously, almost despondingly, round him, and feared that even he had come “an age too late;” not that *he* for one moment doubted his own superhuman powers, but he was oppressed with those misgivings which are ever the curse of genius. He saw and felt (for how

could he avoid feeling it?) that same callous indifference to the higher order of Poetry which is so omnipotent at the present hour. Yet then, had Shakspeare written; yet then, had Chaucer given us his exquisite humour, character, and pathos: and Spenser had stamped duration on a work, which, in power of creative genius, left Ariosto, and, be the truth confessed, Tasso himself, far behind him; but it was his misfortune, being an Englishman, to write his own language; and, finding it imperfect, to magnify its imperfections.

That “age too late” which Milton feared, which Collins felt, is as far removed from us to-day, as it will be a thousand years hence—or ever. Our national character, indeed, becomes less mercurial from the irresistible tendency of Circumstance; but Human Nature and the world are the same in all ages, in all time; and it is to them the Poet addresses himself. As long as the resources of the imagination, and the love of the true and the beautiful, form the prominent features of humanity—so long shall they become the inspirers of Poetry; so long shall a portion of the human race be audience “fit, though few.” *Can*, then, the real impressions, may I not, also, call them the inspirations of Poetry, ever become a drug? The leading Critics of England, to their honour be it recorded, have

bours will not be judged, from impressions of its narrower parts, but from the opinion formed of it as a connected whole. For the tone of thought, and the pervading moral of the Poem, he feels that he has no apology to offer

TO THE LADY \* \* \* \* \*

---

I.

THE Lay hath ceased : the labour of long years :  
The latest Vision born from it is fled :  
No more the ardent hope inspiring cheers,  
That drew erewhile unconscious Fancy's tread  
Where paths of Song to heights untrodden led ;  
Still doth Fame sit on her immortal shrine,  
While Memory points the rays around her spread ;  
But my heart answers not that faith divine :  
Those aspirations now no more, as once, are mine.



## II.

Yet I would twine one wreath around the Song,  
Even though its leaves should yield no fruit to me !  
To bloom unfading : yea, its life prolong  
Enduring as this line ; for Poesy  
Speaks with the solemn Voice of Prophecy,  
And tells it shall endure, when thou, so dear,  
So hallowed by my heart, shalt cease to be :  
Passed—like a shade, or leaf of Autumn sear ;  
Even as the Beautiful, for aye, decayeth here !

## III.

Then by that face which still Youth's roses tinge  
With their last hues that fade upon thy cheek :  
By those dark eyes beneath whose shadowy fringe  
The star-like lights of thy pure Spirit break  
Forth from the Temple of the Mind, that speak  
Expression caught through their reflected glow ;  
And feeling, such as Hope doth vainly seek :  
And by that open brow whose tablets show  
Thought, deepening to sadness—here thy glance bestow :

#### IV.

Accept this homage, for it is as pure  
As that which Seraphs offer to their God !  
All else may pass : but this shall aye, endure  
Till he, whom look or word of thine had awed,  
Shall be forgotten—buried in the sod ;  
But the deep feeling thrilling in me now  
Shall live beyond me, and perchance record  
Its memories of thee ; nay—blame not thou—  
It is thy fame, not mine, I proudly thus avow !

#### V.

And, as in happiest hours, when thou and I  
Were, even as one ; while thou, apart enshrined,  
Didst lend me something of thy purity ;  
So be for ever with this verse entwined.  
ASTARTE's name inseparably joined :  
And this frail record be the monument  
To that all unforgotten past consigned,  
O'er which shall eyes and hearts approving bent  
Applaud this tribute given—so rude—so impotent !

## VI.

Life is a fleeting moment, snatched—and given  
Again to Yesterday's eternity !  
But I could smile at fame, the phantom heaven  
Of my enthusiast boyhood, so that I  
Might near thee live, and, dearer, near thee die :  
So in my failing grasp thy hand might be :  
Thine the last form to meet my closing eye ;  
So I might feel my Spirit could not flee  
Away—its life, and love, existing still in thee !

## CANTO I.

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The Apennines: Florence. Apostrophe to Italy; illustrious men born, or residents at Florence. The Piazza Gran' Duca. Perseus: Cosmo. The Duomo and the Campanile. The Tribune: the Venus. Niobe: the Mercury: Genius of Death: Plato. Love and Psyche: The Dancing Fawn: The Medusa: St. John of Raffaëlle. The Day and Night, Santa Crocè: Galileo: Michael Angelo: Dante: A Vision of the Dead.

Fiesolè: Apostrophe to Nature: to the Air. The Vale of Arno, and Florence in the distance. Farewell to Youth: remembrances of its joys and sorrows. Ascent to Vallambrosa: moral influences of Nature on the soul: on Liberty. Wild and sublime Scenery of Vallambrosa: analogies; remembrances of Milton: Eulogy on that Great Poet. Farewell to Vallambrosa; The Adriatic: Apostrophe to England, recalling its national glories: Conclusion.



# ITALY.

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## I.

IF thou wert aught, Time-hallowed phantom, Muse !  
Save the creation of immortal mind,  
Here, throned apart, thy temple would'st thou choose :  
Oh ! never on Parnassus' heights enshrined,  
'Mid Ida's woods, or Delphic shades reclined,  
Was a sublimer, worthier Altar thine  
Than where I stand, companion of the Wind,  
Cloud-folded on the stormy APENNINE !—  
Than where I feel thee linked with Nature's life and  
mine.

## II.

Else, wherefore, Vision of the Soul ! wert thou  
Embodied ever from mankind apart,  
Throned on the mountain's heaven-encircled brow ?  
Save that the Poet felt thou wert and art  
From Nature's forms created by the heart :  
The crag, the cloud, the spirit-stirring Air !  
All elements that kindred Power impart ;  
Thou, who her gentler communings would'st share,  
The vale, or brooklet seek, and thou shalt find her there !

## III.

Stand—for unseen beneath a world lies shrouded :  
An upper and a nether heaven ; behold  
Above—the boundless azure spreads unclouded :  
Beneath—the mists voluminous enrolled  
In wave-like ridges, fold enwrapped o'er fold :  
Now, broken, feathering up the mountain's side  
In billowy wreaths of gusty vapour rolled ;  
Now, through its yawning gorges spreading wide,  
Like smoke whose eddying palls those rocky cauldrons  
hide ;

## IV.

Upwards from their all-fathomless chasms seething  
As from the Abyss of Hell ! lo, dimly seen,  
Hung round their sides the blasted pines stretch  
wreathing  
Their arms with a forlorn and witch-like mien ;  
Above—beneath—the Quiet how serene !  
The Motion and the Silence ! the bright Sun  
Casting o'er yon cloud-waves its dazzling sheen ;  
A solemn Sea ! still fluctuating on,  
As heaved the waves o'er earth ere yet from Chaos won.

## V.

Lo, Life's true isthmus, thou who standest here,  
Rising between the two eternities ;  
The infinite of yonder azure sphere :  
The floating Ocean of the Cloud that lies  
Beneath thee, and the world o'ercanopies :  
Thou, the sole link between that earth and heaven ;  
How thy grand isolation magnifies  
Thy spirit to the mighty Vision given !  
Away, each lowlier thought, each earthlier memory  
driven.

## VI.

Hark—on the air the Goatherd's simple bell !  
Oh ! how that Voice of Silence hath a charm,  
Awakening, with its more than magic spell,  
All those affectionate memories that warm  
The heart, which chilled by distance, peril, storm,  
Bounds to the past, and welcomes hope and home !  
How those fond words can ill itself disarm,  
Where'er the way-worn wanderer may roam ;  
Or scorched on desert sands, or rocked on Ocean's foam.

## VII.

Lo, the Wind entering yon cloudy Ocean,  
Hath shook its dewy folds, and now, ascending  
The broken mists, with an uncertain motion,  
Unveils their depths, with their blue shadows blending  
What now appear like trees—now, towers impending,  
Based on their evanescent banks below :  
Till, step by step, thy loftier throne descending,  
Dark Apennine ! those shapes ærial grow  
Palpably fixed :—till rising, shadowed by thy brow,

## VIII.

Athens of Italy!—I gaze on thee  
From Miniato's cypress-covered steep ;  
Florence ! beneath me spread, how drowsily  
Thou liest 'midst thy rich olive groves in sleep :  
Round thy grey towers the veil-like vapours sweep,  
Making thy beauty indistinct, more fair :  
Hark ! sounds of life their equal measure keep :  
The deep-toned bell throws music on the air :  
The pulse of one vast heart throbs audibly upwards  
there !

## IX.

Thou, who dost love thy human-kind, who feelest  
Thou art in bonds of brotherhood allied,  
When from the crowd to solitude thou stealest,  
Waste not thy passion by the mountain-side,  
Go—gaze upon a City in its pride !  
Then shalt thou prove thine own humanity :  
He, the Immortal, who for mortals died,  
Here first felt human tears—here, heaved the sigh,  
As man with all his failings lived before his eye.



## X.

Hark—how the hum of men in distance heard,  
Makes the live silence felt along the air !  
Yet all of Chaos' elements are stirred  
In the fierce soul of man contending there :  
What passions agitate, what feelings wear  
His frame away before its time, which end  
In deeds, whose fruits are ashes and despair :  
In thoughts, which through a shoreless future tend :  
In dust, that mocks the will which would with fate  
contend.

## XI.

Frail plaything of the hour ! yet there he toils  
For life, as if the feverish dream could last ;  
And, though the weight of truth on him recoils,  
His pride still rallies when the fit is past :  
The metamorphoses of life fled fast,  
And dream-like,—youth and age—he stands alone,  
And Wisdom now her rays might on him cast ;  
But slave to sense and habit he is grown :  
His soul's once ardent hopes are withered, dead, or  
flown.

## XII.

O thou loved land which still art Paradise !  
Thou that embodiest all the Poets dream !  
Thou, that art bathed, as in a fount, by skies  
Of Heaven's own tincture ; where the golden gleam  
Of sunlight gilds thy every flower and stream,  
Bright as the rays which call them into birth !  
Where the corn, vine, and olive, laughing, teem :  
Where the broad rivers roll in voiceful mirth :  
And where the Titan-Alp girds thee from common earth.

## XIII.

I gaze on yonder azure, the intense  
And boundless mirror of the Almighty's throne ;  
Pure as the eyes of holiest Innocence,  
When opening on the heaven which is her own.  
Beneath—what prodigality is shown,  
Where waste is rank luxuriance that dies  
Over its heaped profusion ; where the zone  
Of Love unbound embraces earth and skies ;  
O'er which the sweet South sheds its breath of eloquent  
sighs.

## XIV.

Thou azure-eyed and laughing Italy !  
Nature hath stamped a magic in thy smile :  
The Syren sweetness living in thine eye,  
Could all but Barbarism's heart beguile ;  
No marvel, conquerors owned, at last, thy wile ;  
Oh ! had they paused in their first wrath one hour,  
Thou hadst prevailed, and quench'd thy ruin's pile ;  
Mind o'er brute passion had assumed its power :  
And beauty, spared by time, had been thy priceless  
dower.

## XV.

Away the weak lament which for thee mourns !  
All ill is fleeting—Good alone stands fast :  
First freedom, fame, then luxury returns,  
Decline and fall, but liberty at last ;  
Thy chains shall be to earth forgotten cast :  
Thy Beauty, which has been thy curse, shall then  
Become the sweet Avenger of the past :  
Nations whom thou hast humanised to men,  
Shall raise thee from the dust, and own thy powers  
again.

## XVI.

Enter yon street of palaces and towers :  
Here Circe calls the wanderer to stay,  
And Pleasure laughs away the flying hours :  
Florence ! thy ducal race have passed away,  
But they have left behind them that bright ray  
Of immortality which gilds the name  
Of those scarce less than tyrants in their day :  
Thy Medicis shall still our reverence claim :  
To Art they reared a shrine, and gave themselves to fame.

## XVII.

Parent or nurse of mightiest minds wert thou !  
Souls formed above the common herd to soar :  
Here Dante, entering Hell with prophet brow,  
Left Hope, the seraph, sighing at its door !  
Here Galileo's spirit from earth's shore,  
Spread itself o'er the isled infinity,  
Pilgrim to heavenly worlds unfound before ;  
Here Milton from " the top of Fiesolè,"  
Or, while the Vallambrosian shades embowered from  
high,

## XVIII.

Or, while by thee, eternal Arno ! straying,  
Felt that dim prescience of power, that thirst  
Of Fame, which from that hour knows no allaying ;  
Thy myrtles bloom as when he plucked them first :  
Still like a giant from its fetters burst,  
The Duomo soars ; and close, as from it riven,  
That fairy tower within its shadow nursed !  
Still the heart, answering, owns those “ gates of heaven ;”  
And yonder princely shrine to Art's bright triad given.

## XIX.

Forum of Florence ! Sculpture's rays which shed  
Light o'er old Athens, here in marble glow :  
There, Neptune towers—his Tritons round him spread :  
Here, rears Alcides o'er his fallen foe  
His giant height—suspending yet the blow ;  
There, stands triumphant Perseus ; in his hand  
The head just severed from the trunk below :  
Still those wide-glaring eyes in death expand ;  
Still writhes that shrunken form upon the bloody sand.



## XX.

A very masterpiece of bronzed life ;—  
And near, the Sabine rape : the Roman bears  
Aloft, from him who vanquished yields the strife,  
Woman—best, noblest prize for him who dares !  
In vain the semblance of remorse she wears,  
Valour ne'er sued to Beauty and in vain !  
Turn, where yon champion on his war-horse rears ;  
'Tis Cosmo, he who fixed his Country's chain,  
Twined with the laurels plucked upon Sienna's Plain.

## XXI.

And this is life—the tyrant who would hide  
Deeds to which shrinking nature gives no name,  
Crowned by false fortune, is by death allied  
With those who share eternity of fame ;  
Than he, the meanest slave hath worthier claim ;  
But Time, at last, is just : yon grey Tower stands  
Sole record of his now forgotten shame ;  
His house and tomb have passed to strangers' hands ;  
Enter Art's shrine—the Goddess ruling there, commands.

## XXII.

The Idol of all nations, time, and clime,  
Whose worship shall endure for ever ! Love,  
Raising from self each sordid thought sublime :  
Awakening, yea, creating soul, to prove  
Its immortality, that vainly strove  
To pour forth in expression the deep feeling,  
Whose inspiration kindled from above,  
Embodied forth that form divine, revealing  
All the full heart hath dreamed within its depths concealing.

## XXIII.

So stands the Venus, living, breathing there !  
Grace, like the light, irradiates her head,  
Casting a very halo on the air :  
While, on the gazing eye and heart, is shed  
That sense of adoration which is fed  
When language faints to tell the load we feel ;  
How love and purity, with wings outspread,  
O'ershade that brow which calls on us to kneel ;  
How does that neck, as once, the immortal Power reveal !

## XXIV.

And in her Form, so femininely bending,  
So delicate and yet so dignified,  
The woman and the goddess are contending ;  
The innocence with its repellent pride !  
All beauties in that shape beatified,  
Swelling the whole, make music to the eye,  
The music of expression ! till allied  
Our hearts by her pervading harmony,  
We feel the power of love Life's ruling destiny.

## XXV.

If thou hast ever fondly, deeply loved,  
If thy own being was forgot in this  
Abstraction of all self, which thou hast proved,  
Whose unrepaid devotion was its bliss ;  
Whose aching want itself was happiness,  
Thou hast beheld that form—she is the same  
To which thou, falling prostrate, would'st confess  
Thy hopes, thy ardent thoughts, thy wasting flame,  
All the vast power of Love which doth the mighty tame.

## XXVI.

But where art thou, Prometheus of the past ?  
Thou who hast bound the future to thy shrine ?  
Thy hand is in the dust of ages cast :  
Yet should'st not thou our common lot repine,  
Thou, who didst body a form more divine  
Than e'er shaped Nature in her happiest mood ;  
Wrapt in *her* life, we cease to think of thine :  
But this is ever man's ingratitude,  
The giver is forgot, when still is grasped the good.

## XXVII.

The Niobè—the majesty of woe !  
Awing the mind to veneration ; how  
Her grief-struck form succumbs beneath the blow !  
Yet does that noblest attitude avow  
The mother unforgotten still ! her brow  
Is raised to heaven beseechingly in vain ;  
Her hand still guards her youngest hope, which now  
Her arm with passionate fondness would retain,  
But—ere the robe enfolds—her latest love is slain.

## XXVIII.

And there she stands in ruin ! she would weep,  
But feeling, hope, yea, memory are flown ;  
Despair itself is hushed : the stroke, too deep,  
Hath hurled her reason headlong from its throne :  
Ah ! better were it had she madness known ;  
But still she lives, retaining consciousness ;  
Look how she stands imploringly in stone !  
Her child still grasping in her wild caress,  
The passions speaking still that tell ye her distress.

## XXIX.

Behold light Hermes—messenger of heaven,  
On the supporting breath of the wild Wind—  
Balanced—ere feather-like through ether driven !  
How in that slight form breathes immortal mind,  
Grace, speed of thought, and freedom unconfined !  
His arm thrown up, he points, and with a smile,  
To his own heav'n—Jove's mandate is consigned ;  
Not ev'n Calypso's charms the god beguile ;  
One bound—he leaves afar Ogygia's azure isle !

## XXX.

Lo, that lone Statue ! feel ye not its breath ?  
The breath of Love, and yet it is not he :  
For his head droops, his eyes are cast beneath :  
His torch of joy sinks quenched beside his knee :  
Thoughts of the past, and of futurity,  
Darken upon his brow ; his spirit yearns  
For that which he again shall never see ;  
It is the Genius of Death who mourns :  
The Beautiful is gone—alas, and ne'er returns !

## XXXI.

No gaunt and grinning mockery of life,  
Is he--no Skeleton to fright away  
All those fond thoughts with which the heart is rife,  
Those hallowing memories which know no decay,  
But, like affectionate spirits, tend the clay,  
Until the soul that cherished them is fled :  
Who is he with those downcast eyeballs, say ?  
'Tis Love himself—not Death—who now doth tread  
Upon the desert earth—all, all he loved is dead !



## XXXII.

He weeps—and wherefore? Life but takes again  
The youth, the strength, the beauty which it gave;  
Why mourn the chainless spirit freed its den?  
Is it that we to be immortal crave,  
To be unchanged? and that he cannot save  
All that he loved, which, first, must undergo  
The purgatory of the loathsome grave?  
The wish to be undying makes us so!  
But, ere the pure fire mount, the dross must sink below.

## XXXIII.

What is this Death—this Terror of the Mind?  
This Shadow made substantial by our Fear,  
Felt, though unseen, the step of Life behind!  
For ever distant, yet for ever near;  
Mocked by our sleep, whose pillow is the bier  
From whence we waken to pursue again  
The hopes that, phantom-like, elude us here;  
Till tired, at last, we own our efforts vain,  
Content to rest in peace beneath his leaden reign.

## XXXIV.

Angel of Death ! how beautiful art thou !  
The solemn beauty thine that Night doth wear  
When the Stars lighten o'er her clouded brow :  
They paint the terrible who do not dare  
To watch thee stedfastly ; thy features bear  
The marble stillness of eternal rest !  
All passions met, repose in slumber there :  
All hopes, loves, hatreds, hidden or confessed,  
Forgotten—are forgot upon thy infinite breast !

## XXXV.

To the grief-stricken, thou, so all unmoved,  
Art the sole Comforter ; 'tis thou alone  
Joinest the lover with the dust he loved :  
To him who hath immortal longings, none,  
Save thou, can'st show what he would look upon ;  
The Dead—the immortal—and the infinite,  
Where time and life are swallowed in the One !  
The Realm of Shadows—the waste Void of Night,  
Where the soul rests, or speeds its everlasting flight.

## XXXVI.

Kings, heroes, seers—the mighty of the Earth,  
How have their sunless millions fled to thee !  
From whom Life draws its momentary birth ;  
If *they* claim not their immortality,  
Be ours their nothingness ! oh, not to be,  
Were better than survive that glorious band !  
But if, to shame the accursèd Sadducee,  
Be ours, beyond the grave, a blessed strand,  
'Tis thou who guid'st us, Death, with thy protecting  
hand !

## XXXVII.

Thou Star above the night of ages shed,  
Divinest Plato ! do I meet thine eye ?  
Oh, how my spirit upon thine hath fed  
Thou Seer of my young heart's idolatry !  
Until a Holier was sent from high,  
Thou stood'st on earth man nearest the divine ;  
Sole Mind that soared to triad Deity !  
Truth held within thy breast her chosen shrine :  
Let sceptics doubt the soul, thou prov'st immortal  
thine.

## XXXVIII.

How Contemplation, on her seraph wings  
Alighted, sits on thy all lordly brow,  
That tablet of profound imaginings !  
Yet doth thy face a gentleness avow,  
And in their wisdom who so meek as thou?  
For Truth, unsphered by thee from heaven, began  
Her task, by teaching thee thyself to know ;  
There liv'st thou still the semblance of the man,  
Still guide and light to us through Life's too fleeting  
span.

## XXXIX.

With arms entwined, their souls met in their eyes,  
Into one being circumfused, one heart,  
Stand Love and Psyche, pure as their own skies ;  
She seeks not yet to draw the veil apart :  
The child of innocence, she knows not art :  
Oh ! could the immortal soul thus happy rest,  
Nor seek to plunge into itself the dart !  
What else is knowledge ?—how might it be blest,  
Its paradise, this earth, by all it loves, caressed !

## XL.

The Dancing Fawn—he cannot hide his joy,  
The pulses of delight within him bounding !  
His foot pressed lightly on that music-toy,  
Now soft, now full, the answering cymbal rounding ;  
How is his rapture at each note redounding !  
His arms are tossed in motion, like the tree,  
When the Wind through its joyous boughs is sound-  
ing !  
His face, his eyes brimful, o'erflow with glee,  
His is the very life of rapture's ecstasy !

## XLI.

Cast in a low dark cavern on the ground,  
The severed head of the Medusa lies !  
Not dead—but life is gushing from the wound ;  
In their sunk sockets roll her dying eyes :  
And from her pallid lips, half opened, rise  
Like pestilential damps, her steaming breath,  
Wrung from her last expiring agonies !  
Her pale brow wears the livid hues of death :  
Her snakes, their folds uncoiling, writhe in rage be-  
neath ;

## XLII.

And on each other madly now would wreak  
Their malice, like their vengeance, impotent :  
Some lap their parent's blood, or vainly seek  
To turn on her the furies in them pent ;  
Bats, and obscure birds, waiting their descent,  
Flit o'er, till motionless is stretched their prey ;  
Till that embodied curse its life hath spent !  
Like fiends that on the heart their fangs essay,  
Which its own dealt remorse in life thus gnaws away !

## XLIII.

Lo—girt with Mountain solitudes, the Stream  
Dashed at his feet, the leopard's-skin his dress,  
Roused from his rock by an inspiring dream,—  
The embodied “ Voice within the Wilderness !”  
How those intense, full-opened eyes express  
The troubled joy that mingles with his fears !  
His parting lips the mighty truths confess :  
The startled mind his thrilling warning hears,  
“ Prepare—make straight the way—a God—a God  
appears !”

## XLIV.

And in that form is beautifully moulded  
The beauty of Religion unconcealed :  
And the eternity of truth unfolded,  
In his enduring Boyhood is revealed ;  
Who would not thus, thou glorious Spirit ! healed  
From mortal sin, prove, standing there, as thou,  
The grandeur of thy innocence, than wield  
Powers before which the banded world should bow ;  
Crowns which, compared with thine, were dross upon  
the brow !

## XLV.

Yet pass not, watching by Lorenzo's tomb,  
Thy Day and Night, sublimest Angelo !  
Eldest of Powers, ye almost see the gloom  
Of crowning darkness round her forehead grow :  
She sleeps, and must not be awaked !—but lo !  
The Titan Day his robe aside hath hurled,  
On his supporting arm uprising slow ;  
Beneath his eyes clouds part like banners furled,  
While, frowning, he looks down upon the prostrate  
world !



## XLVI.

Altar of human dust ! whose memories  
Shall be immortal when thyself art not,  
Even to thy name the answering heart replies,  
Grey Santa Crocé ! last but unforgot :  
Far above all, to thee my soul hath brought  
The veneration which thy shrine inspires ;  
Mecca of Italy ! by pilgrims sought ;  
'Thou guardian of the ashes of Life's fires,  
The guiding Lights of earth as are yon starry choirs.

## XLVII.

Behold the tomb where Galileo's spirit  
Found that repose in life to him denied :  
Nature gave, as his birth-right, to inherit  
The starry infinite ;—how human pride  
Hears from that tomb an awful voice and guide !  
A little dust is all that now remains  
Of mind which with eternity allied ;  
Hate galled him living with her bigot chains,  
The crown of thorns was his, the sages, patriots gains.

## XLVIII.

His life was persecution to its close :  
*He*, atheist stamped, whose name the sceptic awed !  
Left blind, but patient 'midst a host of foes :  
And when he died, refused a common sod  
Where he might lay his bones in : he, who trod  
From star to star within his realm of heaven,  
While his wrapt soul held converse with his God !  
Outcast from man by bigot-hatred driven,  
By his meek suffering soul his great reward was given.

## XLIX.

Happier than Angelo, whose dust lies near ;  
He whom the triad Arts bequeathed their dower :  
Well might the Sage sigh, gazing on thy bier,  
“ Count no man happy till his latest hour ! ”  
Thou wert caressed, revered, upheld by Power,  
And if light Fortune frowned, she made thy foes  
Succumb to thee like weeds beneath the tower :  
Yet wert thou happy ? did'st thou find repose ?  
Oh, who in life's young dawn dares prophesy its close ?

## L.

Lonely, a wreck in age, thou didst shed tears,  
Yea, even with tears thy foes thou didst deplore ;  
All gone—friends, rivals of thy youthful years :  
The very restlessness they caused thee, bore  
The elements of thy existence o'er  
All opposition, until thou didst win  
Fame's deathless wreath, and Time could give no  
more ;  
Then did thy weariness of life begin ;  
Till thou didst strike Death's gate, praying to let thee in.

## LI.

This is the moral of the life of him  
Whom, rising o'er the rest, the world assail ;  
Sung o'er each martyr's grave the requiem :  
Yet though Truth points for us her thousandth tale,  
Yet never did the dull told saw avail ;  
Wherefore? because life's trials are untried :  
Youth's ardour, like its self-love, first must fail,  
Which mocks at grey experience for his guide,  
Till ends, as aye, the race of vanity or pride.

## LII.

Behold that Mausoleum so endeared  
To Florence, offering of remorse too late,  
Colossal Altar place of marble ! reared  
O'er dust not there : the Muse laments his fate,  
Bent o'er his tomb ; but, with a mien elate,  
Fame proudly points where, seated up on high,  
Sits DANTE throned in more than kingly state !  
Visions of heaven and hell in his wrapt eye ;  
The glory of the south, the Bard of Italy.

## LIII.

The martyr of his fame, hate drove him forth  
From Florence, her, for whom his love surpassed  
The love of woman ! Exiled upon earth,  
He found no rest ; the arkless wanderer cast  
From his loved home : he watched till hope was past,  
Then his heart broke ; no more with fate he strove :  
But for his requiem pealed Fame's trumpet blast ;  
His Song revealed hell, paradise above ;  
Till Florence begged his bones, as he, her slighted love.

## LIV.

And there he sits enthroned above his urn,  
His thoughtful head upon his hand depressed ;  
How in that furrowed brow, high, proud, and stern,  
And in those sunken cheeks, and lips compressed,  
Is the eternal history expressed,  
Of mind, which, raised above mankind, drew down  
The storms that robbed it from that hour of rest ;  
The inward strife more wasting of its own,  
Life's sacrifices pledged to wear Fame's airy crown.

## LV.

I pause still—never upon human face  
Is the sad record told so well as there !  
Grief much, yet care hath ploughed a deeper trace :  
Genius, its sinking languor and despair,  
While the worn frame its wastings must repair :  
What bore thee up ? save that thou knew'st from time  
Thou wert of immortality the heir ;  
That thy high thoughts should live in deathless  
rhyme :  
Thy visions and thy woes—the earthly and sublime.

## LVI.

Florence ! in thy stern, grey Etruscan streets,  
Where the o'ershadowing cornice hides the ray  
Of the fierce sun that scarce an entrance meets,  
Full many a Legend doth its flight delay,  
As loth to leave the faith of Yesterday !  
Of those dark middle ages, when men sought,  
By other means than holy, to essay  
What mysteries beyond the grave are wrought ;  
Behold a record left, with fearful meaning fraught.

## A Vision of the Dead.

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The striking and impressive story on which this Poem is founded, was communicated to me by Carlo Liverati, a distinguished Artist of Florence.

The Mazzichis were not brothers, as represented in the text, but fellow students, whose mutual studies, however, ended only with their lives. They should be, and, I believe, they are, remembered among the characters of the general history of their time ; as they were the restorers of the Platonic Philosophy, and the chief overthrowers of the doctrines of Aristotle, which, until their day, enjoyed the ascendancy in the Schools of Florence. The Tower in which they prosecuted their studies is still shown ; and the fact, or its assumption, actually recorded, is of that class which, since the creation of the world, has continued to divide the sentiments of mankind.

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### I.

A record of the living, and an answer from the Dead !

The Mantle raised, between the realms of Light and  
Darkness spread ;

The Voice heard of a living Soul that rose beyond the  
pale ;

While rushing to its final home, its doom of bliss or  
bale.



## II.

There were two brothers of one blood in friendship's  
bonds allied,  
As if one common thread of life their hearts united  
tied ;  
The blossoms of their youth had grown upon one stalk  
entwined ;  
The pride of lovely Florence they—the blessing of  
mankind.

## III.

For they had waked again divine philosophy to  
life,  
Not words or discords harsh, with weak humanity at  
strife ;  
But Truth descended visibly upon them from her  
sphere,  
When they drew the Soul of Plato from his starry man-  
sions here.

## IV.

The immortality of man, the hope, the trust, the  
love,  
The proof in Nature's pages read, the faith inspired  
above ;  
Such heavenly hopes, apart from men, within their tower  
they found ;  
Such truths they taught, and far and wide, spread  
through the world around.

## V.

But thought, the vital flame that wastes the oil of life  
away,  
Failed in the elder hope, his body sunk in slow  
decay ;  
Life faintly shone within his eyes, but mind still rallied  
there,  
Faint as the lamp's last flickering ray ere melted into  
air !

## VI.

It was the midnight hour, and all was still ; the City  
slept ;

His brother knelt beside his couch, and silent watching  
kept :

The lamp a sickly gleam threw round, then settled pale  
and wan

Upon the wasted form and features of that dying  
man !

## VII.

'Twas then the Mourner pressed his brother's failing  
hand, and spoke,

And started—as his voice the more than deathlike still-  
ness broke :

“ My brother ! on the verge of life and death thou  
standest now,

“ If thou dost hear my latest prayer, by word or sign  
avow !

## VIII.

“Thou dost!—then in the name of that great God I  
call on thee;

“Before whose Judgment-seat thy soul or soon or late  
shall be:

“I charge thee—if thou canst—come back—and Death’s  
great secret tell:

“Is Soul immortal, as we trust, and is there Heaven  
and Hell?”

## IX.

He spake no more, but crossed his brow—his brother’s  
soul had fled:

Perchance he had not heard him on the confines of the  
dead:

But in his grasp he faintly felt his failing hand  
reply,

On him was turned the last dim light that flashed forth  
from his eye!

## X.

The bell of midnight tolled forth as he uttered his last  
word ;  
And the Minster organ's distant hymn along the street  
was heard ;  
It seemed an omen of the good, as if the dead had  
flown  
To heaven upon the melody of that low dying  
tone !

## XI.

His dust reposed in sanctity ; he, pilgrim in his  
course,  
The lonely journey of his life pursued with failing  
force ;  
And nightly prayed he that his brother's soul in peace  
might rest :  
That he might share his love again in mansions of the  
blest !

## XII.

It was the night of Hallow-mas, the hour, when by his  
side

A twelvemonth since upon that lowly bed his brother  
died :

He opened, ere he turned to rest, the casement, and  
looked down

Where Night her robe of sleep and silence cast o'er that  
fair town.

## XIII.

O ! but it is a lovely sight to see fair Florence  
sleep !

To watch the Moon, her tower and bridge in silver soft-  
ness steep ;

The domes like shrouded giants rise, the broader mant-  
ling ray

Flooding the streets with light as bright, but lovelier far  
than day !

## XIV.

The very houses drowsily seemed nodding in that  
gleam ;

As clear as their own shadows in the Arno's glassy  
stream :

No sound was heard between the city walls and distant  
hill :

The hands of human life were stopped—the pulse of  
Time stood still !

## XV.

Uberto looked upon the scene, and while he blest it,  
felt

His bosom, long estranged from earth, with human feel-  
ings melt ;

Ah ! could he less ? the body of mankind lay panting  
deep :

The mighty heart of thousands, like an infant's, was  
asleep !



## XVI.

A tramp—a tramp of horse!—a shout, an earthquake  
    shock resounds!

The rattling clang of iron hoofs along the pavement  
    bounds!

For life—for life! a steed athwart the city gates hath  
    sped,

And rushes down the silent streets with noise to wake  
    the dead!

## XVII.

He threw the casement back, and looked out—wrapped  
    in sheeted flame,

Full down the moonlight avenue a horse and horseman  
    came!

One bound—the open space is cleared—the next, be-  
    neath the tower,

A moment reined, that charger owned his sable rider's  
    power.

## XVIII.

It was his brother!—well that changed and withering  
face he knew :

His eyes shot fire—above his head the grave-cloth  
wildly flew !

“ THERE IS—THERE IS—THERE IS !” he cried, and threw  
his arm on high ;

He may not stay—for, meteor-like, his steed is rush-  
ing by !

## XIX.

One frantic effort more he made to check his headlong  
path,

The stones in fiery sparkles flew beneath his hoofs of  
wrath !

One moment—for his brother called—away ! the sands  
are run,

Like lightning he is borne away—his fated task is  
done.

## XX.

The truth was told, the Voice was heard, the mortal oath  
was sealed :

But where was he, who heard that voice, who saw the  
Dead revealed ?

Who ever looked beyond the grave and lived ? who  
ever saw

The light again, to tell he dared transgress great Na-  
ture's law ?

## XXI.

His record, and confession left, inspired by high com-  
mand,

Told that it was a warning traced by life's expiring  
hand :

His corpse was found beside the casement laid ; his  
soul was flown

To seek the brother of his love, and share his doom un-  
known !

## LVII.

Lo the Cyclopean walls of Fiesolè !

Ruins on which three thousand years have gazed !

What are Rome, Greece's olden date to ye ?

Whose towers, it may be, earthquake shocks have  
rased,

Then, when these hills in fires volcanic blazed :

Empires have flourished, fall'n, and, where rose high

Their domes, like yon young Florence, sheep have  
grazed :

And then the Stranger comes with pedant eye,

Sighs his vain moral there, then—lightly passes by !

## LVIII.

O Nature ! mighty mother of us all :

Yea, more—sole soother, softener of the heart !

When 'scaped the oppression of the City's thrall,

How dost thou, Spirit-like, thy peace impart,

Thy own pure calm, eternal as thou art !

What holier, wiser thoughts thou dost restore,

While from our breasts thou drawest forth the dart

Of griefs, whose memories in the crowd flowed o'er ;

Which, lulled to rest by thee, we marvel that we bore.

## LIX.

Thou glorious Image of Divinity !  
How our soul's pristine innocence we see  
Reflected in the face of thy pure sky :  
Our mortal history in each leaf and tree :  
Our birth, strength, wane, and fall : and the decree  
Gently yet sadly told us, our sands run,  
How soon we must again repose on thee !  
How we should sport each moment in the sun :  
Light insects of the hour, ere dream-like life be done !

## LX.

How the Air breathes on me its life unseen !  
But we love only that which we behold :  
Earth and the Hosts of Heaven adored have been :  
Ages, like shadows from the earth, have rolled ;  
Yet is our gratitude to thee untold,  
Divinest Air ! life's sole inspirer thou :  
Thou, that thyself art Space,—and dost enfold  
As with a mantle the Almighty's brow :  
Thou Uncreate with God—thou all eternal Now !

## LXI.

First, holiest Element, ethereal Air !  
Infinite Ocean ! that, like feathery spray,  
Isles, which are Worlds, dost on thy bosom bear ;  
Wasting their rock-ribbed sides in slow decay,  
Or sweeping them with whirlwind strength away !  
Thou, whose Voice calls life sleeping into birth,  
Soft as the sighs of infants when they pray !  
Thou that giv'st health, strength, joy, all that is worth  
Existence, while we creep along thy nourished earth.

## LXII.

Yet though invisible, we own thy power ;  
While we bless thee in our unconsciousness ;  
Art thou not with us from our natal hour ?  
Breath'st thou not on us in love's first caress ?  
Yea, like a Spirit, descending, thou dost bless,  
And wing our mounting souls with thee on high  
To *feel* the love we yearn but to express :  
'Reft of thee for a moment, and we die :  
-Thou breath which wak'st the bud—yet fill'st infinity !

## LXIII.

Thou blessed Air ! thou givest welcoming  
To the wan sickly martyr of decline,  
Who, drinking thy sweet breath, renews the spring  
Of his lost youth, yea, draws his life from thine ;  
O thou restorer, deemed of old divine !  
Thou that dost shed the dews from thy pure breast ;  
Thou that giv'st health to flowerets when they pine  
In sun-burnt solitudes ; immortal guest !  
Thou com'st to infinite life—expected—welcomed—  
blest.

## LXIV.

The agitations of our Life's brief span,  
Strife where alike the fool, sage, dreamer, join :  
The tempest's rage, and wilder wrath of man ;  
The hope, the curse, the prayer, the captives pine,  
How all are lost on the horizon line  
Of thy illimitable deserts !—there,  
Where every atom is a starry shrine !  
Fountain and Deep ! ere time—life—motion—were,  
Thou wert—alone with God—O thou eternal Air !



## LXV.

Yet one last glance at that abounding Vale  
Ere left behind for ever ; lo, it spreads  
Through azure distance where the eye doth fail ;  
And yon sweet Arno ! how it, lingering, weds  
Itself to Florence ! through yon olived meads  
Once how it flowed up like a stream of gold,  
Wafting the Eastern wealth between its beds ;  
Oh, when barbarian hordes o'er Europe rolled,  
What peace, what wealth, did'st thou, all envied  
Florence ! hold.

## LXVI.

Lo—a soft haze, fair Arno's silvery breath,  
Rising, doth make yon stately fabrics seem  
Like exhalations from its depths beneath !  
As unsubstantial in the golden gleam  
Of the ærial distance ! while the beam  
Of the Sun sleeping in the West declined,  
Sheds o'er its breast the calm of peace supreme :  
Onward those parting streams reluctant wind,  
As if they mourned sweet Florence left, for aye, behind !

## LXVII.

How Nature's landscape charts our human Life !  
Our birth, our growth, our vigour, and decay ;  
But most, the River, in its mazy strife,  
Reflects to us the trackless Yesterday !  
Those paths through scenes like visions passed away,  
Unheeded while they passed, but mourned when fled ;  
The hours that loitered with us, where are they ?  
Joined with eternity, and with them sped  
Our spring of youth's bright years, like leaves of Autumn  
shed !

## LXVIII.

Farewell—farewell—for ever, oh ! farewell,  
The long past dream, the Memory of Youth !  
Morning of Life ! that drew its roseate spell  
From the pure urns of Nature and of Truth ;  
Hueing all objects, of delight or ruth,  
With manifest glory ; borrowed not from earth,  
Nor from yon glorious Sun—ah no !—its growth  
Sunlike, from forth our heart of hearts had birth,  
That love which poured o'er all its own exhaustless  
worth ;—

## LXIX.

Fountain of ever gushing feelings ! flowing  
All freshly from its source, the Infinite ;  
On every look, word, smile, its life bestowing ;  
Innocent as its hope, which chill, nor blight  
Has damped, nor seared ; existence is delight :  
Self has not numbed the heart with its cold bond ;  
Nor Time too rudely marked his parting flight,  
Stealing on flowers ! stern Circumstance's wand  
Has not yet broken hopes which looked not life beyond.

## LXX.

And the slow, sure Years have not yet borne on  
The erring Soul still farther from that Light  
From heaven, within whose radiance it shone ;  
Ere called on to descend from its pure height  
To our terrene, our chaos of dull night ;  
Whose gleams are Meteors that lead astray ;  
Still doth it keep its Maker held in sight !  
It hath not yet sunk wearied by the way ;  
Succumbed to guilt, nor owned resistless passion's  
sway.

## LXXI.

Oh ! not the loss of mind, nor strength, nor years,  
Nor hopes, nor friends ill valued in the grave,  
Wring the Soul's bitterest, most remorseful tears ;  
No, 'tis to feel, yet impotent to save,  
Decaying, sinking down, like a spent wave,  
The abounding love, e'erwhile omnipotent  
To heal the sufferings it bore, or gave ;  
This is to bear our living punishment :  
This is to feel despair—this—*this* is to repent !

## LXXII.

Oh, could I feel once more as then I felt !  
That this same being's youth I could recal,  
Gone as the Sympathy which in me dwelt,  
That, flower-like, threw o'er life its coronal !  
That with the sky and airs held festival ;  
And to the setting Sun a worshipper,  
Poured forth its love, as man before the fall ;  
That hailed the vestal lamp, meek Evening's star,  
Beaming, as if its radiant spark had been from far,

## LXXIII.

A watching Eye—a holy emanation  
Of Being more ethereal; glorious time,  
So lasting, yet so fleeting ! when Creation  
Lives in each glance, when earth is in its prime,  
Which the heart, blessing, feels not life nor time :  
Pure Interval ! when the free soul dares rise  
To deeds ennobling, and to thoughts sublime ;  
When the man greatly on himself relies,  
Bound to his fellow-man by Nature's earliest ties.

## LXXIV.

Yet were there human sympathies entwined  
With thine, all deathless : one flits ever near,  
A Vision in its purity enshrined,  
Even as she stood in life, that sister dear,  
A Spirit ever watching by me here !  
And then another came, who only erred  
In loving far too deeply, in its sear  
Though Summer leaf, him whose whole heart was  
poured,  
Though restlessly, to her whom, aye, he still adored.

## LXXV.

But—I forget !—a man, I have but proved  
A human lot, which coldly unconfessed,  
I should have borne within and bled unmoved ;  
*Thou* wilt not frown who holdest in thy breast  
Ghosts of departed joys ! there, let them rest :  
Oasis in the Desert ! oracle,  
Whose heavenly revelations truth attest,  
While they thy origin immortal tell,  
Shrine of departed Youth—yet once again—farewell !

## LXXVI.

On—on !—still upward toils the steep ascent :  
The rugged Apennines the road surround ;  
How coldly on their nameless wastes are bent  
The eyes of him who goes a pilgrim bound,  
Dark Vallombrosa ! to thy hallowed ground,  
Hallowed by Poesy's immortal line ;  
So can Mind stamp its impresses profound  
On Nature ; while it gathers from her shrine  
Its inspirations, strength, and energies divine.

## LXXVII.

For this is the mind's appetite that grows  
With what it feeds on ; all else pass away  
In dull satiety, of heaviest woes  
The least which we can bear ; but here decay  
Itself is beautiful, and wears a ray  
Of deeper glory, changing but the form  
Of Life which glows for ever as to-day ;  
Thou, whose cold worn-out bosom nought can warm,  
Pause, and while gazing here, even thee it shall transform.

## LXXVIII.

For oh ! what after joys can rival those,  
When the Soul, raised above its mortal thrall,  
Pours forth its gratitude which then o'erflows ;  
The love uniting with the eternal All ?  
And when those hours are past, we can recal  
Departed feelings which to heaven allied,  
For memory then is virtue ; if we fall  
From our resolves, she still is by our side ;  
And teaches self-control, and softens human pride.



## LXXIX.

As, while I gazing stand, yon Mountain's form,  
With its cragged brow, is folded from my eye  
Behind the mists of the approaching Storm,  
Which, in its shroud-like veils, rolls sweeping by,  
Though hidden, yet unseen it still is nigh,  
Fixed as the heaven to which it points the guide,  
So, in primeval naked majesty,  
Stands Virtue: sensual mists her form may hide,  
But she, unchanged the same, for ever doth abide !

## LXXX.

And Freedom !—thou, the boast of man, the word  
That thrills his heart ; in triumph, hope, or pride,  
His vows to thee eternally preferred,  
In whose great cause is life and death defied,  
Vision by his own passion deified !  
On whose red shrine, with human victims fraught,  
Millions, hewn down, exultingly have died !  
From whence thy deathless inspirations caught,  
Thou, who so much of good, of ill, to man hast taught ?

## LXXXI.

From thee, eternal Nature ! from the hill  
Hurling the Tempest from its sides—the woods,  
Crushed by the avalanche, yet rooted still ;  
From the wild Cataract's all chainless floods ;  
From the free Desert's boundless solitudes ;  
From warring Waves, amid whose strife thou art ;  
From Thunder-Clouds, beneath whose mantle broods  
The dagger-flashing Lightning !—these impart  
Thy shows of mighty truths, recorded by the heart.

## LXXXII.

Till the hour comes when man's long pent-up wrath  
Bursts wildly forth remorselessly as they,  
Death in his hands, and ruin in his path !  
Ah ! blame him not if ruthlessly he slay ;  
Yea, wade in blood : for, in that penal day,  
Is wreaked the hoarded hate of dateless time :  
He doth but Nature's mighty voice obey ;  
His hands are red with slaughter—not with crime,  
The Priest of Freedom he, in sacrifice sublime !

## LXXXIII.

So learn we truths ; one here o'er all attest ;  
Art narrows, labour weakens, laws control,  
Life's dull, cold, saws weigh, lead-like, on the breast,  
'Tis mighty Nature swells the human soul  
To feel, to soar, to mingle with the Whole,  
Infinite as herself: the eye, what bound  
Hath its all limitless faculty ? what goal,  
Save in the sense's weakness ? yon profound  
Azure, what depth or height the spirit had not found ?

## LXXXIV.

And for its forms of majesty, and power,  
Lo, how these archetypes of grandeur rose !  
These rock-ribbed Mountains, in Creation's hour,  
Cast from Earth's womb, by the convulsive throes  
Of fire, air, water, that knew no repose ;  
Still warring on, as when the solid world  
Heaved like the Ocean when the tempest grows ;  
When life was anarchy in chaos hurled,  
Ere yet the rain-bowed Peace her banner had unfurled.

## LXXXV.

In their full tides arrested as they rolled,  
Fixed in their fluctuation by one word,  
The Mountain Altars reared by God behold,  
Sphered in his heaven of heavens ! then, Nature heard,  
And the pure snows, her firstling gifts, preferred ;  
The Clouds her frankincense, her priests the Woods,  
That, circling round, those shrines for ever gird ;  
Her choral-hymn the Winds and rushing Floods,  
Sole Voices raised in these eternal solitudes !

## LXXXVI.

Doubt'st thou her inspirations ? lo, yon peaks  
Titanic, burying their spears in heaven !  
As if they dared the thunder, when it wrecks  
Its heaviest vengeance ; look—all headlong driven,  
Yon Waters hurled o'er precipices riven ;  
Hark, to their roar in yon black fathomless dell !  
The ravings of the tortured unforgiven ;  
Doth not thy mind their types already tell ?  
Behold the Powers opposed—the war of Heaven and Hell !

## LXXXVII.

Lo ! round the Mountain's scathed sides, like a wall,  
Pines, lightning-blasted, wear such forms as wore  
The Angels of the damned ! while, like a pall,  
The up-seething mists rise, shrouding white and hoar,  
Shapes that lie buried, crushed for evermore,  
Writhing beneath, and covering their bier  
Thick as the weeds on Ocean's surf-heaped shore ;  
This is the Vale of Shade thou should'st revere,  
'This was the Prophet's shrine—thy pilgrimage ends here.

## LXXXVIII.

Oh ! while these Autumn leaves are round me lying,  
While thy " Etrurian shades o'erarched " ensphere ;  
While the Wind seems thy Voice to mine replying,  
On thee I call ! I sought thee, Prophet, here,  
And I have found thee ; thou wilt not appear  
Athwart the bourne unpassed since time began,  
But I would *feel* thy mighty Spirit near :  
Here—where this crag no foot has dared to scan,  
Here do I call thee, thou who walked on earth with man !

## TO JOHN MILTON.

Mightiest of Poets ! from a boy, my heart  
Turned to thee ; yea, of thee became a part,  
As of the Earth I worshipped, and though I  
Then darkly comprehended thee, yet now,  
By thought, and imaging the forms which thou  
Hast brought before my Vision, and that are,  
By dwelling on them, made familiar,  
Thy Mind's sublimest heights I can descry.  
The Harp of Heaven was given thee to strike  
The chords of Melody ; thy Voice was like  
The Deep that calleth unto Deep ; thy Spirit  
Saw Past and Future ; yea, and did inherit  
Both,—for it was itself Infinity !  
Thou stoodest like some Mountain on the earth,  
Apart and hidden ; deep Clouds rolled between  
Thee and the forms beneath, which were unseen,  
Veiled from thy ken ; but inner rays were given  
Purer than from the Morning-gates have birth !  
Thy head was sphered in the serene above,  
And, while in visions rapt of God and love,

Irradiated with His light from heaven !  
 Oh ! if I sought to approach thee, be 't forgiven ;  
 For thou wert not of earth, a Prophet sent  
 To turn the age from sins on which it leant.  
 Thou struck'st the Rock of Poesy, which heard ;  
 And the deep Waters, bursting at thy word,  
 Pure, heavenly emanation ! full and free,  
 Told that they came from God — though called by thee !

## LXXXIX.

Minster of Vallombrosa ! not those halls  
 Where the worn traveller is hailed with smiles  
 Of placid ignorance, that name recalls ;  
 But thou thyself, that art, midst these defiles,  
 Nature's own Minster ! who, thy arching aisles,  
 Dark Vallombrosa ! hath in silence trod,  
 And seen thy rock-reared shrines, where the Cloud  
     piles  
 Its frankincense, and heard the Winds abroad  
 Swell up their choral hymn, nor felt *thee* built by God ?

## XC.

How reverentially are left behind  
The precincts of thy solemn Solitude !  
Again to Nature and to peace consigned,  
Until a newer footstep shall intrude,  
To wile, in thoughtful or fantastic mood,  
Those hours away that never shall return  
In such inspiring scenes to be renewed ;  
We part—from thy grey heights mine eye did yearn  
To the blue Adriatic, from the rays that burn,

## XCI.

Making life here a solitude ;—away !  
The sail gleams o'er yon far-off wave beneath ;  
Let us enjoy the sea-breeze free as they ;  
Borne on, we list not where, so from the heath  
Scorched by the heats of Summer's fiery breath,  
Where Nature wears the hue of Autumn sear ;  
Where the beams, scathing, dart the stroke of death,  
Where the night's rising dews make earth a bier  
To him who dares repose in feverish slumbers here.



## XCII.

Thou glorious Adriatic ! do I gaze  
On thee, at last, thou dream of youth ! how springs  
Again the memory of childhood's days,  
When hope outstripped the heart's imaginings :  
How the sail wafts me with its outstretched wings,  
Over thy azure waters ! while the foam  
O'er the white deck its feathering eddy flings :  
Free as the bounding sea-bird on we roam :  
But whither tends her course—what port shall be  
our home ?

## XCIII.

*Home*—Father-Land ! what music in the sound !  
How, like a spell, it doth, at once, awake  
The memories, England ! of thy sacred ground ;  
O thou loved Isle ! round whom the wild waves  
break  
Vainly as foes their wrath would on thee wreak ;  
Thou first in arts and arms ! from whose rock-shrine,  
Wisdom, that doth to after ages speak,  
Goes forth to humanise, exalt, refine ;  
Till listening States forget their greatness came from  
thine !

## XCIV.

Oh I have been where Mountains hide their heads  
In the far Clouds ! where torrents rave beneath :  
Where the wild Avalanche its ruin spreads :  
Where the sweet South comes like a spirit's breath,  
Caught from the doors of heaven ; and, where the  
    heath,  
Even in its rankness, flowered like Paradise !  
But then, as when before the gates of Death,  
    *Thou* still wert ever present to my eyes,  
The charms of other lands, their hills, seas, glorious skies.

## XCV.

Endeared thee but the more ! even now I see  
That grass-grown area, those mouldering walls,  
Once, seat of a time-honoured Ancestry :  
Who battled to the last in those Old Halls,  
For him o'er whom the tear of memory falls ;  
Martyr of Royalty !—even now, I prove  
The sacred thrill that hallowed spot recalls ;  
The patriot-oath, it may be, heard above,  
To show in such high cause, the same devoted love !

## XCVI.

Pride of the chainless wave ! that owns no thrall :  
Scorning Earth's narrow land-mark, thou dost claim  
For thy broad boundary, Heaven's sapphire wall ;  
And for thy bulwark, Freedom's holy name ;  
Far as the thundering echoes of thy fame,  
Thy glory hath gone forth : and Nations vow  
To hate thee from remembrance of their shame ;  
And despots fear thee ; and the bondsman's brow  
Is raised to thy bright sun, for thou wilt hear him, thou,

## XCVII.

Lord of the mighty free ! whose throne doth stand  
Based on the Rock of ages ! thou hast wreathed  
The Olive-branch around thy sceptered hand ;  
And kingdoms, at thy word, their swords have  
    sheathed ;  
And oh ! how god-like thou, who hast bequeathed  
That Gift which God to man his birth-right gave,  
His heaven-stamped liberty ! wherever breathed  
The man in chains, thy arm was stretched to save :  
Thy eloquence roused the heart, and Slavery found its  
    grave !

## XCVIII.

Ocean's first isle ! whose circle is the world :  
What furthest shore hath not thy wealth endowered ?  
Or Sea beheld thy battle-flag unfurled ?  
Thy Lion-flag that never yet was lowered,  
Even when the deadliest of War's thunders showered :  
When single handed Valour stood to die  
On the rent deck by giant force o'erpowered !  
What Nation hath not heard thy soldiers cry ?  
His fiery charging shout—whose charge was Victory !

## XCIX.

No deathless flowers are thine, no azure skies,  
No airs, that softening man, enervate more ;  
Vapour and Cloud for ever o'er thee rise,  
But sun-like Freedom sits upon thy shore !  
What are the Storm's wild thunders as they roar,  
To those thy bulwarks oaken ribs enfold ?  
And what the aimless Lightnings as they pour,  
To *their* Volcanic blaze, when uncontrolled,  
Before their fiery path have sunken navies rolled !

## C.

Call me not truant from my native Land,  
For still I love her ! though not yet to me  
Is given the wreath from her according hand,  
Which others, who have bowed the suppler knee  
To time and place have won ; but I was free,  
And proud as thou, my Land ! that gav'st me birth :  
Oh ! how it trembles while it turns to thee  
My bosom—glorying that my Father's hearth  
Stands on thy sacred ground, thou envy of the Earth !

END OF CANTO I.

## CANTO II.

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Sunset on Venice—appearance from the Sea. The Rialto : Records of Venice : reflections. Fall of Venice : St. Mark's Place, and Church : interior—Vespers. Venetian Beauty. Titian : his landscapes. Italian Sunsets. Lord Byron : his character. Farewell to Venice—Ravenna ; Stanzas to ——

The Pass of Furlo : The Consul Nero. The Waterfall : The Rubicon, and Cæsar's passage—character of Cæsar. Thoughts on Fame. Rimini—the Past recalled—entrance of Cæsar ; remembrances of Rimini. Approach to Thrasimène : stormy sky. Battle of Thrasimène. Temple of Clitumnus. Mountain Scenery : The Falls of Terni : appearance from beneath them.—Conclusion.

## CANTO II.

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### I.

THE Sun is setting : leaning o'er the prow,  
The Ocean's dark blue waves beneath it heaving,  
What millions have not gazed with musing brow  
The busy mind a thousand fancies weaving,  
As aimless, and as vague as that deceiving  
Emblem of Time in fluctuation past ;  
The mind as mutable : behind it leaving  
Upon the tide of circumstances cast,  
Its hopes, fears, joys, and griefs, to sink absorbed, at  
last.



## II.

To sink absorbed—nor leave behind one trace  
Of all the infinite of Thought that springs  
Heavenward—which sinking, time and life efface:  
Of all the dreams, the fond imaginings,  
Hopes, wishes, loves, that for themselves make wings,  
And rest when shared, or die within the breast,  
Ere waked like Music from the sleeping strings:  
Oh! who can tell the world of love repressed  
That dies in us, unshared—unknown—and unconfessed.

## III.

The Sun is setting; are his last rays steeping  
Yon wilderness of Clouds that steadfast keep  
Their station on the blue horizon sleeping;  
Breasting the waves, yet blending with the Deep?  
While from their braided edges seem to creep  
Bright points of spires, now, evanescent grown,  
As the o'ershadowing sea-mists round them sweep;  
Away!—no shadows they, but, nearer shown,  
Fair Venice seated still upon her Ocean-throne!

## IV.

Yea, there she rises on the waters lying ;  
Her spires and gilded domes reflected shine  
With the red Sun's last glory o'er them dying !  
Reared like some broken, vast, deserted shrine,  
Over the clear, soft, floating hyaline !  
Her Ocean throne, where Power so oft bowed down,  
Deeming *her* sun could never know decline ;  
There still she sits ; a queen without her crown ;  
Robed with the haloing memories of her past renown.

## V.

Enter—ye glide along as in a dream,  
When all is sad, mysterious, strange and wild :  
'Mid streets whose channels are the Ocean's stream ;  
'Midst marble palaces on each side piled,  
Looking desertion ! Yet unreconciled  
To be the sepulchres of greatness fled :  
Where Silence reigns, but she who is the child  
Of Desolation ; for ye hear no tread,  
No shout, no trump to wake this city of the Dead !

## VI.

And the Rialto's Bridge is left behind,  
Ere the recovered mind can disenthral  
The past—and to the present feel resigned ;  
Ere startled Meditation can recall,  
Fair Venice, as she filled the interval  
Of thirteen hundred years ; behold where stands  
The Bridge where first with Freedom's coronal  
She bound her brows : when her devoted bands  
Of patriots pitched their tents upon the shifting sands.

## VII.

Vainly the Waves roared and the Tempests dashed  
Round that last stand—no further could they flee ;  
Vain from the shore the Tyrants' faulchions flashed,  
They looked to heaven, and felt that they were free !  
And to the answering God of Liberty  
They did devote themselves in that wild hour,  
On Freedom's shrine—the boundless, chainless Sea !  
Want led to enterprize, to wealth, to power ;  
The Ocean's harvest theirs, the East and West, their  
dower.

## VIII.

Daughter of Rome ! of thy great Sire, sole heir,  
Hath not thy records proved thine origin ?  
The same stern will to suffer and to dare :  
Thou, who from that heaped sand-bank, didst begin  
To cope with mightiest empires, and to win  
Homage from all : thou saw'st their rise and fall ;  
Roman, Frank, Khalif, Goth, and Saracen ;  
Byzantium's friend or foe : until thy thrall  
The East obeyed, and sunk before thy watery wall.

## IX.

The past—the present, all is here a dream :  
An unreality : what ? can it be  
That thou didst head the Italian League supreme ?  
Regenerator *thou* of Italy ?  
That kings, and greater, Venice ! knelt to thee,  
Owning thee sovereign umpire of their fates ?  
That thou, sole Champion wert of Liberty,  
Then, when pale Europe shook through all her states :  
When, conquest-flushed, the Turk first thundered at  
her gates.

## X.

O relique of gone-by magnificence !  
Of a departed glory lingering yet  
Around thee—hallowing what was so intense,  
That the mind, dwelling there, doth all forget,  
Yea, even thy beauty in its vain regret !  
Yet, how thou diest, Venice ! day by day :  
As fades the twilight of thy suns when set,  
So thou, declining, but with slow decay,  
Shed'st round a mournful light which hath not passed  
away !

## XI.

So he who dwells upon thy beautiful,  
Thy outward form, where but repose is seen ;  
Where, if of parted passion aught o'er-rule,  
'Tis in the speaking languor of that mien,  
Which but implores for peace—for a serene,  
And calm departure while thy Life ebbs forth,  
Feels but thy SPIRIT only : what *hath* been,  
Thy dark and hidden deeds, thy crimes and worth,  
Are known to Him alone who weighs the dust of earth.

## XII.

Rome of the Ocean ! thou thy Carthage foe  
Had'st also, and thy Dorian Hannibal :  
Till haughty Genoa was taught to know,  
Given as thy right, was Victory's coronal ;  
That Glory kept for thee her festival ;  
And who could claim a loftier wreath than thine ?  
Oh ! long as History is truth's Oracle,  
Pisani's fame shall brighten in thy line ;  
Leader of chiefs presiding, star-like, o'er thy shrine.

## XIII.

For oh ! while Freedom fired thy answering breast,  
With what heroic virtue was it fraught !  
What deeds of heroism shone confessed !  
What patriot acts of rival worth were wrought  
When Fortune frowned ! and oh, how proud thy lot,  
Then, when first planted in Constantine's hall,  
Thy winged Lion by thy hand was brought,  
Was't not enough thou first didst lead o'er all ?  
That Chivalry herself obeyed thy trumpet-call ?

## XIV.

Bear witness, no !—thou who didst mount on—on—  
As thou the Sun all eagle-like would'st claim,  
Aspiring loftier o'er each triumph won ;  
Cyprus—Lepanto—Troy-like Candia—Fame !  
How could'st thou circle with a brighter flame  
Fair Venice ? then, her glory should have set  
Ere Fortune's self grew wearied of her name :  
So from her zenith did she sink, ere yet  
Applauding nations could her memories forget.

## XV.

Yet wherefore wert thou crushed at once ? thy shield  
Braced on, thy hand armed, and thy bulwarks round,  
By foemen never entered ?—didst thou yield  
Without one stroke ? thy foe thou didst astound ;  
Until contempt the soldiers' bosom found  
For those, who, crouching, dared not wake his ire !  
Where was that pride which Genoa could not bound ?  
Oh ! where that soul of valour, that, like fire,  
In the Morèa blazed for ever to expire ?

## XV.

Hurled to the dust is now the Freedom lying  
Who once her banners from those towers flung high,  
Rent by the Thunder Storms, but freer flying,  
As wilder grew the Tempests of the Sky !  
And they the brave, who in their agony,  
Fought—rallied—struggled—triumphed—bled—and  
died,  
Sleep with it now, forgot like Victory !  
Their shouts that rang along those halls of pride,  
Are in a stillness hushed that ever shall abide !

## XVII.

Till the Arch-Angel's trump shall wake the Dead !  
And call, from their all dreamless sleep, the brave,  
The freemen who like sacrifices bled ;  
Their Altar-place their Country ; and their grave,  
The heaped up battle-field where laurels wave,  
Washed by her tears, for ever unforget !  
Until the Oppressor feels that bars nor cave  
Prison the soul ; the body there may rot,  
But to live free, or die, is man's heaven-chartered lot



## XVIII.

Her Adrian-rule, and Sceptre of the Sea,  
Are torn from her : her Eastern diadem  
Is shivered, and a dream of memory :  
Scorn of the foe when she bowed to them,  
Cast to the Austrian as a worthless gem,  
Even in her worthlessness and fall are shown  
The springs that moved her—pause ere ye condemn :  
Remorseless in her hate to foes alone,  
Even with a Parent's love she guarded—watched her own.

## XIX.

Yea, all is here romance, grotesque and wild,  
And mystical, and dream-like ; lo, the Square,  
Where domes, and spires, and minarets are piled :  
The Ducal Hall's barbaric splendour there ;  
Yon steeds of bronze that glitter in the air,  
*Bridled*, at last ; the Campanilè's height,  
Where starry Galileo did repair ;  
And yonder triple shrine, that fills the sight  
With a strange sense of awe, of marvel, yet delight.

## XX.

The Greek—the Goth—the Saracenic, joined :  
Spires reared on Moorish cupolas appear :  
The long-arched front with thousand columns lined ;  
Behold undisciplined by art severe,  
The Poetry of Architecture here !  
Heaped up, and as a Conqueror's spoils displayed,  
The o'ercrowded wealth of either hemisphere ;  
Enter where mantled in her deepest shade  
Religion hath her own the sanctuary made.

## XXI.

Yet the heaped spoils which round that Altar shine,  
Seem more the stores that Mammon's den conceals,  
Gorgeous, yet dark, than Jesus' blessed shrine :  
But oh, what groups yon casements light reveals  
As through the shadowy depths beneath it steals !  
Shedding its last, rich, dying hues, upon  
Grey age which there in wrapt devotion kneels :  
As if it were a ray from God that shone,  
Sign to the prostrate there of their acceptance won !

## XXII.

And the deep silence and half stifled breath  
Of those who pass like shades, as if they feared,  
To wake the slumbers of the Dead beneath :  
Or, as they felt, that He, the Eternal, heard  
Each Voice within his sanctuary preferred ;  
Lo, where yon contrite pours on bended knee  
To the confessional each slow-wrung word !  
The Magdalen of grief ! fair woman, she,  
More erred against than erring—still her lot to be !

## XXIII.

While ever from the deep and dark recess  
Of yon Apostle-Statued shrine, steal forth  
Notes, that in distance softening, have less  
Of human feeling than of heavenly birth :  
Until all lowlier thoughts of self and earth  
Are stilled to sleep by that abstracting sound !—  
Oh ! in our mortal life are moments worth  
Ages with earthlier enjoyments crowned ;  
Then, when the soul absorbed the present God hath  
found.

## XXIV.

Yet pass the door—the pageant is forgot ;  
The Present, from the common mind bereaves  
Remembrance of the past with warnings fraught :  
For Memory its impresses receives  
Faintly, as its reflection the tree weaves  
Upon the running stream, which, gliding on,  
No shadow on its changeful bosom leaves ;  
Life claims its own : the light of grace that shone  
Upon the storm-tossed soul, wanes—darkens—and is  
gone !

## XXV.

And never yet, fair Venice ! shone the sun  
Where life did changes, like thine own, avow !  
Even on this spot what laurels have been won—  
Witness of all thy triumphs, when thy brow  
Was raised as proudly, as 'tis fallen now !  
Here, where thou sat'st upon thy jealous throne,  
The Mart—the Carnival—the Masque, below :  
With morn, the corpse by those red columns shown,  
Of some pale, headless wretch, his name, life, crime, un-  
known.

## XXVI.

But when the Stars pale o'er the dazzling lights  
Of the Piazza's arcades, when the sound  
Of music, dancing, revelry, invites  
Greek, Turk, or Persian, stretched along the ground :  
When the Tale-teller hath his circle found,  
Then, with light veil, and flexile step, steals by  
Venetian Beauty ! earth shows nought around  
Like the dark heaven of that all-speaking eye,  
Its passionate records past—its future prophecy !

## XXVII.

Oh ! when those palaces of power gone by,  
Now bearing on their fronts so worn and grey,  
A fall'n air of insulted majesty ;  
The history of grandeur and decay :—  
When in their pride they rose, and the sweet ray  
Of the Moon glassed them in those waters fair,  
How then was felt Venetian Beauty's sway !  
How glowed her cheek, dark eyes, and raven hair,  
As, idolized by love, she sighed reclining there ;

## XXVIII.

By him, the Italian lover, who beneath,  
From the dark shadows of his gondolier,  
Poured his soft lay, whose deep and passionate breath  
Was more than eloquence to lover's ear !  
Till all but feeling slumbered, even fear  
Lulled into rest where nought but love awoke ;  
Ah, well for her, with morn, she did not hear  
The sullen plunge—the cry suppressed that broke—  
The Bravo's dagger well had dealt its murderous stroke !

## XXIX.

Yet pass not, gliding through the Ocean streets,  
Pisani's palace, where a greater dwelt  
Than he—whose name age after age repeats,  
As coming and departing Life have felt  
The Beautiful, whose spells in common melt  
Man's answering soul ; the casements curtained down  
Seem as if still the Mourners round him knelt :  
And wherefore ? he who died there, hath the crown  
Imperishably won of his own vast renown.

## XXX.

Titian—the soul of colours ! he, whose spirit  
Was steeped in his Venetian sunsets, till  
The feeling of their hues he did inherit ;  
A portion of his being to instil  
Their glories in his eyes and heart, and fill  
His torch with light from its eternal pyre :  
Dream round Parnassian waters they who will ;  
Ye, who would draw down the Promethean fire,  
Lo, the true Shrine which doth the kindling soul inspire !

## XXXI.

'Twas this, which poured along his pictures, warms  
Each shape to life ; 'twas this that bodied forth  
Those beautiful and all-voluptuous forms,  
Which, breathing but the passionate love of earth,  
Prove to the sinking heart their human birth !  
Goddess, or Nymph, or, stretched on the green sod,  
Or in the blue stream plunged in wanton mirth :  
The form unveiled—the slumber feigned—the god  
Watching the shape divine by Love himself o'erawed ;

## XXXII.

And the long vales and shadowing Woods behind !  
Romantic Italy ! oh, who hath been  
Imparadised among thy groves reclined,  
Nor those delicious glimpses caught between ;—  
Arcadian Landscape ! the thick branches green,  
Of dim, rich leafiness ! the blue hill far :  
In the dark covert, Fawn and Satyr seen :  
And, over all, presiding like a star,  
Love, hallowing the scene, Joy's prophet harbinger !

## XXXIII.

Italian sunsets ! who e'er gazed on ye,  
Nor felt your inspirations ? or forgot  
The stamp impressed of immortality  
Ye leave on man ; that 'tis his destined lot  
To be, as ye, undying ? each pure thought  
Is called by ye to being : till the eye  
Of inmost waking soul beholds ye fraught  
With Nature's revelations made from high,  
And, dwelling on them, feels its home is in the sky.



## XXXIV.

Thou, who dost come from shores in vapours shrouded,  
From the pale watery gleams of Northern skies,  
Who givest to those twilight hues o'erclouded,  
Beauty whose presence lives but in thine eyes,  
Here view the opened Gates of Paradise !  
The unfolded heaven that fills yon living West,  
Steeped in rose-hues whose tints are harmonies ,  
Where Iris kindles to the life confessed :  
The Poetry of Light, the Elysium of the Blest !

## XXXV.

All-glorious Visions ! hues, each tint a heaven :  
Immortal emblems of those mansions bright,  
For which yon pageantries alone are given :  
Oh ! when men bowed before that Lord of Light,  
Material god ! upon the mountain's height,  
Was he an Idol ? and his clouds, the toys,  
Frail as our hopes to sink in endless night ?  
Faith which the grave eternally destroys,  
No deathless life to come to ratify our joys ?

## XXXVI.

I gaze on yon grey palace—shall I pass  
Nor pay a pausing tribute to the One,  
Its tenant for a troubled hour : who was,  
And is not ; whose high fame, like yonder sun,  
Is fixed ; and when the Waves their own have won,  
And the place, Venice ! where thou stood'st, forgot,  
Thou, BYRON, still thy deathless course shalt run !  
To share with her the same unenvied lot ;  
Point for the moral sage, for those who knew ye not.

## XXXVII.

A Star that in its rising sunk : a spirit  
Whose giant strength, all undeveloped, died ;  
The glorious faculties it did inherit,  
Struggling for truth, for ever turned aside  
By spleen, haste, wrath, or vanity, or pride,  
Or the last ruling passion of the hour ;  
In him the Elements met unallied  
Jarring in chaos ; weakness, strength, and power,  
The trifling, the sublime, the mean, by turns, its dower.

## XXXVIII.

In his imaginative realms a god ;  
In life, still fickle, wayward, versatile ;  
A froward child, who ever child-like, trod  
Where fancies led, each toy could so beguile ;  
What marvel Vice could such a mind defile ?  
The sport of impulses, to each the slave !  
But ye, the passionless, who coldly smile  
When genius sinks into its own made grave,  
Prove first the heights it soared, the powers that Nature  
gave.

## XXXIX.

His height had made him giddy : he, too, proved  
The strength and weakness of our waxen wings :  
Until he cursed the ambition he had loved ;  
Baffled in life, and maddened by the stings  
Of hate, and chief, the ingratitude which wrings,  
He gave, in very recklessness, the rein  
To passion, to those dark imaginings  
Shaped by the active Genius of Pain :  
The bitterness of soul that seeks relief in vain.

## XL.

Yet nobler far was he than he appeared :  
Self-condemnation was a luxury  
With which he fed in bitterness his seared,  
And desolate made breast ; satiety  
Sickened at vice whose fruit was apathy,  
Or moodiest scorn, which revelled, unrepressed,  
In its deep loathing of hypocrisy :  
His life was human, but with taunting jest,  
He loved to mock weak nature's frailties confessed.

## XLI.

Yet how his death struck, knell-like, at each heart,  
As if it mourned for a departed friend !  
For his existence had become a part  
Of his own country : eager to defend,  
And proud, even while she blamed him ! for the end  
Of his quick life in haloing glory set :  
How did the patriot's prayers his name attend !  
How his high song, e'en while it woke regret,  
Inspired the answering soul, and dared it to forget !

## XLII.

Long as the heart to Nature shall aspire  
For that communion where no foot intrudes :  
Long as her grandest, wildest forms inspire,  
The Mountains—Thunder-storms—and Ocean-floods ;  
Long as the mind, in its concentered moods,  
On life, and thought, and passion loves to dwell ;  
Or, o'er its own mysterious being broods,  
So long shall HAROLD'S verse, as with a spell,  
Enchain the heart—a thrilling and perturbing Oracle !

## XLIII.

Venice, who ever turned from thee nor sighed ?  
Nor felt, in all thy visible decline,  
A warning Voice that touched his human pride ?  
Farewell—thy mournful brow hath saddened mine ;  
Yet an affectionate feeling I would twine,  
One memory with thee ere I depart ;  
Yea, hang one wreath on thy deserted shrine !  
Whose leaves shall still be cherished by one heart,  
Till it becomes like thee, all lifeless as thou art.

## REMEMBER ME,

TO THE LADY —————

## 1.

Remember me—those words so fond, so fleeting !  
 How in their mournful music is expressed  
 All the mute pangs with which the heart is beating :  
 All that hath raised—warmed—wrung the human  
     breast ;  
 How in that sound is all forgot—forgiven !  
 The chain is loosed, perchance, it may be riven,  
 And we—for ever parted—save in heaven ;  
 Then—by our earthly loves—Remember me !

## 2.

By that light form in Nymph-like motion bending :  
 By the dark heaven of those all-speaking eyes,  
 Where, on its throne of light, the soul is blending  
 With the hues drawn from its immortal skies ;  
 By those rich locks thy high-arched forehead braiding,  
 By the fair lily o'er that cheek pervading,  
 By the rose planted on those lips unfading,  
 By that heart-thrilling voice—Remember me !

## 3.

And by that past of memories elysian !  
Moments of rapture, hours of aching pain ;  
All melted now in one departed Vision,  
Whose faded hues can never bloom again !  
By thy own life and all it holds the dearest,  
By all thy joys and thoughts, the fondest, nearest,  
By that dim future which thou hop'st, yet fearest,  
By thy own happiness—Remember me !

## 4.

Not in that hour when worldly thraldoms vex thee,  
When habit chills the manners and the heart ;  
Not in the marble hall where fashion decks thee :  
Where thou dost smile, and play'st so well thy part,  
All bosoms, save thine own, thou art deceiving ;—  
But when the lights are fled, the triflers leaving,  
When all are gone, the pageant-scene bereaving  
Of its false splendour, then—Remember me !

## 5.

Time may roll on, and distance intervene us ;  
*My* spirit feels them not, absorbed in *thine*,  
Mountains may rise, and Oceans roll between us,  
*They* hide not thoughts and feelings which are mine !  
The flower that throws its breath of fragrance o'er thee,  
The song, the last sung when I stood before thee,  
Entering thy heart, shall all its vows restore thee,  
And gently teach thee to—Remember me !

## 6.

When through those citron-groves we loved thou  
walkest,  
'Mid vines that braided like thy tresses grew ;  
When on the shore with thy own heart thou talkest,  
By those deep waters of Italian blue !  
When on the west the orange-hues are dying,  
When o'er thy cheek the Night's faint airs are sighing,  
Think 'tis *my* answering whisper fond replying  
Thy own thoughts' echo, and—Remember me !



## 7.

And when the Autumn-leaves fall round thee, spreading  
Their last, rich hues on that enchanted ground ;  
When Nature's self her very tears seems shedding  
That even in Paradise must change be found ;  
Think, that while fade her hues the frailest, sweetest ;  
While thy flowers droop, the loveliest still the fleetest,  
While, on each step, decay and change thou meetest,  
Love lives unchanged, and *then*—Remember me !

## 8.

Then, when the night her starry world uncloses,  
Those isles of love where Love in vain would flee ;  
Ere on the couch that fairy form reposes,  
Breathes the last commune with thy God and thee ;  
Oh, in that silent hour when thou art kneeling,  
When those dark eyes are raised to heaven appealing,  
Then, let *my* name upon thy memory stealing,  
Rise to thy lips, and *thus*—Remember me !

---

## XLIV.

A long farewell to Venice ! for I see  
Another Image of departed Power,  
Ravenna ! while I, passing, gaze on thee :  
Thou who restored'st Rome's Empire for an hour ;  
Shade of a Shadow ! yet is thine the dower,  
That with a loftier glory thee arrayed ;—  
Thou hold'st the dust of DANTE ! 'neath that tower,  
His bones, by Florence begged in vain, are laid :  
*His* passionate, last appeal, to her as vainly made.

## XLV.

Behold the Pass of Furlo ! Earth up-heaved  
Yon long black range of mountains, rent asunder :  
While through their gorge Metaurus' waters cleaved,  
Now flashing into light, now buried under  
Huge fragments hurled from high : its Voice of  
thunder  
Heard—while on sweeping its resistless way !  
Yet not alone claims Nature thy mute wonder :  
Here was the scene of Rome's last wild essay,  
Or to sink crushed at once, or rise to sovereign sway.

## XLVI.

Who knows not Nero ? he, whose lyre was strung  
To the red fires, and shrieks of burning Rome ?  
When hath not fame the deeds of monsters sung ?  
What Light shall now *his* glorious name relume,  
Buried for ages in Oblivion's tomb ?  
The Conqueror of Asdrubal ! whose arm  
Here fell, like lightning, stamping Carthage' doom :  
Who, wresting Victory from her, broke the charm  
Of him whose name filled Rome with ever-waked alarm.

## XLVII.

Here—where the flower of Afric youth were led,  
Hemmed in, all powerless or to fight or fly,  
Trampled on yon Stream's ridges where they bled,  
Its waters, as they glided freshly by,  
Mocking their raging thirst's last agony !—  
No record now remains—save yon grey hill,  
Where Asdrubal retreated but to die,  
The Soldier's last, stern duty to fulfil ;  
Ages have rolled away—the cave—the crag are still !

## XLVIII.

Yet one eternal sound is ever heard  
In that repose which lives eternally,  
Save by the Tempest's wrath for moments stirred:—  
Yon solitary Waterfall ! whose free  
And sweeping waters make a melody,  
Wilder than Harp to loftiest Epic rhyme :  
How speaks its sad, yet grand monotony !  
The movement of Existence :—the sublime  
Voice, that doth tell, even here, the march of Life and  
Time !

## XLIX.

Onward ye pass : there is a rivulet  
Wells silently along, whose silvery threads,  
Disparting, scarce their emptied channel wet ;  
But here they form a river, such as heads  
The steed, slow wading through its pebbled beds :  
Its name is a familiar sound with men,  
By-word for him who, late or early, treads  
Life's fortunate path—who grasps that moment, when  
The good or ill are offered—ne'er to come again—

## L

Which, taken, leads to happiness or fame :  
But leaves, for aye, in shallows, if withstood :  
Lo, how yon red banks stamp its waters' name,  
The RUBICON :—and here, the Rebel stood  
Whose name is ever linked with that pale flood ;  
Spoiled child of Rome and Fortune, he, whose will  
Embodied law : the conqueror unsubdued :  
The ever-changing Proteus, who could fill  
All characters—his own, quick, wayward, restless still.

## LI.

Swayed by each breath ; here CÆSAR paused—even  
he ;  
His Roman Mother stood before her son !  
Awing him back to filial piety ;  
'Twas but one brief and burning moment—one—  
But what a world of Thought was from it won !  
Past—present—future—crowded in that span ;  
All he had suffered, felt, proved, purposed, done ;  
All that can move and shake the central man  
To the heart's inmost core, convulsing through him ran ;

## LII.

Flashing from that unsettled eye, perturbed,  
That looked on—but saw not the River's course :  
Earth seemed herself as if she palpably curbed  
His passage, while a deep Voice, like a curse,  
Rose from its waves her mandate to enforce :  
The fate of Empires on that moment hung,  
While ebb'd in him the last sands of remorse !  
Strength, faith, and confidence, behind him clung ;  
Before—his foe's cold smile, pride conquered—and he  
sprung

## LIII.

Onward—as springs the Mind when it hath ta'en  
Its desperate purpose, shaking off all fears,  
The tossed-off dew-drops from the Lion's mane ;  
The doubt that fevers, the remorse that sears,  
Which, maddening, finds no sweet relief in tears !  
So to escape from pain—be disentwined  
From Memories of execrated years,  
Is of itself delight ; no fetters bind  
Like that protracting doubt, the torture of the mind !

## LIV.

And oh ! what loves or memories e'er slaked,  
Country, or fame, or gods, the undying thirst  
Of feverish Ambition once awaked ?  
Yet thine was purer : 'twas but to be first :  
Mankind were never by thy tyranny cursed :  
Rome loved, and marvelled at thee : and the fear  
Of thy dread eagles, which, by Victory nursed,  
“ Came, saw, and conquered ”—vanished when more  
near,

For thy unbroken faith taught foemen to revere.

## LV.

But he who mounts himself above mankind,  
Unsympathising Solitude doth seek ;  
Where, from the atmosphere he left behind,  
The bolt, already forged, but waits to break  
On his, the loftiest head, its wrath to wreak :  
Rome still was free : but thy quick spleen, or pride,  
Those forms of usage slighted ; which, if weak,  
By habit, time, and law are sanctified :  
And he, the opposer sinks, who dares their strength  
deride.

## LVI.

Thou wert their sacrifice, the first and last :  
The throne reared by thee, a less worthy took,  
Yet fitter—so thy end of life surpassed :  
He, wiser, turned the sword into a crook :  
But who on thy bald, *laurelled* brow could look,  
Nor fear what heights thy fever would attain ?  
Hate struck—the blow for Virtue's he mistook :  
But thou didst leave, on thy own Altar slain,  
A warning to earth's tyrants—given not in vain.

## LVII.

What is this Fame ? this phantom of our youth,  
This hope for ever sought ? this wild desire  
Still unenjoyed ? age changes not the truth,  
Changing our faith : doth not the Shade inspire  
Past ages—ours—while its Promethean fire  
Shall light futurity ? is it a dream  
To which our waking visions so aspire ?—  
Where are its pledges given to redeem  
Life's sacrifices offered on its shrine supreme ?



## LVIII.

Look round the Temple of the World ! no form,  
No deeds which human Nature elevate,  
Refine and humanise, it did not warm :  
Born from its Source, whose power doth still create ;  
What were the past if, circumscribed by Fate,  
This ray had slumbered ? chaos come again ;  
A grave for dust with dust to congregate ;  
No !—it was given to prove the origin  
Of the immortal soul to more degenerate Men.

## LIX.

And can the love of praise, the passing breath  
Of man, which is as nothing in its eye,  
Suffice that Soul whose yearnings outstrip death ?  
Which fails the Infinite to satisfy ?  
Away !—the fame for which it heaves the sigh,  
For which it mounts—toils—struggles—is its own ;  
Seated—but not *above* humanity,  
It watches from that solitary throne ;  
And hears the distant shouts—but moves, and acts  
*alone.*

## LX.

Who, with earth's crowns and kingdoms at his feet,  
Was ever satisfied ? who ever dealt  
Reward that could Ambition's visions meet,  
Though a world's flatterers at his footstool knelt ?  
And why ?—the aim, the point on which he dwelt,  
Is won—earth gives her all—in nothingness !  
Then, first, is his immortal nature *felt* ;  
He strove for grandeur, and found worthlessness ;  
The greatness was the race, the prize could not be less.

## LXI.

So Cæsar—Nature stamped thee one of those  
Whose fiery spirits must ascend or die.  
Conquering or revelling—ought save life's repose ;  
Thy very crimes attest the dignity  
Of an immortal nature ; and thy sigh  
To be the first—to struggle onward still—  
Its grand but misdirected energy !  
For, when thy least wish Fortune did fulfil,  
What respite gave it thee, thou Man of restless will ?

## LXII.

And thou, Ariminum ! the first to hail,  
The immortal rebel on his march—how sprang  
Thy Citizens from morning slumbers pale,  
As the shrill trumpets through thy Forum rang !  
The wild shouts of the soldiery—the clang  
Of clashing arms—and, raised above the tide,  
Cæsar himself, forgot the passing pang :  
His brow inflamed with mingled wrath and pride ;  
Standing like War let loose, with Até by his side !

## LXIII.

The passionate harangue—the tears poured forth,  
Wrung from the fierce excitement of the hour !  
The answering thunder of the soldier's wrath,  
Whose rage is reason, and whose law is power !  
The consciousness of dangers, such as lower  
O'er him who dares against his country rear  
The Rebel's standard—cursed alike his dower,  
Failure, or triumph ; rage—despair—and fear—  
All Man's most demon passions warred in chaos here !

## LXIV.

And *now*, a Northern Wanderer from that Isle,  
Which the soft Roman shivered but to name,  
Stands here—while ardent thoughts of him beguile  
Of whom all now is dream-like save his fame !  
Oh ! something more than breath is that whose flame  
In the soul kindles through a thousand years,  
The electric spark as if from heaven it came :  
'Tis this immortal hope the spirit cheers  
To climb Fame's toilsome path, and crush unworthy  
fears.

## LXV.

Yes, I have leaned on that grey stone which tells  
His record to his fellow-soldiers sworn :  
Dumb Witness ! speaking, more than Oracles,  
That sternest truth which must not be outworn :  
Our moment of existence, so o'erborne,  
And lost in the eternity of time ;  
What am I, leaning here, who idly mourn,  
And build the unpremeditated rhyme ?—  
A straw, to pass away, forgot my name, age, clime.

## LXVI.

Yet, wandering, Rimini ! by thy wild shore,  
In caves where foot of man hath rarely trod,  
Lulled by the music of the Ocean's roar,  
And by my very stranger-mind o'eraw ed ;  
Then, when inspired, as by the Delphic God,  
The Spirit of Poesy, entering my soul,  
Bore my Thought, like the infinite Air, abroad,  
I felt those inspirations of the soul  
Might live, surviving death, and change, and time's control.

## LXVII.

And in that high faith I will live and die :  
For it hath been to me a blessed dream !  
Recalling me from fitful apathy,  
And hopelessness, when life a blank did seem,  
A desert waste ;—with nothing to redeem  
The wasted, fruitless, past, misguided hours ;  
If false, its own reward was bliss supreme !  
The peace, the raptures of uncounted hours :  
Pure loves and joys, which strewed life's flinty path with  
flowers !

To —————

## 1.

It is the midnight hour, and sunk in sleep  
 Are all around me—yet I wake—to thee  
 My heart still breathes its vow so fond, so deep,  
 Love's first—last burning word—Remember me !

## 2.

Take—cherish— love these flowers ! as tenderly  
 As thou dost hold my memory in thy breast :  
 They will be withered ere they meet thine eye,  
 Yet to thy bosom let their leaves be pressed.

## 3.

I gathered them when far away—and thou  
 Will look on them when I am absent still :  
 Such is the Circumstance to which we bow ;  
 Life's various lot, which mocks our human will.

## 4.

Yet, if weak wishes *could* avail—nor breathe  
 Themselves away in sighs—I would impart

The powers of magic to this faded wreath ;  
A talisman to act upon thy heart :

## 5.

Oh ! I would change them to thy own loved flowers ;  
And, when thou look'st on them, thy bosom fraught  
With tenderest memories of parted hours,  
Then should *they* say like me—" Forget me not !"

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## LXVIII.

Behold a Scene of mountain loneliness !  
To which the howling Winds lend fitting tongue ;  
But an exulting sense, a consciousness  
Of freedom thrills me as I walk along,  
Until my gratitude pours forth in song,  
Even for the boon of life ; oh ! what are worth  
The best joys of the World-corrupted throng,  
To his, who wrapped in Clouds above the Earth,  
Pure as the fountain Waters which there draw their  
birth,

## LXIX.

Pours his free spirit to the Elements,  
As free and unconstrained? the leaves are swirled  
Past, by the Winds; in red and broken rents,  
The banks are split where torrents have been hurled  
From yon cragged heights round which the clouds  
are curled;  
Crushed olives sunk, or writhing on the ground,  
Spread their pale boughs like tattered banners furled;  
A savage Scene!—but in this rushing sound  
Of elemental strife my spirit finds rebound.

## LXX.

For then do we ally ourselves with power  
Congenial, with the mightier Energies  
Of Nature, calling us in that fierce hour  
To prove our spirit's answering sympathies:  
Who ever stood beneath the stormy skies,  
Or heard the wild Winds' voices poured abroad,  
Or watched the Ocean when its foam-flake flies  
To Heaven—nor gazing, freer, prouder trod,  
Nor looked into his soul, and felt it came from God?



## LXXI.

This flying moment—this brief point of time  
Let me arrest, and fix, ere it be past,  
All which it doth inspire of the sublime ;  
How through yon scathed trunks sweeps the rushing  
    blast !  
While Autumn leaves in Spring are round me cast,  
Still clinging, like grey age, to life ; but, lo,  
Yon hill-bound lake expands its azure vast !  
I stand by its white waves that foam below,  
Typing the Ocean's wrath when heaves its mane of snow.

## LXXII.

And this was THRASIMENE !—how the name  
Sends back the sudden life-blood to the heart !  
What visions of old battles and of fame,  
Before the mind's eye into being start ;  
Deeds which their inspirations still impart ;  
Here fell the Roman's Eagle's wings outspread,  
Struck down as if from Jove's ethereal dart ;  
Here Valour sunk, his blood, like water shed,  
Dying upon his foes—the Roman never fled !

## LXXIII.

All fight was vain ; the darkening mists rolled down,  
Blinding them, trampled on the marshy strand ;  
While their foes rushed from yon hill's sun-lit crown,  
Front—flank—and rear—on that devoted band ;  
Vain was their rally—vainer still their stand ;  
Yet frantic Courage hewed, at last, its way  
To where yon ridge's triple heights expand.  
Conquered and conqueror's dust have passed away,  
Still that once blood-dyed stream records the dreadful  
day.

## LXXIV.

Away with themes like these !—a softer scene,  
And gentler heights around me are impending ;  
Above me swells a bank of living green :  
Such as the heart dwells on, to Nature lending  
Its own affections with her beauties blending ;  
What were her hues unanswered by the heart ?  
The violet's spiritual breath ascending  
With the delicious airs, would here impart  
Joy even to the joyless, and extract the dart

## LXXV.

From Sorrow's hopeless breast : and, as in Vision,  
Scenes of our youth are pictured on our sleep,  
So in that Stream, whose quiet is elysian,  
The olives their reflected shadows keep ;  
On the rich bank the wild flowers seem to steep  
Themselves in their own fragrance ! and to woo  
Memory our youth's closed portals to o'erleap,  
When life was fresh as here, as bright, and new,  
When fancy hued the world, and love believed her true !

## LXXVI.

But lo, how like a silent exhalation,  
O'er yon green bank, CLITUMNUS rears his shrine !  
Is that all delicate Temple the creation  
Of human hands ? As clasps the elm the vine,  
So sculptured leaves round those fair columns twine ;  
The Roman *felt* the genius of the place,  
And offered thus his gratitude ; divine  
Was their dark faith ; yea, an eternal grace  
Lingers around it, for they left on earth no trace,

## LXXVII.

Where they embodied not in living forms  
The Beautiful and Good we see around,  
How beautifully true ! man's, nature's storms,  
Have hurled those graceful fabrics to the ground ;  
A holier faith their shrines and spires have crowned,  
Yet life shows nothing worthier than to haste,  
And pour the worship of our hearts profound  
Above their spoils ; and, o'er the desolate waste,  
To feel the faith of Nature scarce in us effaced.

## LXXVIII.

Again the Mountains opening gates unfold :  
Lo—where the shadows darkening o'er her head,  
Chaos of crags beneath her footstool rolled,  
Sits Desolation ! and beneath ye spread,  
The Beautiful is sleeping in her bed ;  
While, like a paradise, expands behind,  
The infinite of landscape ; hill and mead,  
Woods, towers, and streams which through the dis-  
tance wind,  
Till lost 'midst azure hills which seem in heaven en-  
shrined.

## LXXIX.

The breasting road hewn round the giant hill,  
With nodding cliff, and precipice o'erhung ;  
The imminent brink which, gazing o'er, doth thrill :  
The heart—the pines against the ledges clung :  
The muleteer, who, midway down, seems swung  
On air ! hark—rising on the torrent's roar,  
His broken song, like witch-notes upward flung !  
Oh ! how that sound wakes on a foreign shore,  
Our home, our Father-land whose memories slept before !

## LXXX.

A gorge cleft through the mountain's mighty heart :  
Is't her volcanic breathings that we hear ?  
Or pent up winds, or earth's spasmodic start ?  
No ! 'tis the TERNI's waters falls are near !  
On—on—for in the distance now appear  
Clouds rising thick as from the abyss of hell ;  
While louder bursts upon the startled ear  
The sounds which their eternal conflict tell,  
Loud as o'er distant storms the Thunder's sinking knell.

## LXXXI.

Lo !—wildly hurrying—wreathed in mist and foam,  
Flashing like sheeted lightning on the sight,  
Velino rushes from his Mountain home,  
All beautiful but terrible in might !  
One desperate bound from yonder cloud-capped height,  
And then he falls in thunder from that throne  
Whence shot he like an Angel of the Light !  
High o'er the din and wreck his crown is shown  
Of rain-bow glories—halo of his greatness flown,

## LXXXII.

Still hovering o'er him in his ruin ! there,  
Writhing in that engulfing chasm he lies,  
Yet in the very madness of despair,  
Robed in the hues and light of his lost skies !  
Behold in eddying wreaths how o'er him rise  
The sweat—the smoke—the steam of his wild breath  
Wrung from the efforts of his agonies :  
How lend they, darkening 'gainst the mountain  
heath,  
A horror to the scene—this strife of life and death !

## LXXXIII.

Ah ! yet, even on yon very brink of strife,  
How Beauty in her heavenliest sleep is lying :  
Talk'st thou of death ? behold the Source of Life !  
See, how the flowers their sweetest breath are sighing,  
Mosses, and leaves, and trees to them replying,  
Nourished by this eternal cloud, which makes  
Oasis in the desert ! nought is dying,  
Or sad in nature : 'tis our spirit takes  
Its gloom or light from scenes whose feeling it awakes.

## LXXXIV.

Voice of the Desert ! echo of the truth  
Which every leaf doth answer—fare thee well !  
Lo, how like Time in his immortal youth,  
Thou sweep'st resistless down the craggy dell,  
Conquering or crushing every obstacle ;  
Until, like settling age, with brow o'ercastr,  
Thou glidest toward the Deep ; stern Oracle !  
Well dost thou show our course of manhood past :  
Our race began like thine—be thine our rest at last !

CANTO III.



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## CANTO III.

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### I.

Lo where the vast Campagna's wilderness  
Spreads boundless as the space, and, like the Sea,  
Its low and surging mounds the mind impress  
With the drear feeling of Infinity ;  
Yon far-off Apennines like white clouds lie  
Skirting the horizon with their snow-peaks bare :  
The breeze came sighing like a Spirit by ;  
As if companionless it wandered there,  
Where earth and human life seemed lifeless as the air.

## II.

A Solitude that weighs upon thy breast !  
Recoiling from the overpowering sense  
Of loneliness whose quiet is not rest ;  
When the disarmed mind feels without defence :  
The Sun in the bright azure shone intense,  
But deeper thoughts abstract thee from the scene :  
Thou feel'st the wild and Desert waste immense,  
Not thus by Nature made ; that this rank green  
Was once with Cities crowned, where busy life had  
been.

## III.

Stamp what thou look'st on in thine inmost soul !  
Behold where Rome on her arena found  
No foe, that sinking, owned not her control ;  
Who rose, Antæus-like, from each rebound,  
Until Earth's diadem her temples crowned !  
She, to whom vanquished kings turned, as to home ;  
She whose gigantic Shadow stretched around  
The world ; whose eagles traversed Ocean's foam ;  
Founder, and grave of empires—she—the Almighty  
Rome !

## IV.

Lo—here and there, a solitary Tower  
Rises, the record of departed days,  
The skeletons of disembodied power ;  
And the wild goat and buffalo now graze  
Where the up-pointing grassy mound o'erlays  
The dust of heroes in their earthly rest ;  
Here the Titanic Aqueduct displays  
Its lengthened arches spanning o'er the waste :  
Here reeks the sulphurous Stream as onward still ye  
haste

## V.

To the Eternal City, that uprears  
Its spires within the distance, and huge dome ;  
That, like a Nation's sepulchre appears,  
O'ershadowing a Nation's mighty tomb ;  
Behold—no life dispels the desert's gloom ;  
Hark ! ye hear not the traveller's distant tread :  
Grey tombs their mouldering fragments disenhume,  
And point the moral of their greatness fled ;—  
Fit prelude as ye near the City of the Dead !

## VI.

Awake—awake ! thou stand'st on sacred ground ;  
Is earth not sacred, formed of human bones ?  
Which blood hath deluged, nor Avenger found,  
Save in that cold Oblivion which atones,  
Till the Archangel summons prostrate thrones !  
Here—pageants passed, until they swelled the sum  
Of thrice a hundred triumphs ; here, the groans  
Of captives filled the air, drowned in the hum  
Of millions, vanquished—victors—now, for ever dumb !

## VII.

Nature ! thy secrets of the Past avow :—  
Death !—raise thy yawning portal-gates to tell  
What is their doom, and where the actors now ?  
Fed they the worm alike, the crushed who fell,  
And those who triumphed ? those who, ill or well,  
Played on the stage, accursèd or caressed ?  
Ye mightier Dead ! who were the Oracle  
Of nations, are ye mingled with the rest ?  
The bard, barbarian, sage, together rudely pressed ?

## VIII.

Men as unlike in mind as hell to heaven,  
Blent in one mass to turn to dust again ?  
No !—the sublimer spirits to ye given,  
Essayed not here your mortal race in vain :  
The fame that bade ye rise above all pain,  
No luring phantom was, that mocked the embrace,  
But the great Spirit of Truth ; which, when the chain  
That bound to earth was loosened, did efface  
All earthlier stains ensphered in your immortal place !

## IX.

Thou all-inscrutable Destiny ! that weighest  
The dust of nations, thou art *not* a shade ;  
For on this spot thy wrath thou still essayest,  
Yea, Desolation here thy throne hath made :  
More awful thus with solitude arrayed,  
Than visibly apparent—thou hast passed ;  
Lo, how thy Shadow on the ground hath laid !  
A blighting spell, a withering curse hath cast  
The Lightning of thy Presence ; while such power thou  
hast,

## X.

That Time, nor Death nor Até here can work  
A further change ; *thou*, nought hast left undone ;  
Beneath yon rank grass Pestilence doth lurk ;  
Awaiting but the influence of the Sun,  
To poison him, the wretch who hath begun  
To plough the earth in furrows faintly traced ;  
Till, like the seaman who the rock hath won,  
He sinks exhausted on the sickly waste,  
Eyeing the promised land whose fruits he ne'er shall  
taste.

## XI.

And thou dost rise o'er all this, glorious Rome !  
Dream of our youth, whose hope will not depart,  
Until we die, or see thy sacred home !  
Mecca of pilgrimage to every heart  
Whose feeling is religion ! thou, that art  
The Nurse of faith, arts, arms ; to whom were given  
The keys of Heaven, and Hell's avenging dart ;  
Kings at thy feet have knelt to be forgiven ;  
Sole Mediator thou 'twixt sinful man and Heaven.

## XII.

Thy cause is ours—'tis freedom ; and we feel  
For thee, as for ourselves, to heal those ills  
Which time and error can no more conceal ;  
Thy kingly majesty of language thrills  
Our hearts from childhood, until it instils  
In us a worship for thy fallen star !  
Our spirit thus a duty but fulfils,  
Paying thee reverent homage, near and far :  
Thou, who, e'er manhood's growth, hath made us what  
we are.

## XIII.

I leaned against a tower, a ruined wall,  
That wall was Troy-like Veii ! the bird  
Sprang from its moss, the lizard rustled, all  
Were happy, but Time's warning voice I heard :  
I thought of when the twin-born cities stirred  
In the same womb, contending for first birth :  
But Fate had stamped the irrevocable word :  
The one to sink forgotten into earth ;  
The other, reared to heaven, to prove fame's, fortune's  
worth.



## XIV.

But where is Rome—that Matron on the ground,  
O'er her stern brow the dust of ages shed ?  
Where is earth's Cybelè with turrets crowned ?  
Still raising haughtily her fallen head,  
The majesty of ruin round her spread ?  
Where sits that Queen who time and fate defied,  
Still pointing, on the ground, her glories fled ?  
Lo, yon far Dome ! she hath but changed her pride,  
Aspiring now to heaven for that by earth denied.

## XV.

And dim beside it rises Hadrian's tomb,  
And the far Sabine hills ;—'tis Rome ! awake :  
My spirit let her deathless page illumine,  
Now, while the lights of ages o'er me break !  
Pause—on this solemn spot could'st thou partake  
Feeling of triumph ? vain were such false heat ;  
Rather the ashes from beneath thee rake :  
The dust of ages lives beneath thy feet !  
The Past is watching thee—'tis here she holds her seat,

## XVI.

And, like a fallen Angel, beautiful  
Amidst the desolation left alone,  
She mourns the fate which virtue could o'er-rule ;  
An Empire, yea, a world in ruin thrown !  
And in the gazer's soul she pours her own,  
Until, above the vast sepulchral urn,  
He stands like her, almost transfixed in stone :  
While his full gushing feelings vainly yearn  
For life that once throbb'd here—which never can re-  
turn !

## XVII.

What arts, spoils, glories, buried lie beneath !  
What armies, from the ends of earth, in joy,  
Fear, hope, or triumph, marched along this heath,  
To aid, propitiate, gladden, or destroy !  
What fires have blazed from that oft-taken Troy !  
What horrors raged within ! what here remains ?—  
A footstep-print, such as the shepherd boy  
Leaves on the sand 'mid unfrequented plains ;  
Sole trace of life where now unbroken silence reigns.

## XVIII.

Behold the skeleton—the reliques round  
Of life and mind which grasped the orbèd world !  
Where Desolation, sitting on the ground,  
Her scornful lips in very mockery curled,  
In ruin hath fantastically hurled :  
Lo—where the living City towers confessed :  
The cross and keys upon her flag unfurled ;  
Her power a mockery, her name a jest ;  
By turns, each tyrant's prey, insulted or caressed.

## XIX.

—Alas, the fall of empires ! the dark Fate  
Inscrutable, that calls them into birth,  
Which nurtures them “ in high and palmy state,”  
Its Alpine plants up-reared from vigorous earth,  
Then, as if having proved them nothing worth,  
And sown in them the seeds of their decay,  
That leaves them to their ruins ; the crushed hearth,  
The fallen shrine, to raise, as if in play,  
Works which the morrow proves frail as those reared  
to-day.

## XX.

Spirits of forty Ages—answer me !  
Ye hover round me now, impalpable,  
But *felt*, as is the o’ershadowing Cloud : to Ye  
I do appeal as to an Oracle ;—  
Answer my Invocation : dare to tell  
*Who* wrought this ruin ? who aroused at last,  
Avenging Nemesis with fury fell,  
Your blood-cemented pile of power to cast  
To dust—to teach once more the Present by the Past ?

## XXI.

Who saw, and felt, but spurned the lesson taught  
By fall of countless empires ? for an hour  
Of petty rule, *who* heaped the shrine o’erfraught  
With human victims to the Moloch Power ?  
*Who* made corruption, slavery, vice, the dower  
Of the gorged herd, still gorging, unsufficed ?  
Till their own Sybarites they taught to cower,  
While they, their bauble-crown in auction prized ;  
Thrown to the wealthier wretch whom even *they* de-  
spised !

## XXII.

'Twas YE ! your love of power insatiate, fed  
Brute ignorance, till, rising, she o'erthrew  
The Idol which had prostrated her head :  
And when War loosed his scourge on that weak crew,  
When, more than man, fire, plague, and famine slew,  
Who lowered their supple natures till they were  
So, worm-like, crushed, that their prostration grew  
A natural homage ; the slave's soulless air,  
The flattery wrung from fear—the infamous despair !

## XXIII.

Behold *your* work—accuse nor fate nor God :  
His sunlike justice shines alike o'er all !  
Nations before ye the same path had trod :  
But ye had godlike spirits to recal  
How single virtue stays an empire's fall ;  
Bear witness one, immortal Trajan ! thou,  
Thou, who didst rear again the old Senate-hall ;  
And all its pristine dignity avow ;  
Thou, whose name awed the Dacian in his wilds of  
snow !

## XXIV.

Oh ! had Rome followed in thy steps, nor Time  
Nor War had overthrown her : she had stood  
As stands thy column, lonely and sublime,  
Amidst her ruins ! the Barbarian flood  
Had rolled before her legions unsubdued ;  
Cæsars had still maintained her warlike name,  
And Cato's virtues had inspired the good :  
The Forum still had glowed with Tully's flame :  
The holy shrine revered of past, and present fame.

## XXV.

But Luxury crushed Law : and natural right  
Became a jest, where all was bought and sold :  
Where Anarchy and misrule reached their height.  
Nearer, unchecked, the hosts barbarian rolled,  
Till Rome's majestic walls their march controlled .  
Where were her legions ev'n the brave might shun ?  
Pent in their gates like sheep within the fold,  
Their first faint fight was ended when begun :  
And the awed Savage, entering, dared not deem her won !

## XXVI.

And from that day, Hun, Goth, and Frank, here sunk  
The ploughshares of their ruin ; nought recalls,  
Save scattered bones, to mark the mighty trunk ;  
The Alp checked not—the avalanche's falls  
Crushed not : nor Tibur staid, nor triple walls ;  
Rolled in the dust, degraded Italy !  
Thou prov'st what men are whom the chain enthrals ;  
Nations have profited, at last, by thee,  
Thou hast not called in vain—for soon shall Liberty

## XXVII.

Rear o'er Earth metropolitan her shrine ;  
Then will thy wrongs be unforget : each State,  
After its own rise, fondly thinks of thine ;  
As if it would entwine with thine its fate,  
For the heart, dwelling on thee, feels elate,  
And prophesies thy day of triumph, sure  
As that the Archangel's last trump shall create ;  
Then, raised from dust, no more shalt thou endure,  
But stand, like Virtue tried, more high, refined, and pure.

## XXVIII.

Not as thou art now, vainly grasping keys  
Of heaven and paradise—ambitious still !  
Pandering to passion with indulgent fees,  
To keep blind slaves subservient to thy will ;  
Look at thy Desert round thee ! who will till,  
Cain-like, the earth, which yields him nought but tears ?  
Who sows what never harvest may fulfil ?  
Tribute, and tax, Want's scanty produce shears,  
Which Superstition grasps, denouncing deadliest fears.

## XXIX.

Yet, ere we enter, gratitude be given  
To her who made the Nations what they are :  
She who showed Truth descending from her heaven !  
She, who when fallen was her ascendant Star,  
Sent out her eagles, not as once, with war,  
But with the Olive-branch to bid war cease ;  
Religion sate in her triumphal car :  
Before it, Charity—behind it, Peace :  
The earth beneath its track, one harvest of increase.



## XXX.

Oh, be all honour hers ! the mother she,  
Of saints and heroes ; who, first, earth o'er-ran  
To conquer, then, be saviour of the free :  
She found the savage, but she left the man  
Refined, and softened ; and when her brief span  
Was past, and the barbarians on her hurled,  
Crushed to the dust her greatness then began :  
The Cross of Life, her banner she unfurled ;  
And raised the hopeless soul, and humanised the world !

## XXXI.

Behold the airy Portico expanding  
Its fourfold columns, circling in a ring  
Round the enormous Area, and standing  
Like ordered Titans ranged before their King ;  
So rears Earth's mightiest shrine of worshipping,  
Her giant front in the profound of heaven !  
The Apostle's tomb, for whose great suffering  
The keys of Hell and Paradise were given ;  
Enter—far, far away be earthly memories driven.

## XXXII.

Oh, who hath language when the soul flows o'er,  
Absorbed in works the singly great have done ?  
What marvel, then, the spirit sinks before  
The minds of ages magnified to one !  
Colossal as the world ; and, like the sun,  
Inspiring him who looks on it, till he  
Feels his own immortality begun ;  
Himself a portion of the unity  
Of Soul, embodying here its own infinity !

## XXXIII.

Even thus the sense is overpowered and reels  
Before the opening grandeur which appears ;  
Some gaze in wonder as each step reveals  
New marvels—others find relief in tears ;  
All sink in silence—each nor feels, nor hears,  
Abstracted in the Spirit of the spot !  
The mind, dilated here, itself reveres,  
And feels its dignity and loftier lot ;  
Which reconciles to death—to pass—to be forgot :

## XXXIV.

For what is single life amidst this pile  
Which must endure for ever! nothing—less  
Than yon Sun's ray which lights on it awhile,  
Dying in its own shadow : why depress  
Ourselves with petty griefs, if we confess,  
While standing here, the vanity of all ?  
Oh ! rather let us from each sand compress,  
Some joy, some hope, some feeling, ere they fall,  
Which, or in life or death, we may with joy recal.

## XXXV.

Away the narrow pedantries of art,  
Pry not in parts—embrace the mighty Whole !  
All vast, gigantic to each lowest part :  
Yet all one harmony ! concentrated Soul  
Has here poured forth itself without control,  
To form an Altar worthy of the God ;  
To mock the flight of ages as they roll !  
Oh, if in temples reared from earthly sod  
Immortal forms have entered—*here*, their steps have  
trod.

## XXXVI.

For a triumphant spirit seems pervading ;  
A joyousness floats round it like the wind :  
All air, all light, and decked in hues unfading ;  
The work found worthy of the end designed.  
As if it were the embodying forth of Mind,  
Prophetic of its future hope and trust,  
Of that bright throne which is in heaven enshrined ;  
Where kneel the souls made perfect of the Just ;  
Where *thou* shalt soar when sinks this haughty Dome  
to dust !

## XXXVII.

The Sun shone down the enormous Area, seeming  
The hallowing smile of God upon his own  
All-glorious Altar in the distance gleaming !  
While, in long order, giant arches thrown  
From Alp-like columns, span, as with a zone,  
O'er naves, revealing on each side, new shrines,  
Domes, altars, martyrs, saints, in breathing stone :  
Rainbow hued marbles, where mosaic shines,  
And tombs where prostrate Kings made faith's most  
contrite signs.

## XXXVIII.

There—while thou lean'st on that bronze Altar's base,  
Thy worship shall be thy humility !  
Feeling as nothing in the absorbing space,  
'Midst the vast grandeur that deceives the eye,  
Which feebly grows to its immensity.  
Who talks 'mid Nature's mountain Solitudes,  
Or when he gazes on the starry Sky ?—  
So here—thy mind absorbed, in silence broods  
O'er forms embodied forth from its least earthly moods.

## XXXIX.

Look up—behold the pride, the boast of Rome !  
Orbed as the world, and floating, as on air,  
In dazzling light expands the mighty Dome :  
Mirror of Heaven,—but Heaven when she doth wear  
All galaxied with Stars her flashing hair !  
Saints, cherubs, prophets, hierarchs are shown  
Into beatitude ascending there,  
Where, centering to a point, enshrined alone,  
The Ineffable revealed sits on his crowning throne !

Oh ! how the truth the exulting bosom swells :—  
 How Mind can make the mind immortal here !  
 Yet, gaze beneath :—what baser spirit dwells  
 In these fanatic slaves, who, kneeling near,  
 Cringe to the dust in superstitious fear :  
 Still, worshippers of wood and stone they kneel,  
 As if the bronze could look, the marble, hear :  
 As if a kiss could wounded conscience heal ;  
 Or wash away the past, or faith or hope reveal.

XLI.

Idolaters and Slaves ! would ye impart  
 Peace to yourselves, the peace which cannot fade ?  
*That* feeling can spring only from the heart !  
 The oracle which warns ye, unobeyed,  
 Of that immortal temple which God made,  
 Not built by human hands ; cleanse *that*, nor vain,  
 As now, shall your dull orisons be paid ;  
 Remorse, not penance, shall remove the stain  
 Of sins that, still indulged, corroding there remain.

The crowds within the Sistine Halls are still :  
Hark—how the full choir swells sublimely there !  
The Saviour sacrificed to human will :  
The Prophet's lamentations, and despair ;  
The sweat of blood wrung forth from intense prayer,  
The immortal with the mortal now at strife,  
When Angels came from heav'n the cross to bear ;  
The penance, death, the prize, immortal life ;—  
Such are the solemn themes with which those strains  
are rife !

## XLIII.

Behold—the Lights extinguished one by one ;  
As, in that hour, the Apostles fell from Him,  
Their Guide—when all was to be lost or won :  
Look up while peals that awful requiem !  
See how yon pictured Prophets in the dim  
Obscure, frown downwards ; the last Judgment-Day  
Gleams, life-like, on the walls : ye hear the hymn  
Of the saved souls, and the voiced trumpet say,—  
“ Awake—lo, Earth and Heaven doth, scroll-like, pass  
away !”

## XLIV.

Lo—pictured there, the Maker and the world  
Rolled into space before him like a ball,  
And Darkness back to furthest Chaos hurled ;  
There—man arises from the prisoning thrall  
Of the red earth ; how doth his front recal,  
And open face full looking on his God,  
His god-like innocence ! lo—source of all  
Love, beauty, grace, how, bounding from the sod,  
The elastic form of Eve, by reverence o'erawed,

## XLV.

Bends her fair head, and from her God withdraws  
Her downcast eyes in meek submissive fear ;  
She feels her thrilling life, nor asks the cause,  
Enough to know that whom she loves is near !  
Behold—how round the sculptured roof appear  
The giant Prophets wrapt in thought profound,  
Or holiest communings : ye almost hear  
His revelations, who with glory crowned,  
Bent o'er the sybil-scrolls his Saviour-King hath found.



## XLVI.

Turn, when apart yon darkly curtained Tent  
Half-opened, draws, within the searching eye ;  
A form lies on the couch whose life is spent,  
Life from its tenement wrenched suddenly :  
Behold his limbs that reek in their red dye,  
Bear witness to the murder ; *she* hath passed  
Rapidly from within—and yet the eye  
Of that dark Murderess is backward cast—  
A wild and hurried glance !—as, it might be, the last

## XLVII.

Convulsive movement of the wretch had sped,  
That curled her lips with scorn, for she had given  
To the pale slave his decollated head ;  
And shall such deeds be done and pass unshriven ?  
Shall blood sink unavenged before high heaven ?  
O Woman ! thou so gentle, so sublime  
In thy devotedness —when thou art driven  
By thy absorbing passions into crime,  
What Law can check thy deeds, what tears absolve or  
time ?

## XLVIII.

The choirs have ceased: in that last dying fall,  
The Christ expired—the agony is past,  
And Darkness, curtain-like, hath folded all :  
Yet one faint light still glimmers to the last,  
A star amidst the gloom, a meteor cast,  
Making the hovering Shadows visible !  
How Expectation in the heart beats fast,  
Until its pulses throbs are audible  
In that deep thrilling Silence which doth round ye  
dwell !

## XLIX.

Peace yet again !—a shade-like sound grows stealing  
Onward, like dreams impalpable, or Light  
When mingling first with Darkness, and revealing  
Its presence *felt* on the dull ear of Night ;  
Now it floats upward in aerial flight ;  
An exhalation from the void beneath,  
A sound that wanders in its own delight !  
Living and dying in its own sweet breath,  
While gently loosening Silence from the embrace of  
Death !

## L.

Then, like an Angel mourning o'er the dying,  
Who die in sin, the MISERERE rose !  
So soft, so low, so deep, those notes are sighing :  
The passion of the soul when it o'erflows  
With the full sense of all its guilt and woes,  
And yearning love, despairing to atone !  
So thrills, descending to its dying close,  
That long, wild, wailing and imploring tone,  
The agony of prayer before the heavenly throne.

## LI.

Soul-thrilling notes of speechless tenderness !  
That open the closed springs of the seared heart ;  
Making it yearn its follies to confess,  
And then, a joyous sacrifice, depart  
To that blest place where never more shall start,  
Wrung from its agonies, the gushing tear !  
Ye, armed in the cold panoply of art,  
But for one moment, pause and listen here !—  
The next, ye shall become all which ye then *appear*.

## LII.

Hark—that wild burst of long exulting sounds !  
It tells the triumph of the Angelic choir,  
Whose song of mercy for the saved rebounds ;  
Then, from the depths, as hopeless to aspire,  
Voices, like spirits rise, ere they expire :  
As if, despairing to be heard, they poured  
Thus sadly forth their strains seraphic fire !  
As if one moment's respite they implored,  
To tell—ere sunk for ever—how they still adored.

## LIII.

What Temple frowns before me in my path  
From the new city hastening to the old ?  
I know thee, awful shrine ! on whom the wrath  
Of twenty ages with their storms have rolled :  
PANTHEON ! who unmoved can thee behold ?  
Grey record of the heroic ages, when  
The Roman stood thus cast from Nature's mould ;  
The age of iron, when her sons were men :  
Oh, that for one brief hour they could so feel again !

## LIV.

Virtue's stern impress I behold, though faded,  
Austerely stamped upon thy naked brow !  
The acanthus' leaves are rent away which braided :  
But never awed thy majesty as now ;  
How eloquently well doth Time avow  
Thy wrongs, inspiring the answering mind  
Like thy own haughty columns which nor bow  
To change, nor wreck, in their own strength enshrined,  
Defying Fortune's storms, to every fate resigned.

## LV.

Enter its hemisphere encircling round  
Like the Sky's vault, and opening to the air  
Its thousand niches once with Statues crowned :  
Altar of all the gods of heaven ; but where,  
Bronze, gilding, marbles once refulgent there ?  
Gone—but it hath a treasure to redeem :  
Here sleeps a Spirit great beyond compare :  
RAPHAEL—who saw the heaven's unfolding gleam,  
Then, when transfigured Christ confessed his Sire  
supreme !

## LVI.

How the dim image of the Beautiful,  
Which Time hath darkened, but can not efface,  
Sits on thy front, and doth the mind o'er-rule,  
For its imagination cannot trace  
Save here, where strength, and majesty, and grace,  
The triad meet: the old heroic time  
Lives in thee; ages slumber round thy base;  
Amidst the barbarous toys of every clime,  
Thou stand'st from all apart, stern, simple, and sublime!

## LVII.

I stand upon the Capitol, the heart,  
Palladium—soul of Rome, which fiercer beat  
When Danger pointed there his deadliest dart;  
When the Gaul fired her city at her feet;  
Oh! how she sat upon that rocky seat  
With an unconquered energy, and hurled  
Headlong the wretch who dared her last retreat!  
Pure Patriotism then her flag unfurled;  
The fortitude was hers which awed the subject world.

## LVIII.

How the mind's eye concentrates here its gaze !  
The throne from which Rome sent her heroes forth ;  
The centre-point of Fame's and Fortune's rays :  
To which her sons turned from the ends of earth ;  
Conquerors, who held their conquests nothing worth,  
Till up this haughty steep again they rode,  
Offering the mighty Mother of their birth  
The spoils from nations crushed, the glittering load  
Of crowns from monarchs plucked, who, chained, be-  
hind them trode.

## LIX.

The majesty of Rome, the coronal  
Placed round their heads which fancied glory weaves ;  
The envied, and the gazed upon by all :  
Kings in their pageant following, sunk to slaves,  
Walking upon their subterranean graves,  
The dungeons of the Mamertine beneath ;  
The intoxicating sense which memory leaves  
Of worth and power ; the hoarded, withering wreath,  
The life that lives and dies in others' fickle breath ;—

## LX.

Such are the lures which have been, and shall be,  
Till War be as forgotten as its name,  
And Earth be one great shrine of liberty :  
Then shall the only path be found to fame,  
The only wreath which man shall seek to claim,  
Unfading, when all else doth fade, and pure  
As from the altar soars the heavenward flame;—  
Those eloquent words, or deeds, which best secure  
The happiness of man—*such* fame shall, aye, endure !

## LXI.

She-wolf ! thou fitting, savage nurse of Rome !  
How well thy nature was akin ; thy spring  
Deadly as hers, excited in the foam  
Of her roused wrath that knew no softening ;  
How the contending twins beneath thee cling,  
For milk which, gall-like, from their hearts flowed  
o'er,  
Until their walls, War's Cain-like offering,  
From their first rising smoke of incense, bore  
A curse upon them dyed with fratricidal gore.



## LXII.

In front, and bending full on them a look  
Of triumph, frowns the stern Republican ;  
The man of stoic nerves, who could not brook  
That Tyranny should blight the growth begun  
Of palmy Rome : what deeds may not be done  
By him who, conquering nature hath not quailed ?  
Behold the Priest who sacrificed his son  
To Duty ; filial prayers in vain assailed ;  
Freedom, the patriot, and love of fame prevailed !

## LXIII.

Unlike thee, noblest Roman, Pompey ! thou,  
Heir of that name so oft misused—the great :  
The cloud o'ershadows thy deep furrowed brow,  
Prophetic ever of our coming fate :  
Presaging mind, it may be, doth create  
The ill it dreads, and on it still doth dwell,  
Till the hour comes which did but antedate  
The truth—that inmost warning oracle,  
Which bound the faculties as with a withering spell.

## LXIV.

Statue august ! thy forehead's thoughtful mood  
The stamp of indecision still doth wear,  
As if thy efforts of faint will withstood,  
Thy spirit would succumb to its despair :  
Bear witness, red Pharsalia ! hadst thou there  
Fought but as once, the unconquered chief had fled ;  
How then had Rome, committed to thy care,  
Rejoiced—how had she crowned that honoured head  
With wreaths, like rays from heaven, undying round it  
spread !

## LXV.

But thy misgiving mind itself betrayed :  
Flight followed, and the assassin's felon stroke :  
Upon the shore thy headless corse was laid :  
But from thy ashes Nemesis awoke,  
And, as from thee, upon thy conqueror broke,  
While, Jove-like, there, thou stood'st o'er him on high ;  
In vain his face, while falling, he would cloak :  
Thy Form still darkened on his dying eye,  
He saw thee, giant-Statue, look upon him die !

## LXVI.

A bright, blue, glorious Morning! oh, how throng  
All gladsome impulses beneath a sky  
Whose face is purity, whose breath is song!  
Ruins, grey reliques, asked, appealingly,  
My heart, not vainly, for the accorded sigh!  
But oh, such hours as these are blessings given  
That call forth our full gratitude, and I  
Went on my way rejoicing: all was driven  
Away, that, cloud-like, lowered between me and yon  
heaven.

## LXVII.

For Days like these are stepping-stones, each tending  
Heavenward, that raise us from our life supine:  
Sky, airs, and flowers, within the heart are blending,  
Their natural home; received as in a shrine,  
Whose hallowing presence makes it more divine:  
What marvel, then, thus purified, we feel  
The Purifier on his temple shine?  
The peace, the silent joy within it steal;  
The hope, the love, the trust, which words can ne'er  
reveal.

## LXVIII.

And this was the hill Palatine ! arrayed  
In undecaying memories ; that stage  
Where Rome's great drama through its scenes was  
played ;  
Heroes the actors, and the applauding age  
The audience, mirrored in the historic page ;  
Condemned or praised for virtue or for crime  
Based on opinion ; what are then the sage,  
The patriot's labours ? what their deeds sublime,  
Left to the shifting hands of change, and chance, and  
time ?

## LXIX.

Here the clay shed of Romulus was reared ;  
Here, in one night, Publicola o'erthrew  
His palace—wherefore ? its proud height appeared  
The shadow of fall'n Power to renew :  
How filial then, and all-confiding grew  
The ties between the matron and her son,  
Rome, and the patriot Roman ! well they knew  
Her jealousy, and honoured ; she had won  
Their awe, and love, they felt her greatness was begun.

## LXX.

Fame left the hill with Cæsar : Folly came,  
And reared her golden palace ; that fond toy  
Of Nero, boast of servile Rome and shame,  
Where wild caprice for ever found employ,  
For tyrants' whims, in gratifying cloy ;  
But Fortune, wearied, turned at last, away :—  
Then rushed the Goth and Vandal to destroy ;  
Fire, sword, and earthquake bore relentless sway,  
While Ruin toiled to heap this mountain of decay.

## LXXI.

Men are we, and we feel humanity ;  
And, in despite the moral, the mind dwells  
On these grey wrecks with a complacent eye ;  
A sense of dignity within us swells,  
Yea, pride ; their tale man's common greatness tells :  
Yet is the feeling softened by the spot ;  
Oh ! doth it not speak more than oracles,  
The rise and fall of man, of empire's lot,  
His records, ever thus, crushed, buried, and forgot !

## LXXII.

The Drama now is over like a dream,  
Related, or remembered—such the Past,  
Whose deeds are leaves borne down Time's changing  
stream,  
Which still flows on, and shall for ever last :  
The Stage is now one desolation vast :  
The bones of the Titanic Skeleton,  
In mouldering fragments wildly round ye cast,  
Attest its grand proportions when it won  
The wonder of the earth, this Palace of the Sun !

## LXXIII.

Now, delicately Nature's hand renews  
The abandoned ruin which she gently weds,  
Softening the sadder memory which subdues :  
How bright o'er yon grey arch its golden threads  
The Acacia throws ! even as pure childhood spreads  
Its playful locks above the brow of Age :  
Ah ! thus is youth ; nor time, nor change it dreads :  
Its bounding hope is dimmed by no presage,  
Life, love, and joy alone, its blessed hours engage !

## LXXIV.

Spirit—that hoverest o'er this desolation,  
And shed'st o'er all thy sanctifying breath,  
Soul of the Past ! whose power recalls creation ;  
Who, in the valley of the shadow of death,  
Speak'st, and the dry bones leap to life beneath ;  
Who, on Time's isthmus standing, join'st the sea  
Of two eternities ; who twin'st the wreath  
Around the dead of immortality ;  
Treasurer of deathless souls—divinest Memory !

## LXXV.

Come sit with me upon this mossy stone :  
And, as yon Forum's wreck I contemplate,  
The bards, the sages, heroes, patriot's throne,  
Rear thou the ruins in their ancient state !  
Awake to life—thou can'st—the good and great ;  
Until I see them walk before my eyes :  
Till Cato fires me with his patriot heat ;  
Until I see, with awe, great Tully rise,  
Pouring his passion forth which thrilled like prophecies !

## LXXVI.

Immortal Spirits ! animating still  
Our mortal beings with your words, oh ! what,  
What are ye now ? where is that stoic will  
That, with a brow sedate, rose o'er your lot,  
And triumphed, wherefore ?—to be unforgot ;  
But was this all ? stern Cato ! didst thou die,  
For this, great Tully ! was thy mind o'erwrought ?  
Thy ardent spirit could *this* satisfy ?  
The limit of thy hopes *man's* immortality ?

## LXXVII.

Had ye no nobler goal or aim than this ?  
This, and the self-reward of your great hearts ?  
For this, did ye abandon happiness,  
Baring your breasts, defencelessly, to darts,  
Where Duty scarce sufficing balm imparts,  
Till, fainting thus, ye sank before your time ?  
No !—on Earth's stage when played your mortal parts,  
Ye looked beyond shouts, annals, stone, or rhyme,  
For some immortal place to prove your souls sublime.



## LXXVIII.

Smile not upon me, Sadducee ! I stand  
A ruin among ruins : I see rise  
Grey wrecks left lonely on the desert sand :  
The very toys of those whose mental eyes  
Looked for eternity beyond the skies ;  
These, their reared playthings, to amuse the crowd ;  
See, how survive the things they could despise !  
Where are *their* ruins, where their dust ?—what shroud  
Holds them dispersed abroad, in wind, flower, wave, or  
cloud ?

## LXXIX.

They are a part of Nature's loveliness,  
The feeling and the love which wakes our own,  
When, while in blessing her, ourselves we bless ;  
But whither hath the mind immortal flown  
When hurled by Death exulting from its throne ?  
Did that sink torpid in the dull cold sod ?  
That which so proudly soared from dust alone !  
Which in Fame's, Virtue's path aspiring trod :  
Which pierced the heaven of heavens, and found the  
nameless God.

## LXXX.

Ineffable of name—thou All in All !  
Power omnipresent ! thou, whose chiefest shrine  
Is in our heart of hearts, where we recal  
Too darkly, Thee—but feel its life is thine ;  
Thou, in whose eye, stars dim as sand-grains shine,  
To whom earth's base is stubble ; here I raise  
Myself in thought, while lowly I incline ;—  
The skeleton fragments of departed days  
Lie mouldering at my feet—but in thy heaven I gaze ;

## LXXXI.

Till my mind dwelling on immortal things,  
Assumes their nature, and with vision clear,  
Looking beyond its vain imaginings,  
Holds commune with the Spirit breathing here,  
With awe and reverence unallied to fear ;  
Doubt ye its influence ? ye feel it not ;  
Unseen, perchance unfelt, but ever near ;  
Which breathes severe religion round the spot,  
And ratifies the hope the aspiring spirit sought.

## LXXXII.

Attest with me, truths felt since time began,  
By hope, faith, reason, love, and nature told :  
'The heaven-stamped immortality of man !  
Change, and decay, and ruin I behold ;  
But the clear page within me I unfold,  
And read the inspirations of my heart !  
There, the same characters for ever hold,  
The yearnings which have still been poured apart ;  
The hope, the faith in thee " Our Father !" as thou art.

## LXXXIII.

What ? shall the blossom of the mind upreared,  
And with such infinite toil—developing  
Its plastic energies, be, flower-like, seared,  
Withering in age, or dying in its spring,  
Whose growth transcended Hope's imagining ?  
Shall the hived wealth of ages with it die ?  
Did it for this aside its fetters fling,  
And fondly dream of immortality ?  
Of prophecies, and faith that bound it to the sky ?—

## LXXXIV.

Shall the lights that o'er ages shed their ray  
Be quenched in darkness ? shall the cup of bliss,  
Reared to the untasting lips, be dashed away ?  
Shall the world's millions who have lived in this  
Sole hope, fond faith, a future happiness,  
Be mocked by dreams ? Were they, indeed, but given  
To make life's infinite of ills seem less ?  
Shall disease end thus—chains, and ties be riven ?  
All buried in the grave—for ever shut from Heaven ?

## LXXXV.

Yet once again—shall those we loved the dearest,  
The fondest, best, return to us no more ?  
Those hovering spirits that are ever nearest  
In dreams, when, waking, our full eyes gush o'er :  
When they departed for the untrodden shore,  
Was their farewell to us eternal ?—No !  
Why yearn we toward each star, or why deplore  
What we shall never see ? save that we know  
Love there will re-unite the hearts that loved below !

TO THE LADY 

---

With flowers gathered from the Baths of Caracalla.

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## 1.

These Violets gathered from the grass  
 Which mantles Caracalla's Halls,  
 Receive from me ; and though, alas !  
 Their fading hue but death recalls ;

## 2.

Yet, plucked by one as frail as they,  
 With azure smiles this truth they give :—  
 “ Blooming like us amid decay,  
 “ Enjoy the moment that you live.

## 3.

“ Beneath lie buried deep in earth,  
 “ And mingled with the dust of ages,  
 “ The fairest forms that e'er had birth—  
 “ The warriors, lovers, bards, and sages :

## 4.

“ But when these glorious Halls arose,  
“ With gold, and gems, and marbles crowned :  
“ When god-like Statues from repose  
“ Seemed starting into life around ;

## 5.

“ Think ye their votaries dreamed the hour  
“ Would come, when, like a fallen star,  
“ Rome’s monuments of Titan power  
“ Should stand the Skeletons they are ?

## 6.

“ Ah no ! they left—do thou the same—  
“ The Future to itself, and Past :  
“ They revelled round Life’s brightest flame,  
“ Because—they knew it could not last !”

## LXXXVI.

Is this wreck all that now remains of thee,  
Thou once all-glorious FORUM ? *this* the place  
Whose name was inspiration ? Can it be  
This tree-scathed solitude is all the trace  
Where Temples crowded for rejected space ?  
Looking, while to yon azure heaven they soared,  
As if eternity were in their base ;  
Where heroes, demagogues, and patriots poured  
Their eloquent passion forth, and flattered, or implored,

## LXXXVII.

As the lure held to them by Fame from far,  
Raised noble emulation, or could lower  
The mind to aught, so it o'erleaped the bar  
Which held it from the phantom of the hour ;  
Moloch of Idols, thou remorseless Power !  
To whom is offered human sacrifice,  
When shalt thou cease thy victims to devour ?  
When shall thy Altar, ne'er again to rise,  
Be crushed—oh ! when shall man assert his liberties ?

## LXXXVIII.

Thy strength is in opinion, and thy throne  
Is raised on fear : thy thunder-bolts are wrought  
By man to wreak on fellow men alone ;  
So is his cunning in the meshes caught,  
Planned by brute ignorance, its aim forgot :  
What spell can melt the giant into air ?  
The fire, the spirit of Promethean thought !  
Justice—whose equal scales doth truth declare ;  
And Freedom, ever ready for the right to dare.

## LXXXIX.

How hath Destruction sunk his ploughshare round !  
How the waste wilderness of ruins blent  
With the raised earth, hath made its covering ground  
Their grave, and everlasting Monument !  
But the Sea hath its ebbing tide when spent,  
And leaves, as here, unsightly tracks behind :  
Lo, o'er the sands, yon columns grey and rent !  
Those broken limbs where Beauty once combined,  
And majesty and grace ; all that concentered mind



## XC.

Of man can body forth which it hath learned  
From mightier elements, and which are now  
Again in Earth's receptacle inurned :  
Temples and domes from her foundations grow,  
Like flowers ; and men, light insects, quaff below  
Enjoyment there, as light and frail as they !  
And passing as the winds that come and go :  
These but endure a while a longer day,  
Till crushed, or worn by time,—they turn alike to clay.

## XCI.

Here the Past sits, a substance, not a shade :  
Her throne, the palpable wrecks which round appear :  
We feel her breath the very air pervade ;  
The consciousness of her existence near :  
And in the silence audibly ye hear  
The throbbing pulse of Mutability !  
The Present sits by with a frown severe ;  
While, as the shadows of the future lie  
Beneath their feet, they watch the tide of life roll by.

## XCII.

Infinite passions, good and evil, blended,  
That on this spot humanity assailed !—  
Shades of the mighty Dead ! who here contended  
As on a stage, and triumphed, stood or failed,  
As virtue, vice, or patriot-love prevailed ;—  
Departed Ages that have passed, since those  
Grey columns stood !—what fruits have ye entailed ?  
Where are ye ?—where the Future shall repose,  
In that dark grave of earth where all life's pageants  
close.

## XCIII.

And could ye, ardent Spirits ! rise again  
To play your parts upon our little scene,  
No more would ye be demigods, but men ;  
How humanised and softened had ye been  
Now, when the man refined hath found within  
Infinite feelings which themselves renew,  
Arraying Life's most arid wastes with green ;  
When nobler ends than life man holds in view ;  
And when domestic home gives joys ye never knew !

## XCIV.

A solitude within the Forum's heart !  
Where Meditation may repose ; alas,  
What here can her profoundest thought impart ?  
That he who moralises, thus must pass  
Like those beneath ; but this chaotic mass  
Who shall divide, or portion, or restore ?  
Thou, to whose eye yon withering blade of grass  
Is mystery—cease their records to explore,  
Death's secrets none may read till time shall be no  
more.

## XCV.

Yon arch—is't Jove's or Fortune's ? on that sod  
Was the stern war-denouncing Rostrum piled,  
Where Tully stood like a descended God ?  
Where did the Roman sacrifice his child,  
That flower whose virgin soul was undefiled !  
Where stood spare Brutus when his friend he slew,  
That glorious martyr of ambition wild ?  
Behold the arch of Titus ! 'tis the clew  
Found for the mind's repose, which searches not anew.

## XCVI.

Lo, the great record of the man who left  
A greater—he who never lost a day !  
Though worn that arch, its front, and tablet cleft,  
Well read'st thou the great moral of decay,  
How empires, as religions, pass away,  
Replaced by others ; until they, waxed old,  
Fall—and, in falling, show their feet of clay :  
Think ye that when his tale the Hebrew told  
Of Slavery there, he deemed his sons should e'er be-  
hold

## XCVII.

The hour when those mocked symbols of his faith  
Would crown the shrines which now are desolate,  
And live immortally above their death ?  
When Jove should yield to Jesus, and when Fate  
Should be a word to raise the smile sedate ;  
And when the many gods should bow to ONE ?  
Lo—there the Victors on the vanquished wait !  
The secrets of their faith revealed in stone,  
For every tongue to scorn, to gibe, while passing on.

## XCVIII.

The spurned—the crushed into the dust—have risen ;  
The slaves are conquerors, and the cross of wood  
Is reared o'er marble—what can truth imprison ?  
On those proud columns once where heroes stood,  
Stand Martyrs ; men who poured forth their own blood  
For that first cause of all they deemed divine ;  
So Time rolls on !—all in their turn subdued,  
Yield, and bow down to one eternal shrine ;  
Light Mutability—life's very name is thine !

## XCIX.

Away vain musings ! ended as began :  
Aimless and hopeless, save to teach us more  
To make our moment happy while we can :  
And while my eyes are turned to thee, bright shore  
Of Light ! methinks, while I thy shrine adore,  
Thou sheddest quiet from thine argent urn !  
Till, like thy beams, my spirit, flowing o'er  
With softness and affectionate hope, doth yearn  
To make confession there, as if thou could'st return,

## C.

Thou rolling Moon ! my thoughts to me again :  
Yet wert thou not hung there as well to be  
A Lamp, as a confessional for men ?  
Where, in the quiet of the night, to thee,  
Spirits should steal from mankind silently,  
To pour those secrets heard by God alone :  
Oh, thou dost soften doubt to certainty !  
Who ever gazed on thee, nor felt his own  
Mysterious alliance with thy world unknown ?

## CI.

Yet it may be, thou, too, hast scenes to show  
Like these Titanic heaps around me piled :  
It may be, hidden that pure front below,  
Thou show'st a Chaos horrible and wild ;  
Perchance, a den of passion more defiled  
Than ours, with no redeeming light from God !  
Or, thou might'st be Creation's youngest child :  
Thine atmosphere a heaven ; and thy sod  
The unpolluted cloud where Gods alone have trod !

## CII.

Thou hast no state, or fall'n or raised, bright Orb !  
Which accords not with life and human feeling :  
We, whom in turns the god and brute absorb :  
Lo—how o'er yon Arena thou art stealing  
With hallowing light, or, my own mind appealing  
To thee, invests thee with its gentler tone :  
As if thy ministering beams were healing,  
By filling up, with beauty of thine own,  
Rents, which in day's broad eye too nakedly are  
shown.

CANTO IV.



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## CANTO IV.

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### I.

Arena of the unrecorded brave !

Whose blood poured here like water on thy sand ;

Hold of the despot, refuge of the slave,

Den, where the assassin made his latest stand ;

Altar where hermits their devotion fanned ;

Red scaffold, where the glorious Martyr died,

Where sped the joust—where danced the motley  
band ;

Stage, ever changing ! that art still the guide

Of pilgrims drawn from far, who here have smiled or  
sighed,

## II.

Pouring the thoughts or fancies of the hour,  
Great COLOSSEUM ! at thy mighty shrine ;  
Earth's bosom, cumbered with the wrecks of power,  
Shows nought beneath the sky to match with thine :  
Earthquakes have heaved—frost rent—Time-worn  
each line  
Of thy majestic fabric ; but the eye  
Of fancy nothing grander can combine  
Than thy sublime, but shattered symmetry,  
Thou wonder, pride, and awe of him who passeth by !

## III.

Hark—the still, slumberous Air is musical  
With the sweet carolling of birds, which seem  
Here to have made their happy festival :  
How do those notes and these wild flowers redeem  
The place from aught save haunt for peace supreme !  
If blood hath gushed forth here from man and beast,  
If Cain-like men have gloated o'er the steam  
Of human victims, as a welcome feast,  
Ages have cleansed the stain, the unnatural strife hath  
ceased.

## IV.

Gently be they pronounced on ! if they thought  
Blindly, their deeds flowed from a darkened source,  
They practised but the lessons they were taught ;  
Their creed was wrong, and lust, and lawless force :  
Their gods were brutes, as fierce, with less remorse  
Than man when most imbruted : such were given  
By Superstition as her last resource,  
To bind the chains by reason only riven ;  
Flattering man's grosser sense transferring Vice to  
Heaven.

## V.

What hope, what thought, had they beyond the hour ?  
Wealth sapped their feeble virtue to its roots,  
And their heart's rankest weeds were fed by Power,  
Crushing in their first growth those early shoots  
Which ask for culture ere they yield their fruits,  
Crowning the man as with a coronal :  
Pause then—thy censure thy own heart confutes :  
Thy own felt weakness o'er their dust recal :  
To err is human still, the common lot of all.

## VI.

The white flowers at my feet rise from a ground  
Whose dust was human—*they* bloom not the less :  
Where are the millions here who crowded round ?  
They gazed on thee, sweet Moon ! but did not bless  
Thy light, from which they drew no gentleness :  
The fight—the hunt—the galley's crashing prow,  
Such were their morning hopes of happiness :  
For which they waited with as feverish brow,  
As for some worthless aim our hearts are beating now.

## VII.

They were—they are not—Memory gives them birth :  
The Life of Ages breathes in us alone !  
Immortalised by us who, changed to earth,  
Shall, with their dust, remain alike unknown :  
The future rests in darkness round it thrown,  
Past, when arrived ; like the unwelcomed wind,  
Life has no present : time enjoyed is flown :  
A moment—with that past for ever joined,  
What eye shall see us more, what step again shall find ?

## VIII.

The wise begin their lives in questionings,  
To end in silence ; for no oracle  
Responds to their intense imaginings :  
They turn to earth, and in the lowest dell  
Feel there the simplest flower its moral tell,  
Deep as the fall of empires : that, enshrined,  
Infinity within each particle,  
Mocks their vain thought ; the struggle is resigned,  
And faith confides in hope, its trust to Heaven consigned.

## IX.

So let the circle of our days roll on,  
Eternal, still revolving without end :  
Nature's pure joys rewarding when we' are gone,  
As we had never been. Lo, how extend,  
Tier above tier, those benches, which ascend  
In shattered circles ; where the Roman sate,  
While on his nod, or voice, or finger's bend,  
The gladiator read remorseless fate,  
Whose life or death could thus on one slight motion  
wait !

## X.

Along its broken edges, on the sky  
So softly, clearly, delicately traced,  
The bird, all feather-like, alights on high,  
Where human foot shall never more be based :  
Grass mantles the Arena, 'mid defaced  
And broken columns, freshly, wildly spread ;  
And through those hollow windows, once so graced  
With glittering eyes, faint stars their twinklings shed,  
As if they smiled within those sockets of the dead !

## XI.

So stretches that Titanic skeleton !  
Its shattered and enormous circle rent,  
And yawning open, arch, and covering gone ;  
As the huge Crater's sides hang imminent  
Round the Volcano, whose last flames are spent ;  
Whose sounds shall never more to heaven aspire,  
So frowns that stern and desolate Monument !  
A stage in ruin ; an exhausted pyre,  
The actors past to dust—for ever quenched the fire !

## XII.

Oh ! what can Memory not create ? Even death  
Is mocked by shadows from the grave that rise,  
Inspired by her with forms and living breath ;  
The heart's affections are the eternal ties  
That join the past and future ; which allies  
With its own life, existence unforget :  
How, with a thought, fond Fancy backward flies,  
And quickens into life the Past !—this spot  
Behold all teeming now with populous thousands  
fraught.

## XIII.

Hark !—'tis the hush of men—the stifled hum :  
As when, for moments, armies hold their breath  
Suspended, for the signal-word to come,  
That shall hurl myriads from their life to death :  
Lo !—in the seats around—above—beneath—  
A sea of heads : a coil of human life  
Circles as with a vast and varied wreath,  
Each stone, and living column, each door, rife  
With struggle, stand, or rush—the moment's eager strife.



## XIV.

The lower tier—lo, how are thronging there,  
The wealth of Rome in one full living tide !  
There fills the Emperor his golden chair :  
Knights, Consuls, Senators, on either side :  
Above, sits Roman beauty in her pride !  
Crowning the topmost tier, plebeians crowd,  
Looking down there, as from the Mountain's side,  
Into the vale !—while, o'er them, like a cloud,  
Spreads the Velaria's sail, an ever-shadowing shroud.

## XV.

The roar is hushed—a deathlike stillness reigns ;  
Some sight unused arrests the common mind :  
Though drunk with blood, their rage awhile refrains ;  
O'er breathless thousands ye might hear the Wind  
Wave to and fro, the sail o'er them inclined !  
Look on the Arena !—one stands there alone,  
His foe beneath his foot in death reclined :  
In his proud form the Grecian mould is shown ;  
Such Phidias' hand had stamped eternally in stone.

## XVI.

Conqueror in forty fights, he stood confessed  
Achilles of the Arena : till men grew  
Tired of his fortune ; gone was their first zest  
Of fierce excitement which no longer drew  
Their eyes, nor palled amazement could renew :  
Stretched at his feet the barbarous Briton lies,  
Not unavenged ;—ere his fierce spirit flew,  
He saw the red blood from his conqueror rise,  
And hate's last triumph gleamed in his ferocious eyes !

## XVII.

Fixed like a Statue there the Grecian stood,  
The blood is oozing darkly from his side !  
But, with a gesture proud and unsubdued,  
He looked as if he life and death defied :  
There might ye trace a higher, worthier pride ;  
A mind unstooped to its degrading trade ;  
Hero by nature stamped, by fate denied !  
They saw not, the far crowd, the scorn displayed  
On those curled haughty lips, from which each moment  
fade

## XVIII.

The hues of life, and strength, and passion, leaving  
His glazed eye fixed—the damp sweat on his brow :  
The stooping form, his blood each limb bereaving  
Of its laxed strength—the Arena's swimming now—  
His arms are sunk—one last wild effort—no !  
He falls !—and never more shall rise again :  
Then, unrestrained, burst forth above, below,  
The shouts of those who wore the forms of men,  
The roar of human brutes that shakes their echoing  
den !

## XIX.

His dirge and epitaph : 'tis still once more :  
All forward bend to catch his parting groan ;  
For well they know none trod that stage before  
Like him who stood unrivalled and alone ;  
He leans upon his shield : one arm is thrown  
Behind—one stays him resting on his knee ;  
His head droops, but, beneath his eyebrows grown  
Contracted, his glazed eyeballs ye may see  
Watching that tide of life which ebbs forth silently !

## XX.

Ay, he is *feeling* the approach of death !  
The chill—the fainting sickness—but his mind  
Is busy, though thick heaves his choking breath :  
Alas ! no eye shall bend o'er him reclined,  
No pious hands shall dig *his* grave, nor wind  
His wreath, and consecrate with tears each flower !  
Hurled to the dogs, his body who shall find ?  
The pageant—sport—and ruffian of the hour,  
Dragged from his lovely clime, and slaved to bruta  
power.

## XXI.

All rushed before him—shall *they* see the tears  
Which his heart, bursting, would pour forth ? shall  
they  
Know that last, bitterest agony that sears,  
When Memory lightens o'er the past her ray ?  
Scenes, which a moment more shall pass away  
Like him—for ever !—no—he lifts his head :  
The light of life that made a moment's play  
In his dim sunken eyes, waned—darkened—fled :  
His arms give way beneath—'tis over—he is dead !

## XXII.

The Vision is departed—the clear dream  
Of a reality doth disappear ;  
Lo—where yon red-cross meets the moonlight's  
gleam !  
The sponge, the crown of thorns, the blood-stained  
spear :  
The scroll, that whosoe'er but kisses here,  
Shall be absolved the crimes of many days !  
See, how the crouching eagerness of fear  
The secret of its sensual life betrays ;  
Prostration, fawning, false, that sickens e'en the gaze !

## XXIII.

But what hath aught of an unquiet feeling  
To do with such a blessed scene as this ?  
Where memory sits among these shadows, stealing,  
Like them, o'er gleams of parted happiness :  
Ah ! never yet did that pale Light impress  
With joy, but more of sadness mingled there !  
There is within its silver radiance less  
Of earthly than of heavenly ; cold, yet fair,  
The ghost of life and warmth, spiritualised to air !

## XXIV.

It seems a type of that elysian shore  
Beyond the sable flood ; ethereal plains,  
Where the wild strife of passion comes no more :  
Where a majestic stillness ever reigns ;  
Where thought and memory, born, as here, from pains  
Ennobling, bid us meaner things forget,  
Cleansing the spirit from its earthlier stains ;  
Too calm for joy—too soothing for regret,  
A world where all is still, but where life's sun is set.

## XXV.

And there it lies, full flooding that pale ground  
With a wan glimmer, and a ghastly light ;  
While the gigantic circle yawns around,  
Vast, silent, savage ! through which, twinkling bright,  
Shine the eyed Stars ; and, strange and solemn sight,  
The illimitable Heaven frowns blackly o'er !  
Ye who would see it robed in Beauty's light,  
View not that pile by moonlight silvered o'er,  
But when departing Day leaves there one glory more.

## XXVI.

For with that ruin and the dying Day,  
There is a sympathy which man can feel ;  
The red light mellows with its grand decay !  
Hallowing the wounds which it would not conceal :  
What harmonising tints around it steal,  
Hues which are Nature's feelings for the past :  
Doth she not ever such with Time reveal ?  
And o'er the wreck her nameless magic cast,  
Religion of the spot that doth grey faiths outlast.

## XXVII.

And the rich Paradise within though faded !  
The many-coloured flowers, all blushing now  
With the last hues and dew of evening braided,  
The mosses, and the tufting grass which grow  
Fantastically round each arches brow,  
Filling each wreck with motion ; the bird's song,  
Making a festival above, below :  
Oh, when the Twilight fades those walls along,  
Pay'st thou not homage there, thou dost that ruin wrong !

## XXVIII.

I stand before the dwelling of a man  
Who proved, ere, meteor-like, his spirit fled,  
The' electric fire that still through Freedom ran ;  
That, with shame's burning ashes o'er her spread,  
Voiceless and motionless—she was not dead ;  
A resurrection to eternity  
Awaits her yet ; to raise her buried head,  
COLA RIENZI ! was reserved for thee :  
To enthrone her midst the Nations was not yet to be.

## XXIX.

Here, like a fallen Angel, midst the wreck  
Of some departed world, thou stood'st, while those  
All eloquent words which waited at thy beck,  
Like spirits, to inflame and madden, rose  
Those deep-laid thoughts whose rest is not repose ;  
The skeleton fragments of Rome's giant power  
Lay round ; thy passion magnified her foes ;  
The Roman woke ! 'twas freedom's proffered dowers,  
Her very rising crushed the tyrants of the hour !



## XXX.

“ Oh, let majestic Rome stand where she stood,  
“ No longer prostrate to her tyrant’s scorn !  
“ Her robes of mourning and of widowhood  
“ Cast off—be now the bridal garment worn ;  
“ Let Freedom’s diadem her brow adorn ;  
“ The Sceptre in her hand of Justice, while,  
“ Like a fair bride rejoicing, onward borne,  
“ She meets her bridegroom with that prescient smile  
“ Of joy, which doth the present, and the past, beguile.”

## XXXI.

Thy prayer was granted : then, her princeliest word  
Claimed fealty from those to whom her name  
Had been a mockery ; they, astounded, heard ;  
And deemed awhile revived her patriot flame,  
Her Power united which the world should tame ;  
Where was thy mind, which, if all equal, then  
Had centered in itself the rays of Fame ?  
Who failed ?—*thyself* : toys filled those moments,  
when  
The Roman world—all—all had been revived again.

## XXXII.

Patriot, sage, poet, orator, each part  
Was thine, nought wanting ; but the unattained,  
The greatest was behind—the Hero's heart !  
Dazzled and giddy wert thou, thy height gained,  
With flattery whispering that the Tribune *reigned* ;  
Foes mocked ; and patriots saw their liberty  
By crime, and vanity, and folly stained ;  
Failure, flight, cowardice, apostacy,  
Proved what thou wert, too late, frail martyr of the free !

## XXXIII.

But in thy fall a moral taught sublime  
Was left—a warning what to seek or shun  
By patriots through all ages and all time :  
Freedom by valour must be held as won ;  
No sheltered flower to blossom in the sun,  
But a tossed vessel reeling to the blast :  
Though the wild waves in mountains o'er her run,  
Though the red Lightnings rend her crashing mast,  
Fixed must the Helmsman stand who steers her home  
at last !

## XXXIV.

Again the world, the busy hum of man :  
But here the crowd the flying hours prolong  
Through marble chambers of the Vatican :  
How many worthless themes are given to song ;  
Perchance the best unheard ! the unheeding throng  
Pursue the beaten track, nor look behind :  
Else in these storied corridors along,  
How many a tender memory is enshrined :  
How many a thought profound to soothe the musing  
mind !

## XXXV.

The tablets placed by Love above the dead,  
Reft from a thousand graves around, appear :  
Appealing to an age unknown to shed  
Above them still the sympathetic tear,  
Whose dust a thousand years has left its bier !  
Methinks the Writing on Belshazzar's Hall  
Spoke not more true than these grey records here :  
Man, in his ashes, striving to recal  
His past humanities—what was—what shall be, all.

## XXXVI.

Bequeathing, thus, a testament, a will,  
Which touches more the heart than mines of gold,  
That, even from dust, doth silently fulfil  
A duty ! making those who dare behold,  
Sadder and wiser ; everywhere is told  
The heaven-pledged truth that death shall all restore,  
Still to existence cling the young and old :  
The good, the evil, dread to near that shore  
Where an immortal life awaits them evermore.

## XXXVII.

Glorious and godlike incarnation !—Light  
Embodied in the human form : a god  
Confronted visibly to human sight,  
As if upon the clouds of heaven he trod :  
We stand and gaze on his revealment awed :  
His parted lips a smile of triumph wear ;  
A glory from his brow is flashed abroad !  
It is the light's last halo lingering there,  
Then when he shook the Day from his ambrosial hair !

## XXXVIII.

Python—the evil—gasps beneath him slain ;  
But he, the embodied Beautiful and Good,  
Unruffled stands ; as if all strife were vain  
Matched with divinity ; his foe subdued  
He gazes on no more ; his haughtier mood  
Hath passed away, and his all-radiant eyes  
Are looking in eternity ! the brood  
Of Typhon crushed, his spirit homeward flies,  
For his reward must come from those immortal skies.

## XXXIX.

But in that form august, yet beautiful,  
Born to command and awe all hearts below,  
How doth its majesty the mind o'er-rule !  
How o'er his neck the radiant tresses flow,  
Massing themselves above that sunlike brow !  
Round his raised arm his airy mantle twined,  
Falls feathering downward like a wreath of snow  
On his bared breast, where strength and grace en-  
shrined,  
Brace each elastic nerve instinct with living mind.

## XL.

Such Nature never stamped, nor form, nor face,  
Hero, nor god of old heroic time !  
Beauty, and might, and majesty, and grace,  
Are met—concentered in that form sublime,  
That mocks alike art, eloquence, or rhyme :  
And there, his arm and foot half-forward thrown,  
He stands, ere soaring to his heavenly clime ;  
So light, so free his airy gesture shown,  
Ye start, at last, to find the Vision fixed in stone.

## XLI.

A Vision of reality : we gaze  
Awed, dazzled, and we turn away in vain,  
Our beings filled with godhead and its rays :  
A restlessness which we would not restrain,  
Urges us back once more to own his reign ;  
A human form !—but man, as when he trod  
In naked majesty on Eden's plain ;  
When armed with fearless innocence, unawed,  
He stood erect to heaven, and looked upon his God !

## XLII.

Yet, ere we part, pause gently on a form,  
Model of human beauty in repose !  
The very hue of life lies on it warm :  
How round that soft and delicate forehead flows  
The clustering locks which all its beauty shows ;  
Yet o'er those features in their pensive grace  
Her softest shadow melancholy throws :  
Ev'n curled Antinous could not hide the trace  
Of the mind's beauty dimmed by sensual passions base.

## XLIII.

Thus, o'er that brow there breathes a deep expres-  
sion  
Of sadness, like some Angel of the Light,  
That mourns in secret grief the dark transgression  
Which hurled the spirit from its heavenly height ;  
Yet lacked the strength within, the moral might  
To fix it there for ever ! oh, if well  
Thou saidst, divinest Sage ! that in as bright  
A shrine as its own form the soul should dwell,  
From what a lofty height superb Antinous fell !

## XLIV.

Behold the test of human agony !——  
What man unaided in himself may bear ;  
The writhing group of the Laocoon see ;  
Passion—will—hope—power—all are warring there :  
Pangs by fear unconceived his vitals tear ;  
But, in its tortured citadel, the Mind  
Sublimely sits contending with despair !  
The eye recoils before the snakes entwined ;  
While to our heart of hearts his sufferings are consigned.

## XLV.

His head leans back in languor, and his brow  
Is ploughed by pain in furrows : his raised eyes  
Strained, and rolled back in their white orbs, avow  
His inward and unspoken agonies !  
His parted lips gasp on for life in sighs,  
But to endure—to conquer in a strife  
Whose racking moments are eternities ;  
His arms, thrown upwards, show each sinew rife  
With fixed and maddening effort—'tis for death or life !



## XLVI.

Not for his own, for self is all forgot  
Even on his rack of agony : ye see,  
And feel, he struggles to avert *their* lot,  
Twins of their mother clinging round his knee !  
In their last agonies convulsively  
Calling their sire and heaven alike in vain ;  
In him the Spirit of Humanity  
Embodied sits, contending against pain,  
Writhing within the bonds of Fate's relentless chain.

## XLVII.

Scarce hath the Poet of the Marble hidden  
Truth, 'neath this symbol of immortal skill :  
How its high moral swells the heart unbidden !—  
The Image of indomitable Will  
Warring against a mightier Influence still :  
Of Virtue, rising over agony,  
Yea, ev'n humanity, so it fulfil  
Its loftier aim ; and meet its destiny  
With a contending mind, and an unshaken eye !

## XLVIII.

Pride hath not stoicised his heart : he is  
A man, no Titan, nor with heaven contends :  
He, too, doth teach man's sufferings to be less :  
To' oppose that evil destiny which blends  
Itself with human nature, and impends  
Alike o'er all ; what then is our defence ?  
Endurance—but which yields not, nor defends ;  
Forming its own concentered recompense,  
Though hope's last light were fled, though faith were  
banished hence.

## XLIX.

Behold the fighting Gladiator stand :  
Head, arm, and foot, and body forward thrown ;  
How doth that sinewy frame its strength expand !  
Mind, feeling, consciousness, and memory shown  
Centered in one absorbing thought alone,  
Defence—with daring !—in that brow, ye read,  
And the fierce eye, intensely fixed in stone,  
The purpose of some spirit-stirring deed,  
Whose stern, resolvèd gesture tells it shall succeed !

## L.

How beautiful is Courage ! how sublime  
To see one man, by Nature armed, stand forth  
Opposed to hundreds !—such claims every clime,  
And age—for Valour hath a common birth ;  
Lo, how *his* nerves are his linked mail, that girth  
The naked trunk ; his shield, his heart, that grows  
Greater as Danger magnifies its worth !  
His arms, his weapons : stretched to meet the blows,  
The brunt, the storm of War on their unstooping boughs !

## LI.

Fling back the Orient-gates ! behold awaking  
Aurora beautiful from tranced sleep :  
While with her roseate fingers she is shaking  
Morn from her starry hair ! the young Hours keep  
Watch o'er her car, and round its pathway sweep  
Roses, while scattering onward as they flee,  
Rays of bright light like foam upon the Deep ;  
Downward they wheel in dance and revelry,  
Waking on Earth's grey hills the choirs of melody.

## LII.

She is arrayed in glory ! round her head,  
Iris her diadem ethereal flings,  
Her bow, o'er which the Sun's bright rays are shed,  
Who, with all-radiant eyes, the treasure brings  
For his immortal daughter !—up she springs :  
Her car is loosed, her banner is unfurled :  
Life wakes from death-like sleep, Time plumes his  
wings :  
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurled,  
Behold—a day—a day is given to the world !

## LIII.

Apart from all—in loneliness sublime,  
Even as he lived : a solitary Sun  
That shone amid the ancient night of time,  
To guide a Nation's pilgrimage begun :  
Hope of their path : their light and safety won  
From Truth—the pillar of Fire : lo, him alone  
On Sinai's Mount who looked upon the ONE !  
His form colossal as his spirit shown,  
Sits the great Hebrew-Seer upon his marble throne.

## LIV.

He holds the Law : that law—stamped scorching—  
given  
In earthquake, thunder, and in flame ! his brow  
Is radiant with the glory caught from heaven :  
As, when confronting God, he dared to show  
His human fears, nor boundless faith avow :  
He is half-risen, and frowning down, surveys  
The apostate people faithless then as now :  
In vice imbruted, awed beneath his gaze,  
Sunk in idolatry to very beasts that graze.

## LV.

Statue of more than kingly majesty !  
Form of the antique time ! thou dost reveal  
The power and greatness of an age gone by :  
Who can behold thy solemn front, nor feel  
The awe, the reverential fear, and weal  
Of old religion ! faith as great as thine,  
Or his, on whom the Eternal set his seal,  
And he was not ; his body made divine  
Ere yet the soul had parted from its mortal shrine.

## LVI.

The Mind, beholding thee, becomes antique,  
Austere, and unadorned, and full of power ;  
Till lesser forms diminished seem, and weak :  
The soul assumes thy strength for its own dower,  
And upward looks to thee as to a tower,  
Dread Image of sublimed humanity !  
What are the vain regrets of our brief hour ?  
Dare *we* repine ? ev'n thou wert doomed to die,  
Then, when God's promised land just reached thy lov-  
ing eye.

## LVII.

Synod of gods and heroes ! symbols, ye,  
Of strength, of beauty, and divine repose,  
And of our state of immortality ;  
Of that quiescent, blessed mood, that owes  
No tax to earthlier passion and its woes :  
Above desire, or envy, hope, or fear :  
Our aim, though ever hopeless, to compose  
Our spirits thus in mortal durance here,  
Subject to all the storms that vex our nether sphere.

## LVIII.

How, in the tranquil and sublime expression  
Humanity hath stamped upon your brows,  
The heart grows softened, till it breathes confession  
In silence, or in language which avows  
Its feeling with the Beauty where it bows!  
The very atmosphere doth here impress  
Tranquillity, which from your presence grows :  
A quiet whose repose is happiness,  
Caught from the life around, so mute, and passionless.

## LIX.

Handmaid of Truth, even thus is Art divine,  
The daughter of Religion : so she stood  
When first she reared from earth her heavenward  
shrine ;  
Embodying into human shape the good,  
Where the full heart could pour its gratitude ;  
Type of the Perfect emanated forth  
From its own heavenly nature ; to be wooed,  
Yea, worshipped : for, though fashioned from the earth,  
It imaged forth the God, and proved man's godlike  
birth.

## LX.

And beautifully Art hath bodied forth,  
Nursed in her own ideal world apart,  
This Perfect which exists not upon earth :  
But whose bright form from man will not depart,  
Angel of that dark world, the human heart !  
There sleeps its image folded o'er its shrine,  
Till, Pallas-like, its full proportions start  
Embodied into life, and prove the mine,  
The faculties of Thought, as boundless, as divine.

## LXI.

But the o'erwrought mind, wearied, asks for rest :  
Its hour of ecstasy hath briefest date,  
And when the fit is over, how confessed  
Is our vitality : the sinking weight,  
We felt not, raised erewhile to an elate,  
And feverish excitement, whose false strain  
Embraced those forms which tasked life to create,  
In moments ; till relaxed the effort vain,  
Recoiling nature proves our impotence again.



## LXII.

We turn aside for rest, and where, oh, where,  
Find we a comforter and friend, whose healing  
Soft, social silence we so well could bear,  
That harmonises with our every feeling  
Like thee, our nurse, great matron, Nature ! stealing  
Forgotten griefs away : thou dost reward  
All hearts that turn to thee : thou hast revealing  
For each, and all : sage, conqueror, and bard :  
By him who calls on thee, thy still small Voice is heard.

## LXIII.

And, could we choose a spot, this vale elysian  
Methinks must bound our wishes ; but there dwells  
Within its sanctuary a deathless Vision :  
A tale to which the bosom fondly swells,  
Believing in it more than oracles ;  
Look at yon grot beneath its bank of earth !  
Haunt where Tradition leaves its brightest spells :  
A Spirit dwelt within of heavenly birth,  
To whom the kingly Numa knelt, and proved her worth ;

## LXIV.

Gathering from her those inspirations poured  
Pure from her lips as yonder welling stream,  
At whose turf-altar grateful Rome adored :  
Who would disturb, or turn from such a dream  
On whose clear glass the soul of Truth doth beam ?  
There met the lovers, when no footstep rude  
Profaned their haunts, or broke their peace supreme ;  
Thou, who might'st even now be won if wooed,  
Sacred Egeria, hear ! thy name was Solitude !

## LXV.

Inspiring then, as now : the arch is broken,  
Thy weed-heaped shrine is fallen to decay :  
Thy oracles are silent—they have spoken :  
Two thousand years have fled like Yesterday !  
All but the name of Rome hath passed away,  
Yet still exists the moral of thy tale,  
Founded on Truth eternal as the Day !  
Nature and Truth are one ; all powers may fail,  
The Stars may quit their spheres, but these shall aye  
prevail.

## LXVI.

Egerian solitude ! the spell still lingers,  
That chains us to this spot—'tis Beauty ; here,  
How delicately twined are her sweet fingers  
With the wild flowers whose spring-time is the year :  
Rome in the deep blue distance doth appear :  
And the far murmur of her life is borne  
Faintly, as once, to Numa's musing ear !  
Creating, it may be, the same outworn  
Thoughts, which o'er human life despond, rejoice, and  
mourn.

## LXVII.

Such be not here indulged : too quiet, this,  
For aught but tenderest memories ; visions fraught  
With forms of past or coming happiness ;  
Turn gently hence, and be it unforgot,  
When passed, but leave thy blessing on the spot !  
For yonder, as of old, a Spirit dwells,  
Whose influence, lingering here, thou, too, hast  
caught ;  
Pass gently :—and ascend the wooded dells,  
O'er which Frescati throned her ancient greatness tells.

## LXVIII.

The Tusculum of Cicero ! the name  
To him endeared, and unto us entwined  
With all his complaints, and vanity, and fame ;  
There where to peaceful solitude resigned,  
He bodied forth those thoughts, to Time consigned,  
On life, and on eternity ; and planned  
That eloquence of over-mastering mind,  
What aweless Catiline dared not withstand,  
Struck down, at once, as if from Jove's resistless hand !

## LXIX.

Ascend the hill : the olive-groves are spreading  
Their pale boughs round thee ; and the ilex throws  
Its depths of shade : on violets thou art treading ;  
How their rich fragrance 'neath thy footstep grows !  
The very lap of Nature overflows  
With their o'erheaped profusion ; lo, the crest  
Of the crowned hill, beside which in repose,  
The Grotto's rise full opening to the west :  
There where the sage indulged his meditative rest.

## LXX.

And while the Sun, like a material god,  
His crown of latest glories on him threw,  
Ere sinking down in yonder azure road :  
Perchance, while gazing, he sighed vainly too,  
Even thus his youth departed to renew ;  
That nought *his* earthly memories might efface :  
It may be, thus absorbed, thoughts worthier grew :  
He felt he left behind no fading trace :  
Installed by Fame for ever in his “ pride of place.”

## LXXI.

And down the gradual bank, ye trace remains  
Of his small garden, now with ruins crowned :  
How, from that spot, the eye commanding reigns,  
O'er all the boundless Landscape ! the hills round  
Shelving towards yon depth of plain profound,  
Where, in the distance, like a coiling snake,  
Its glittering scales to the bright Sun unwound,  
The Tibur's streams their thread-like mazes make  
To the horizon line, where spreads its azure lake,

## LXXII.

The dark Mediterranean ! with its bays  
Opening to meet his tributary stream :  
Oh, the rewarding rapture of that gaze,  
When years of hope long past—like moments seem,  
Making the realised no more a dream !  
There sped Æneas from the Tyrrhene Sea :  
There Alba's Mount reflects the sun's last gleam ;  
Nature's chart spreads beneath eternally,  
Which Maro's spirit hallowed, while he blessed like  
thee.

## LXXIII.

This is to multiply among mankind  
A life undying : no faint spark, to be  
In darkness smothered, but a flame enshrined,  
To warm, to animate humanity !  
To open every generous sympathy  
That draws man nearer to his fellow-men  
By ties of virtue and of liberty ;  
Inspiring, softening his heart, which then  
Beholds its native worth reflected back again,

## LXXIV.

And purified in the clear glass of Truth,  
And Poesy, till time he would redeem,  
Learning to reverence himself in youth,  
Ere taught by age ; is fame like this, a gleam  
To fade ? oh ! rather ask, doth it not seem  
All we can hope of future happiness,  
Even in fancy's most abstracted dream ?  
Is it not, living here, mankind to bless ?  
Even, as a god unseen, to make life's evils less !

## LXXV.

Lives there who hath the gift and dares abuse ?  
Dares feed his heaven-lit torch with light from hell ?  
His powers in very wantonness misuse ?  
Better for him that he for ever dwell  
Among the damned—no ! be his curse, the spell  
To witness—doomed to walk awhile on earth—  
The pangs of those, the innocent, who fell  
Into his snares, yet feel how little worth  
His efforts weighed against the Good's eternal birth.

## LXXVI.

Not such wert thou, sweet Tully ! the sublime  
And awful forms of Nature entering here,  
Built up thy soul ; the softness of the clime  
Tempered from stoic firmness too austere :  
Silence and grandeur taught thee to revere  
Thyself ; while, borne on Contemplation's wings,  
Thy soul ascending sought a higher sphere :  
The rabble's praise or curse, the open stings  
Of hate or spleen, and chief, the ingratitude which wrings

## LXXVII.

The patriot's noble heart, were here unfelt ;  
Saviour of Rome ! what motive's stern control  
Urged thee from this sweet haunt where quiet dwelt ?  
What passion swayed ?—to hear the thunder-roll  
Of the lewd rabble's shouts ? to see the whole  
Senate obsequious rise beneath thy nod ?  
No—'twas to gain the applause of thy great soul !  
The rule of Duty held by thee unawed,  
Made thy retreat the sanctuary of a god !



## LXXVIII.

Thou gav'st Rome Freedom—thy great task was done :  
The shouts which would have hailed with the same  
tone,  
Tyrant or freeman, broke not moments won  
For communing—the joy of being alone :  
What wealth could for their sacrifice atone ?  
The peace, the rapturous thrill of thy full breast ;  
The mind reposing, king-like, on its throne !  
Conscious of all its innate worth expressed ;  
Virtue's self-given crown that makes Fame's wreath a  
jest.

## LXXIX.

What were thy high thoughts gazing on thy home,  
The Eternal City rearing her far brow ?—  
That thy all-matchless eloquence saved Rome  
From fire and sword ; yea, from the very plough  
Razing the ground where once she stood—as now !  
How much of life was crowded in thy span !—  
All that bards, sages, in their dreams avow,  
Thou wert !—oh, well, ere thy first race was ran,  
Great Nature taught thee here that thou wert still a man !

## LXXX.

Leave not too hastily the scenes above;  
 A gentler spirit here hath sanctified  
 Nature with yearning and affectionate love;  
 There, where the lengthened range of hills divide,  
 Fronting the sun-rise and his set, each side;  
 There, where the cornels on the hawthorn bloom,  
 With his own verse immortally allied,  
 There—could'st thou, Earth, the treasure disinhume,  
 Stood the low decent cot where HORACE built his tomb.

## LXXXI.

Methinks I see it now :—the pine-tree bending  
 O'er its thatched roof, where vine-leaves trelliced  
     clung;  
 Behind, his oak-wood darker shadows lending:  
 His browsing goats along the herbage flung:  
 Through his low fronting garden glides along  
 That sun-lit stream from thee, Bandusia! won:  
 As fresh and as inspiring as his song;  
 Revivifying all it toucheth on,  
 And calling life from flowers whose sweet breath nigh  
     was gone.

## LXXXII.

And now my mind's eye gently pictures forth  
That bard of lowly stature by his door ;  
His cheerful eye instinct with honest worth,  
With silvered locks ere middle age be o'er :  
His brow relaxed, where moral thought no more  
Gently contends with his humanity ;  
For, ye may see, reclined that stream before,  
Its bubbling voices and the open sky  
Have entered in his soul, have filled his heart and eye !

## LXXXIII.

While mirrored there as in a glass of truth,  
Visions of life's reflected memories show  
The feverish scenes and follies of his youth ;  
Drawing that human sigh we all bestow  
On parted dreams of happiness below :  
And then came o'er him all the consciousness  
Of contrast : the mind's quiet that doth grow  
From passion satiate with its own excess ;  
That leaves, at last, its votaries leisure to confess ;

## LXXXIV.

To muse upon the past ; life's early hope,  
Its aim, and failure, and despair, when found  
How weak our strength with passion's host to cope ;  
Shall not these fetters be, at last, unbound,  
That chain our soul, still baffled, to the ground ?  
No—for unproved were then our mortal part :  
The softened moral, and the thought profound,  
The vain remorse, the darkest memories start  
From the deep tideless calm of him of sated heart !

## LXXXV.

Yet not of sorrow—he who life hath proved,  
Feels luxury in tears that flow within,  
Leaving the brow unwrinkled and unmoved :  
And *thou* wert happy ; living, thou didst win  
Thy fame : the quiet spot, in which begin  
And end our hopes, was thine ; and though thy breast  
Poured forth its gratitude in this soft scene,  
Yet was not half thy happiness confessed ;  
All the heart's finest chords die with us unexpressed !

## LXXXVI.

Thy house is not thy tomb : the very place  
On which it stood is not ; for earth is fraught  
With change, and doth, like Time, her forms efface :  
Thou couldst not die ! thy life, which is thy Thought,  
Is self-existent, and with ours is wrought,  
Transfused through mind for ever ; what is death ?—  
To sink into the earth and be forgot ;  
To leave behind no trace ; to hang no wreath  
Above our grave to tell who lived—loved—felt—beneath.

## LXXXVII.

Nay, be such phantasies forgiven ! yet who  
Can think of thee, nor feel, that, like a charm,  
Thy name, sweet HORACE ! doth those thoughts renew,  
And feelings which again our bosom warm,  
And of austerer moods of mind disarm :  
Who hath not sighed, in youth or age, to flee  
To the fond covert of thy Sabine farm ?  
To share thy pride, thy manly dignity,  
The freeman's fearless spirit, aye, avowed by thee !

## LXXXVIII.

Poet of human nature ! to all ages

*Thou* speakest, to all tongues, to every clime :

Thy varying lay the heart excites, assuages :

Gentle, sad, wayward, trifling, or sublime,

Well didst thou match thy fame against all time,

For thou had'st that within to answer back

The life of ages dwelling on thy rhyme :

The hope, the grief, the prayer, the jealous rack,—

All thy own feelings share who walk our human track.

## LXXXIX.

Who felt the nothingness of human life,

Profoundly as thyself ? for thou had'st tried

All—both the solitude and social strife ;

Who hath so gently probed our weaker pride ?

Or given us moral armour to abide

The strokes of fortune ? who so well hath shown

The wisdom to enjoy life's eventide,

Gratefully, while the hour is yet our own,

Ere life and time, the shades, from us, like thee, be  
flown ?

## XC.

“ How much of time is lost in petty strife  
“ With trifles ; here, unmoved by hope or fear,  
“ I commune with myself ; true, genuine life !  
“ Grateful and honourable rest ; more dear  
“ Than noblest offices ; thou Nurse severe  
“ Of solemn thought, who dost all thought sustain,  
“ How hast thou, Solitude ! inspired me here :  
“ Thou bid’st me idly not of life complain,  
“ But stamp upon the age my impress, not in vain.”

## XCI.

And where breathes Nature truer Oracles  
Than in thy depths, romantic Tivoli !  
Here, where the Spirit of past ages dwells,  
Lulled by the Waters’ Voice of prophecy !  
Endiademed with craggy majesty,  
And plumed with woods that shed a horror round ;  
From the profoundest chasm lift up thine eye !  
Lo—o’er yon far off points extremest bound,  
Abrupt, hung imminent against the blue profound,

## XCII.

The Sibyl's temple stands, the earthly link  
That draws ye from those sunken depths to heaven,  
Based on the precipice's airy brink !  
The Arno rushes downward headlong driven  
O'er the crushed rocks in its wild pathway riven,  
Chaos of Waters !—but ye heed them not ;  
In vain the flowers to catch thine eye have striven,  
Or the wild terrors of the Syren's Grot :  
Eye, sense, and soul absorbed, are fixed upon the spot,

## XCIII.

Where that wrecked Image of the Beautiful  
Yet sits within its undecaying shrine !  
Looking an eloquence which doth o'er-rule  
The heart far more than language, though divine  
Were he who spake ; how swells the flowing line  
Of light and delicate proportion there !  
How the grey tints, while mellowing, refine :  
Giving a speaking sadness to its air,  
A venerable grace ! which now appears more fair,



## XCIV.

More touching, than when in its youthful prime  
It claimed, and won from rival shrines the prize :  
Oh ! what a magic lends the touch of Time !  
How the o'erflowing feelings sympathise  
With what we are, or shall be, while our eyes  
Turn to the forms of beauty which have been !  
We clothe the wreck with our humanities,  
Until decay itself no more is seen,  
Hued by the loving heart with an eternal green.

## XCV.

And, while the resting eye dwells there, the mind  
Calls up the spirits of the mighty dead,  
Who once beside those pediments reclined ;  
Screened from the sun by the long shadows spread  
From their Corinthian columns ; they are fled  
With countless ages : still eternal seem  
Those capitals, yon fall of waters sped ;  
Alas, for man ! for there, in power supreme,  
Augustus gazed, as thou, upon yon rushing stream ;

## XCVI.

And Virgil—Horace—sate by either side ;  
While their perfumed Mecænas wiled in gay  
And social talk the hours as now they glide ;  
Sporting the jest, perchance, in careless play,  
Which others made whose life was yesterday !  
Alas, for him who feels the sweet belief  
To be remembered ever !—turn away :  
Be not this haunt profaned with idle grief,  
But learned the lessons taught us in life's span so brief.

## XCVII.

Or, would'st thou choose a spot where gentler Nature  
Awes not as here, but woos thee in her guise  
Of Syren beauty ; where her every feature  
Breathes speaking tenderness, and where her sighs  
Fill the live air with vocal melodies,  
And the rapt bosom with that love profound  
Which joins the Universe in holy ties ;  
Turn, where beside yon low hill's mural mound,  
The wrecks of Hadrian's villa beautify the ground.

## XCVIII.

Retreat of tired ambition satiate ;  
The world's dull stage or left in hate, or scorn  
Of the crowd's senseless clamours, that await  
Victor or vanquished, which on either fawn ;  
When the far distant goal to which are borne  
Ambition's aching eyes, at last, is gained,  
For what ?—to pause for rest—to see the dawn  
Of truth first break : nerves shattered—strength o'er-  
strained,  
Such the rewards which wait Power's worthless prize  
attained.

## XCIX.

And in that nook, howe'er concealed, be sure  
The natural bias of the heart is known :  
The pride, or vanities that still endure ;  
Or the mind's first simplicity is shown,  
Ere called to ripen rankly on a throne  
Passions and crimes that else had been untaught :  
So rises then the cell, or hall of stone,  
True emblem of the inner mind, each brought  
To mate with solitude, to court, or fly from thought.

## C.

But Hadrian's vanity this spot endeared :  
 A city in one villa stood enshrined :  
 All objects of all foreign climes upreared,  
 In one vast labyrinth confusedly joined ;  
 The theatre—arena—bath—combined ;  
 Lo—through yon narrow vale the Peneus ran,  
 Taught through Thessalian Tempè's woods to wind !  
 Even Nature here was travestied by man ;  
 Art racked—invention toiled—to crowd life's narrow  
     span.

## CI.

Lo—in this Hall, where sophists met, and spent  
 In aimless disputation the long hours,  
 A race, as frail as they and impotent,  
 Teaching far deeper lessons—those sweet flowers !  
 Than e'er were culled in Academic bowers ;  
 Oh ! who can reach *their* moral ? who can look  
 On them, nor feel their purity o'erpowers ?  
 Who reads not in their hues, as in a book,  
 How He, their Maker, these the glorious chaplet took,

## CII.

Arraying the fair-haired Earth with them, to be  
A shrine of peace : in their brief life to prove  
Man's birth, and death, and immortality ;  
And therefore hath that hand Almighty wove  
In braided wreaths the starry hosts above :  
Oh, then for ever be man's blessing given  
To those mute harbingers of hope and love !  
Those witnesses, that, crushed to earth and riven,  
For ever spring from dust, and turn their eyes to heaven !

## CIII.

Haunt of the Earth, where Paradise once more  
To the eye opens its refulgent ray,  
The last rich gleam from Eden's closing door !—  
How more than all enshrined by phantasy  
Of bowers in star-lit glades of Arcady,  
Haunt of heroic forms and gods of old ;  
How more than opened o'er yon Western Sky,  
Where the red clouds are round their day-god rolled,  
Doth this Hesperian garden to the eye unfold

## CIV.

A visible glory, from the blossoms spread  
Tangling around ye ! where the violet's breath  
Is with the acacias, almonds, myrtles, shed :  
There are no ruins, nought to tell of death,  
For Nature, robed in one eternal wreath,  
With her sweet fingers gently veils decay !  
Cresting with flowers each wreck, and, mossed beneath,  
Her greenest mantle : oh ! at close of day,  
Or when the solemn Moon sheds down her heavenly ray,

## CV.

What haunt more lovely, holy, could be found  
For meditation, for the dead to rise,  
And tell the secrets of their sleep profound !  
Till, palpably confessed before the eyes,  
Antinous rose, and Hadrian, in their ties  
Of life united still : but sadly now  
Musing o'er human mutabilities !  
While the Moon, lightening o'er each solemn brow,  
Showed well the better thoughts their downcast eyes avow.

## CVI.

Farewell!—that word which speaks mortality :  
Teaching, too soon, the truths we would not learn,  
Life's changeful scenes and stern reality :  
What are we ? travellers each moment borne  
On—on—while to the flying past we yearn !  
Farewell—the word hath a prophetic tone  
That almost sighs the promise of return !  
The echo of a joy, whose sound, ere flown,  
Seemed as it mocked our hopes to fix one hour our own.

## CVII.

But lo, emerging from the depths of shade  
Of wildly tangling woods that round us rise,  
The draperies of Nature unarrayed  
In rude magnificence—Albano lies !  
Her lake of beauty opening to the skies :  
Bosomed in crags, which, darkening mid-air,  
Reveal nought but the azure of her eyes,  
O'ershadowed by the acacia's golden hair !  
A blessing to the eye that lovingly dwells there !

## CVIII.

The mirror of Diana of old time :  
The glass in which that virgin face she viewed,  
Whose beauty mocks, as now, the poet's rhyme ;  
Lo, still the precincts of her sacred wood,  
Where, save her starry Nymphs, none dared intrude ;  
There, while they sped the chase in flying joy,  
She, throned above in peerless solitude,  
Charmed in his sleep the' enthusiast Shepherd-boy  
Or woke those thoughts perturbed, that like fell hounds  
destroy.

## CIX.

Pure, beautiful belief ! the heart refining  
From its more gross and dark idolatries ;  
To every shape of Nature, forms assigning ;  
Beings that linked it closer with the skies ;  
When each dim nook were godhead's sanctuaries !  
All emanating, tending from the ONE ;  
When the swift shadow grew to Fancy's eyes,  
The Oread !—when, deep shadowed from the sun,  
The Naid spread around her veil of waters dun !



## CX.

Then was each Fount the Altar of a god,  
More holy felt and spiritual still !  
And man traced there his image as he trod  
In youth—ere turned aside by human will ;  
When the Wood's shadows gratefully could fill  
His heart, even as a blessing ! so confessed  
In the libations poured forth to fulfil  
Due reverence to the Powers who watched the feast ;  
To Nature, gratitude—to men, his love increased,

## CXI.

They live no more, those idols of the heart !  
Created by the Spirit of our Thought,  
Innately feeling its immortal part ;  
Thus peopling Vacancy with beings wrought  
From its own heavenly essence, from the o'erfraught  
Ideal beautiful with which it strove :  
The Intermediates with the Unforgot ;  
Companions where to pour its flowing love,  
Proving its source from Him whose name it is above.

## CXII.

They live no more, those beings of the mind !  
But are we better with our wisdom won ?  
Lives not the Eternal Father still enshrined  
In Nature, now, as when the world begun ?  
How cold, how lifeless all illusion gone,  
Were her pure shrine unpeopled by the heart,  
Nor warmed by love and faith as by the sun !  
What were our world if they from it depart ?—  
A wilderness, where Death for ever points his dart.

## CXIII.

Farewell !—where better could the word be spoken  
Than from these wrecks of Jove's deserted shrine ?  
I look from Alba's Mount 'mid columns broken,  
Over a rolling landscape made divine  
By God: and after, by the immortal line  
Of him, inspired with prophecy of old !  
Lo—far beneath, his Tibur's waters shine !  
Ardea, Lavinium, Laurentum rolled  
Their troops along those banks, which still thou may'st  
behold,

## CXIV.

Even as he—in vision, in the dream  
Of that creation in which all, or less,  
Or more, exist : that light which sheds its gleam  
O'er desert hearts all else companionless !  
Farewell, thou ROME ! where better could we bless  
Thee, than where here thy Alban-Mother grey  
Watches thy tomb in yon far wilderness !  
Matron and son alike have passed away,  
But left their fame entwined for ever—as to-day.

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO V.

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Morning over Naples—gradual effects of the growing light on the city and the shore. Influences of the beauty of its locality on the mind. Bay of Naples—Isle of Capri. Apostrophe to Parthenopè, still the presiding spirit of the spot—Mal du Pays. The beauty of Nature is here seen in its fullest development. Vesuvius: Herculaneum. The Ascent—the desolation; the Cone, and the heights—the Record.

The river Sarno and Pompeii: first appearance—its silence. Forum—its ruin, but beautiful situation. Temples of Venus, Jove, and Isis. The Tragic and Comic Theatres: reflections therein—the willow. Street of Tombs—the sepulchre; thoughts on funereal offerings. The House of Diomed—description: the last hour recalled: the terrors and the flight. The Priest—the Slave—and the Roman Sentinel. Retreat of the Family of Diomed: their despair and death. Thoughts on the ruins of empires—Conclusion.

## CANTO V.

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### I.

IT is the morn—the ever-blessed morn !  
The Fountains of Existence are poured forth,  
Life's renovating streams for ever borne,  
Inspiring gladness to the ends of earth ;  
Lo—Naples, she so restless in her mirth,  
Nor sees nor hears the beauty o'er her shed :  
She sleeps, as sleeps an infant at its birth !  
The Elements, her handmaids, softly tread,  
While ministering round her wave-encircled bed.

## II.

For, like a blue-eyed Spirit, the Sky above  
Bends from its throne the blushing earth to meet :  
And the Air sighs o'er her its breath of love ;  
While the deep Sea makes music at her feet,  
A song for ever low, for ever sweet :  
And o'er her brow are hues to Iris given,  
Caught from yon Sun that steals on her retreat !  
While gently still his pausing wheels are driven,  
Watching her sleep beneath the holy vault of heaven !

## III.

The Bay's encircling arms with fond embrace  
Guard her while sitting on the enchanted shore :  
The Sea is mirroring her lovely face :  
The Ampitheatre of Hills that soar  
Behind her, looking as if tints they wore  
Of heaven, mantle vines around her breast,  
In Bacchanal profusion shadowing o'er !  
Orange, rose, citron, by the winds caressed,  
Waft fragrance, as if borne from mansions of the blest.

## IV.

Thou Paradise of exiles! oh, thou Land,  
Whose very air oblivion brings to those  
Who would forget the past! thy hills expand  
Around, and girdling, from the world enclose:  
The very odour wafted from the rose  
Gives balm to wounded spirits, and a healing  
Softness, and peace, which is itself repose;  
From the blue sky above is shed a feeling  
Upon the trancèd sense like softest music stealing!

## V.

But lo, yon empyrèan spread beneath,  
That marvel of the earth, fair Naples' bay!  
Those Waters floating like heaven's azure breath:  
And laving shores and towns, where to delay  
All occupation, basked in the sun's ray,  
While listening to their dreamy melody,  
Are life's sole ends—what worthier have they?  
Is it not better thus, than vainly sigh  
For *their* Day's sun eclipsed, heart-wakening liberty?



## VI.

And azure Capri lies in the deep Sea,  
Rent from her parent mountains, all alone ;  
Like some bright Image of futurity,  
Hued by our fondest fancies, and the throne  
Where from the world young hope and love are flown ;  
So meets the eye that spirit-haunted isle !  
Alas, the present only is our own ;  
Yet the heart still is soothed by its own wile,  
And loves its dream of joy, that flatters to beguile.

## VII.

O thou Parthenopè ! no rainbow Vision :  
I see thee an embodied Form divine,  
The haunting Spirit of this land elysian :  
Lo, 'midst yon mountains thou hast reared thy  
    shrine ;  
There, leaning 'gainst the oak, thou dost recline,  
Around thy brows the purple tendrils clung,  
Pressed in thy hand the rich cup's mantling wine ;  
A wilderness of sweets above thee hung ;  
Beneath thy feet the flowers in wild profusion flung.

## VIII.

And oh ! that form so delicately moulded,  
So flowing, flexile, goddess-like, and fair,  
Such as in Sleep are silently unfolded,  
When from their mansions star-like forms repair  
To realise the shapes we dream of there ;  
Thy smile—the very birth of light ! thine eyes,  
Caught from yon heaven their tenderest azure, where  
The heart's lost happiness deep buried lies ;  
Thy brow—beneath whose arch Love ever homeward  
flies !

## IX.

Nymph of immortal Beauty ! round thee throwing  
A halo, which thy own reflection gives,  
Soft as the mellowed flood of moonlight, glowing  
Through the rich veil of Autumn's cincturing leaves !  
The poetry of colours ! such as weaves  
Iris, or circle round the Lord of Day,  
When Twilight from his presence life receives ;  
Dost thou not still shed down thine influence, say,  
On those who seek thy shrine for ever—as to-day ?—

## X.

Thou dost: thou art the Spirit of pure Love  
Dreamed by the sage of old, which filled the Whole;  
Whose inspirations quickening from above,  
Entering, built up, yea, made the poet's soul!  
Until his song, poured forth without control,  
Became as deathless: thou art she, whose shrine  
Still stands where Baiæ's azure waters roll;  
In her air still is felt thy breath divine,  
As mournfully thou sigh'st o'er haunts no longer thine!

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MAL DU PAYS:

FROM THE BAY OF NAPLES.

## I.

I sit upon a craggy stone  
Beneath the vine-embosomed hill;  
The Waves are wildly round me thrown,  
Each revelling in its own sweet will:  
And blue as Ocean is the sky,  
Lit by the Sun's all-cloudless eye!

## 2.

The Spirit of intense delight  
Lives here ; the air is joy revealing :  
Vesuvius, from his purple height,  
Seems basking in the common feeling :  
One chain of harmony and love  
Links all below—around—above.

## 3.

And wherefore hangs this cloud of sadness  
Upon *my* heart, when all is gay ?  
Why lights not upon me the gladness  
That animates this glorious day ?  
It is that on this craggy stone  
I feel the only thing—alone.

## 4.

Yet heaven on earth around me lies !  
Those sands—the blue waves dancing o'er :  
There is no dream of Paradise  
Can rival this delicious shore !  
The very winds that fragrance bear  
Seem breath of incense borne from there.

## 5.

The Mountains watch me from above ;  
The Waves invite with their glad voice :  
Nature smiles on me in her love,  
And Heaven bids me alike rejoice :  
Yet does my heart alone expand  
With memories of my native land !

## 6.

Yon Sky looked not upon my birth :  
The lovelier shore on which I tread  
Is not my own—my Mother-earth ;  
I could not sleep within its bed !  
I feel my very dust would join  
My native Land ! at last, with *thine* !

## 7.

Even now, while blessing thee, thy hills,  
Thy low hills rise before my eye,  
The greenness of thy herbage fills  
My wearied heart refreshingly !  
While, looking upward, fills my eye  
The witchery of thy soft blue Sky !

## 8.

I see the leafy covert, green,  
And rich and shadowy !—far within  
Flashes of glancing sunlight seen ;  
Glimpses of Paradise—which win  
The eye to pierce their depths forbidden,  
More dear—because in distance hidden !

## 9.

I hear the wind—the joyous wind !  
Exulting in the outward air,  
While all so thick the branches twined,  
It cannot rudely enter there ;  
But makes that music held so dear  
By the rapt Poet's musing ear !

## 10.

Lo—bosomed midst the shadowy trees,  
Yon low thatched cottage peers in view !  
Mine eye the sun-burnt reaper sees ;  
The gambols of his urchin crew :  
I hear the harvest songs of home,  
And marvel how I e'er could roam !

## 11.

The angry Clouds, the rains that dash  
Thy Landscape's changeful cheek with tears !  
The rainbow's hue, the sun-light's flash,  
Thy gentle calm the more endears :  
The storm—the cold—the damp—the chill,  
Are but the types of human will.

## 12.

There is a sacred bond between  
Man, and that spot where first the dawn,  
The blessed Light of Day was seen ;  
Where first his breath of Life was drawn ;  
Rocks—wastes—seas—mountains round him rise,  
Home—*home* the unexiled spirit flies !

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## XI.

How thy Circèan draughts thou offerest still,  
Fair Naples ! to the wanderer who returns  
Sated with musing from the seven-fold hill,  
Where thy sad Roman Sisters' spirit yearns  
For those whose ashes fill no more her urns !  
Away with grief ! *thy* sun on him hath shone :  
Who, in Joy's welcome, for a shadow mourns ?  
Seize, while thou may'st, the hours still rolling on :  
Thy life is gliding there—a moment more—'tis gone.

## XII.

Yes—I would sit at thy Egyptian feast,  
Draining the bowl, aye, to its dregs ; but I  
Have caught a Form there present, till hath ceased  
My rapture in its growth, while, silently,  
I have become as He ; and, with fixed eye,  
Turn from the joys thou vainly dost prepare :  
For I would through that robe of Clouds espy  
Which shroud him : and the awful mysteries share  
Of Him who hath for ages sate eternal there !—



## XIII.

Watching the millions who have loved, laughed,  
grieved,  
Then passed from life : in their light revelry  
By others followed : who, the ground upheaved  
Beneath them—He, the working deity!  
The Swallower of Cities, and to be  
Destroyer still : who from the depths beneath  
Hath hurled up mountains cleaving through the Sea,  
To rise, created isles : whose fiery breath  
Shall sink the World at last in one abyss of death !

## XIV.

O thou Vesuvius ! rising ever there,  
Image of drear eternity—alone  
Seated in thy own silent fields of air !  
Titan ! whose powers, perchance, are yet unknown ;  
Whirlwinds, rain, hail, exult round thy wild throne,  
Parent of Lightnings ! and the tempest's shroud  
Crowning, or round thy giant shoulders thrown  
In majesty of Shadow ! ere the Cloud  
Break on the nether world, its stormy wrath avowed.

## XV.

Heart of the Universe ! whose life is fire :

Whose pulse is earthquake, from whose breast are  
rolled

Those flames in which shall penal earth expire ;

Whose scathing robe, the Lava's burning fold,

Whose armèd hand the thunderbolt doth hold !

Whose Voice is as the trump that wakes to doom ;

Creator and Destroyer ! who hath told

What world of life lies buried in thy womb ?

What Mammoth-wrecks are sunk in thy all-blasting  
tomb ?

## XVI.

But now, while gazing on thee, I arrest

One moment from the eternity of time,

Thou, like Night's Altar visibly confessed,

Risest, sad, savage, solemn, yet sublime !

How vestal Nature even to thy cime,

Hath sprinkled round thy breast, as she would hide,

Thy desolation—flowers from every clime !

As if she thus would soften, not deride,

Thy images of human death that speak to human pride.

## XVII.

On to the ascent ; hark !—how the hollow ground  
Reverberates beneath the sullen tread :  
’Tis HERCULANEUM in her sleep profound !  
A City rises o’er her ashes’ bed,  
All life—all joy—the living on the dead !—  
Perchance, to die like her ; *feels* not thy heart  
The sudden life-blood quicker to it sped ?  
Yea, for our fellow-men the tear doth start ;  
We feel great Nature’s ties, and own our natural part.

## XVIII.

But the Scene changes, and is left behind,  
Like an enchanting dream : the vine expires :  
Nature’s faint hues have sicklily declined ;  
Silent the voices of the birds, whose choirs  
The spirit of ever-living Joy inspires :  
The Silence tells that we are nearing now  
The subterranean Palace of the Fires !  
Lo—how above, its awful front doth show  
Yon far cloud-cleaving Cone its pale and wrathful  
brow,

## XIX.

Frowning down on ye, like the Form of Death,  
As, though the vapours drifted by the blast,  
Its Shadow falls on the grey waste beneath !  
Chaos of black crags wildly round are cast :  
Mountains of lava, which, as here they past,  
Wave-like, while floating, were transfixed to stone,  
Stopped in full tide, yet scathing to the last !  
Nor flower nor blade of grass hath ever grown  
O'er the Life whelmed beneath—scorched—blasted—and  
unknown.

## XX.

Nature ! thy olden curse thou dost inherit  
Here : withered—lightning-scathed—and earthquake  
riven ;  
As if had passed God's ministering Spirit,  
In his avenging hand the burning levin :  
To mark with delegated fires from heaven  
A Cain-like stamp upon yon mountain's brow !  
As if it were the abode of souls unshriven  
By fiery ordeal : the place of woe  
Of the damned doomed to see the joys they must forego ;

## XXI.

Beholding in their agony from far,  
The Paradise they have for ever lost ;  
Even thus, appearing like a distant Star,  
Rises, midst wreaths of azure vapour tossed,  
The Cloud-like mountains round her like a host,  
Yon Naples, shrined as in a nether sphere !  
Here—pales around the Stygian coast :  
The Anatomy of Earth stretched on her bier,  
Torched by the Sun, whose rays through ghost-like  
vapours peer.

## XXII.

Spirit of Desolation ! here, thou art  
A Presence, seen and felt all palpably :  
Thy sternness to the mind thou dost impart,  
Awed, though repelled by thy sublimity !  
Thou, that stand'st here aloof, and draw'st a high  
And thrilling grandeur from the sense impressed  
Thou giv'st, that thou dost make a mockery  
Of life, and death, and ruin :—oh ! what rest,  
What change could heal thy Mountain's thunder-split-  
ten breast ?

## XXIII.

Sisyphean toil!—the ascent, at last, is crowned :  
How the Scene's stern sublimity appals !  
The wild, waste plain of ever blasted ground :  
The circling Crater's thunder-shivered walls :  
The Central Pit—the Portal to the Halls  
Of everlasting Fires : where, scathing o'er,  
In its first rage the shower volcanic falls ;  
Lo—how it reeks from every burning pore !  
While, rapidly mounting from yon subterranean door,

## XXIV.

Rushing up wildly from the depths beneath,  
Clouds, opening their enormous folds are curled  
In sulphurous masses, darkening the heath,  
As if Night's blackest banners were unfurled :  
Mountains of Vapour on each other hurled,  
Careering upwards—giant Forms of Air !  
Swept on the Wind's wings to the nether world,  
To burst in wrath, and storm, and darkness there,  
The Heralds they, sent forth to bid the earth prepare.

## XXV.

Their Silence—how unearthly to the mind !  
'Their living motion—how almighty ! Powers  
Of Darkness and of Light ! ye here are joined  
Above the original Chaos, that devours  
All things in its wild womb : how awful lowers  
Yon Canopy above ! and how are heard,  
Pealed from yon hollow depths, 'midst sulphurous  
showers,

Voices and thunderings ; the Life-pulse stirred  
Of the still slumbering Fires whose waking is deferred.

## XXVI.

And, standing here, the moral contemplate  
Of chained Prometheus, *here*, ye feel it true ;  
No time can change, nor fortune which is fate,  
The unshaken mind ; the hopes that from it grew,  
And aspirations, may be seared : the hue  
Of its young feelings withered, yet resigned  
To every stroke, it can its strength renew  
From its own innate energies, and find  
Ties of a nobler stamp allying with mankind.

## XXVII.

Yet I would throw one ray of human light,  
One record, like a votive wreath, above  
This tomb of Desolation ; 'tis a trite,  
Worn, olden subject—a mere tale of love :  
A thing that hath occurred, by fiction wove  
Into a thousand shapes, the end the same ;  
The heart that vainly with its passion strove ;  
The illusion cherished still, that fanned the flame :  
The love's abounding hope that only life can tame.

## XXVIII.

She—would'st thou name this rose, from beauty's  
wreath  
So early nipped ?—Francesca 'twas :—she grew  
In yonder Resina that lies beneath ;  
But she was one of those abstracted few,  
On whose soft form and graces Nature threw  
A nameless spell ; a charm that seemed to steep  
That flower for ever in its morning dew !  
Which, like the breath of heaven, seems to keep  
A watch above its shrine—whose loss the Angels weep.



## XXIX.

But the Italian sun which overwrought  
Her tenderest spirit, filled it with a tone,  
An energy of feeling and of thought,  
To colder climes and colder hearts unknown,  
Which sought a being like herself to own  
Her slumbering sympathies ; and to impart  
Feelings and thoughts that with her growth had grown ;  
A child of nature she, who knew not art :  
Her dower, that wealth misprized—the world of woman's  
heart !

## XXX.

And there was one who wanted but the scope  
To be a youthful hero ; one who shared,  
With the Italian's passion, the proud hope  
To see his country what she was ; prepared  
With patriot energies her own to guard :  
One who had staked all life, but to reveal  
For one short hour the heights his valour dared :  
Love taught her not her rapture to conceal,  
That sense of waking bliss cold hearts would vainly feel.

## XXXI.

Yet, were it weariness, or wish for change,  
Or sigh for freedom, or that restlessness  
Whose wayward impulses from love estrange,  
He first the imperfect nature did confess ;  
Then came restraint which dared not truth confess :  
Coldness when met, till, like a blight, remorse  
Sate on the grave of buried happiness !  
Ah ! wherefore from its fount retrace the course  
Of love that flowed so freshly from its morning source ?

## XXXII.

She sate on the sea-shore : it was a wild  
And lowering day : the waves broke round her feet ;  
Their wild monotony her ear beguiled :  
Until the bells that stole on her retreat  
Came with a gladder sound her ear to greet ;  
Listlessly to the church she turned aside ;  
The crowd were thronged around the Altar-seat :  
How is the eye of love its certain guide !  
She saw *him* kneeling there—and with another bride.

## XXXIII.

A moment—darkness swam before her sight—  
'Twas but a moment: then was all too clear,  
Illumined by the lightning-flashing light  
Of the mind falling maddened from its sphere !  
When future—present—past—at once appear :  
And that last wild resolve—ere it give way—  
Is ta'en—which ends its earthly trials here :  
None marked her gesture as she knelt to pray :  
Who heeds the grief-wrung brow when all around are  
    gay ?

## XXXIV.

But with the night she came not back to him  
Her grey-haired sire, who feebly then went forth  
To meet the wanderer : she, who to his dim  
And aged eyes was all his joy on earth :  
She, who threw round his solitary hearth  
The light in which he lived : he found her not ;  
Then proved the peasants round their natural worth,  
The feeling which warms breasts the roughest  
    wrought ;  
The midnight passed away, but she was vainly sought.

## XXXV.

Then, in her chamber, as if thrown aside,  
Perchance forgotten—a scroll met his eye :  
Confessions poured forth when she could not hide  
The desolate truth : the words unmeasured, high,  
And wild, and passionate, were poetry ;  
For what is Poetry but to impart  
All passions in their grandest energy ?  
The eloquence inspired by Nature—art  
Never yet felt that glow which springs but from the  
heart.

## XXXVI.

Man's sterner breast, how little does it know  
The feelings of the woman ! and how less  
Dare she his strength and all her weakness show !  
And so an untold world of happiness,  
Of sympathies which she durst not confess,  
Die, treasured in her bosom—all her own ;  
But in this scroll, the very nakedness,  
Of the heart's childish innocence was shown,  
No mask, no veil to hide—its inmost feelings known.

## XXXVII.

And the all infantine simplicity  
Of that untutored bosom ! its love dwelling,  
Though all forsook, as proudly, tenderly,  
As if each hour were not its requiem knelling ;  
Now with those memories so cherished swelling,  
On all that was—bright scenes for ever o'er !  
Then in remorse its own affection telling ;  
Ah ! love is still its own avenger sure :  
The heart that slights its pledge doth mourn it ever-  
more.

---

## 1.

It is so—he has left me—hope, love, pride,  
Uphold no more ; my brain, my heart are dried :  
Yes, he has left me ! day on day has flown ;  
Yet still I ask if I am left alone ?  
*Thou* wert my day my universe to me !  
Tree, bird, and flower—I found them all in thee  
Thy beautiful young brow, thy warm, bright eye,  
They were my life's sun, and my summer sky !

## 2.

Thy soft lip's opening smiles were my young roses ;  
Thy breath was like the evening's when it closes ;  
Thy voice, the nightingale's rich notes to me ;  
Thy step, the music of the summer sea !  
In the full strength thy perfect form bespoke,  
I saw the beauty of the verdant oak !  
In thy proud bearing towered the lofty pine,  
And in thy movements bent the graceful vine.

## 3.

The war-horse, pawing in the distant vale,  
Scenting the battle on the coming gale,  
Laughing at fear, and glorying in the life  
That clothes his neck with thunder for the strife,  
Gave me the image of thy nobler heart ;  
I saw, like his, thy bosom dare the dart,  
Like his, thy full eye scorn the danger near ;  
And give a soldier's welcome to the spear !

## 4.

I saw thee beautiful, in thy spring-tide  
Of lofty fearlessness, and manly pride ;  
I saw thee beautiful—I felt thee mine :  
And from that hour *my* spirit clung to thine !  
Thou wert its life, the sun of light, and guide  
To thy own shadow moving by thy side !  
And from that hour, the universe to me,  
Tree, bird, and flower, were thee— were only thee !

## 5.

The Tree is gone whose branches round me spread :  
And the bird singing 'midst its leaves, is dead :  
And love's own flower that bloomed for only me,  
Is withered—crushed—all—all have died in thee !  
Thou hast forsaken, but must not despise :  
As thou would'st do, if life I still could prize :  
Thou wilt remember me—I dare not dwell  
Upon the past—for ever, oh, farewell !

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## XXXVIII.

But where was she, this fond, yet erring creature,  
This martyr of the heart? what home received?  
Who soothed that maddened mind whose every feature  
                  ture  
Was thus o'erwrought? was then her sense bereaved?  
Or still did Memory tell her while she grieved?  
Months rolled away—but she was unforgot;  
Autumn's suns burned, until the mountain heaved  
With its long pent-up fires: the warning drought  
Dried up the water-springs: the Hermit rose, and sought

## XXXIX.

The abysses of the crater to foretell  
The hour to Naples when the storm should burst:  
He, chosen still the Mountain's oracle:  
Then of all presages he saw the worst,  
By the dark fate of poor Francesca nursed;  
There—'neath a stone still clung, in tatters riven,  
A veil, and fixed to it a cross;—the first  
Fond pledge of love—the sweetest to her given,  
When love and hope were one, when life to her seemed  
                  heaven.



## XL.

But oh, the warring passions that, o'erwrought  
To desperate frenzy, led without a guide,  
Through the wild darkness to that wilder spot !  
The clinging love, yet the remorseful pride ;  
Forgiveness, whose revenge was suicide ;  
And its reward absorbing, so it won  
Tears, or a sigh ; for this was death defied,  
And heaven forgotten ! here, that erring one  
Stood lingering—trembling—fixed—till, plunging—all  
was done !

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## XLI.

Along the narrow road with willows lined,  
A silvery brook glides silently along :  
And SARNO keeps its name, whose waters wind  
Between their roots with a low murmuring song :  
Once did its now all-shrunk bosom throng  
A thousand barks borne proudly to the sea !  
But they who took their name and place among  
The nations, like the rest, have ceased to be :  
Joined, and forgotten with the past eternity.

## XLII.

A broad, and lengthened ridge of mossy green,  
With fig-trees waving o'er its wild-flowered crest,  
Fronting the eye, shuts out the levelled scene ;  
Till, opening behind them, stands confessed  
The grave reclaimed from Nature's sheltering breast :  
POMPEII—city of the dead, behold !  
How is the Vision on the mind impressed !  
The mighty marvel : Time hath here unrolled  
The Past—o'er hidden ages raised the mantling fold.

## XLIII.

We move, as in the mystic Realm of Dreams  
The spirit moves where all is overwrought,  
Till natural each marvellous object seems ;  
So, passively, we turn from spot to spot :  
But this is mute reality of what  
Is dream-like ; lo ! the roofless chambers round :  
The bench left in the hall, as if forgot :  
The wine-stains on the floor— the goblet crowned :  
We start—and pause to hear the reveller's distant sound !

## XLIV.

Exquisite figures, dim in fading grace,  
Adorn the arabesqued and roofless walls,  
Which, hourly vanishing, shall leave no trace,  
Save what the record or the verse recalls !  
Tales of heroic time : how love enthralls  
The brave : the soft reward by beauty given ;  
Dash but the sands aside that choke the halls,  
Lo, the Mosaic shows its hues of heaven,  
The vanities of wealth which now may be forgiven.

## XLV.

The City of the Dead again restored  
To life and resurrection, and the plan  
Of Destiny suspended to record  
The grandeur and the nothingness of man ;  
Arresting here from Time and Nature's ban,  
That, which embowelled, they had claimed their own.  
'Tis here the moralizer *feels* the span  
Of brief existence : truths familiar known,  
But never to the eye thus eloquently shown !

## XLVI.

And, ever brooding there, as o'er its shrine,  
A Spirit, invisible and bodiless,  
Making us own its influence divine,  
With awe—an awe we would not render less—  
SILENCE doth reign ; not such as we confess,  
Musing o'er Nature, when above, beneath,  
Is felt her life, though all be motionless ;  
But the cold pulseless apathy of death :  
A void, a chilling stillness that suspends the breath.

## XLVII

An open space girt round with shattered walls,  
Where broken frieze and cornice show the ground,  
And pillars riven from the capitals ;  
The white bright stucco's fragments clinging round  
Their dull, red tufa, once with marble bound ;  
Lo—the rent shrine of Jove upreared on high !  
Beside it—she who aye hath altars found :  
Love—Venus ! worship of eternity,  
To whom, where'er man kneels, 'tis not idolatry.

## XLVIII.

The Shrine of Isis, and the open cell ;  
The hollowed spaces where the jugglers gave  
Words which hope tortured to an oracle ;  
So Truth succumbed to Cunning still the slave,  
Till raised at last, immortal from her grave !  
All, save the broken shafts, to earth are cast :  
They, like the Forest-trunks, still standing, brave  
The present—as the Tempest of the Past :  
Head, stem, and branches shorn by that earth-rending  
blast.

## XLIX.

Such the Pompeian Forum ! even now  
Sitting, where round this arch its ruin throws,  
How close above frowns yon Destroyer's brow !  
Not, as once, beautiful in green repose,  
King of the Mountains which around him close,  
But dark and savage, as when based with wood,  
O'er the Phlegrean burning fields he rose :  
When the earth round was fen or fiery flood :  
Haunt of the savage wild, or wilder solitude.

## L.

Yet what a social haunt the Forum here,  
For recreation and delight !—the sky  
Hued in its twilight loveliness ; its sphere  
Blue as yon Sea, whose breath refreshingly  
Arose, and gladdened every heart and eye,  
Oppressed, and fevered with the heats of day :  
Moments when life was felt, when even the sigh  
Was pleasure ; impulses that all obey,  
As Nature o'er the heart exerts her magic sway.

## LI.

Thou who dost press the seats around arrayed,  
In that void Theatre ; yon stage, the same  
They saw, save where the Scene illusion made ;  
Whom the same hopes, wants, joys, and wishes claim,  
As thy own fellow-men : thou wilt not blame  
Thyself for weakness, if, from thought severe  
Thy brow relaxing, gentler feelings tame :  
If thou dost sigh, it may be, drop a tear  
For those who lived like thee, who thronged rejoicing  
*here !*

## LII.

And muse upon the satire and applause,  
That lightly mocked the follies of the hour ;  
Or the more dignifying Scene that draws  
The tears which own the Muse's tragic power ;  
And they who gazed,—the lover, and his flower  
Of beauty, near him ; in whose ear was sighed  
That tale still prized beyond the wealthiest dower ;  
Where are they now in their patrician pride ?  
Their very dust with nature doth no more abide !

## LIII.

Yet, rising there, one living witness stands,  
As if designed a monument to be  
More touching than if reared by human hands,  
For it doth speak aloud its elegy  
In sounds which ever here make melody '  
A requiem for those who long have fled ;  
Yon shadowing and gigantic willow !—see  
How its broad, bright green umbrage round is shed  
As if by Nature reared to mourn above the dead.

## LIV.

How vacant now those seats where Life hath been ;  
The columns, the orchestra, and the Scene ;  
Behind which toiled inventive art to win  
The thunder of the applauding gods ; how green  
Yon landscape in the distance ! how serene  
Above, the quiet of yon azure sphere !  
No roof, or light velarium spread between ;  
How like a desolate and open bier  
Mid Nature's deathless works man's mortal wrecks  
appear !

## LV.

Looking a Satire, how severely true,  
Upon the enjoyments of the vanished dead ;  
The stage of human life exposed to view :  
Its gauds, and shows, and tinsel fopperies fled :  
How like a Skull 'tis cast beneath ! ye thread  
Those avenues which man no more shall build :  
The portals, and the winding paths that led  
To chambers once with stirring life so filled :  
Where the retiring Mind planned, reasoned, thought,  
and willed.



## LVI.

The Street of Tombs ! the dwelling-place of those  
Who heard not when the fires above them swept,  
Hushed in their last mysterious repose :  
But in those hollowed niches where they slept,  
Even in their urns, the fiery vapour crept :  
The mountain's ashes, and the human dust  
Mingled together ! ashes, that once kept  
*Their* urns, perchance, like these around, ere thrust  
Forth from the yawning earth where men did them  
entrust.

## LVII.

I stood within the chamber of the dead :  
Its flower-wreathed walls stood open to the sky :  
The central pedestal still reared its head,  
Where stood the Urn ; the seats rose ordered nigh,  
Half-circling, when the guests or heaved the sigh,  
Or poured libations, or called him to hear  
His praises who was deaf : vain flattery,  
Proffered too late to dull oblivion's ear !—  
Or spread the untasted feast upon the wintry bier.

## LVIII.

Tribute of love to the Departed !—yet  
A mockery on the living, who, ere o'er  
The passing hour, might ask the same regret :  
Ah ! nobler had it been to kneel before  
Death's portal, opening on the untrodden shore,  
Not revelling and feasting, but with trust  
Lowliest in Him who can the dead restore :  
That, though the human frame dissolve to dust,  
The soul should mount to heaven, and mingle with the  
Just.

## LIX.

I sate within that House, even then, as now,  
A Tomb : raised up from earth to meet the day ;  
The airs blew freshly fanning o'er my brow :  
The Sky looked in, and the Sun's gladdening ray,  
As when the life it quickened passed away :  
Ruin, tricked out in tinsel pageantry,  
Seemed as it mocked the moral of decay ;  
Life in her masquerading revelry  
Surprised—arrested in that motley garb to die.

## LX.

In their absorbing trifles of the hour  
They passed—swept off as dust before the wind ;  
Yet how his show of wealth and petty power,  
Soothed, and was grateful to the owner's mind :  
And when upon his marble couch reclined,  
How little deemed he that dark hour so near,  
Which to eternity his toys consigned,  
In earthly resurrection to appear,  
Judged by the curious eye of vain Opinion here.

## LXI.

The house of Diomed—the pleasant place  
Of the voluptuous Roman : where the hand  
Of art and luxury have left a trace  
Which, from time hidden, could all change withstand ;  
But now unburied, soon shall sink to sand,  
Opened to skiey influence and the air,  
All that his vanity or fondness planned ;  
The laws of Nature it again doth share,  
And sternly are they dealt—so long evaded there !

## LXII.

How the Mind's eye embodies the scenes fled  
Of human life, enacted, witnessed here !  
No phantasy, no tale forgot when read :  
But records stamped by Truth's impress severe ;  
Even with a thought, again are raised, how clear  
On memory's eye their Roman forms to view !  
Familiar in their home, the dead appear,  
Living as once : the fountain flows as true ;  
The columns rise around, the flowers their breath renew.

## LXIII.

A marble bench beside that Fount is placed :  
The Roman Family are circled round ;  
There DIOMED reclines, and, half-embraced,  
His eldest—Julia : but there is no sound  
Of life and gladness there ; a gloom profound  
Hangs over them and Nature, like a pall ;  
The sultry heats have cracked the gaping ground :  
The flowers are withered—ceased the fountain's fall ;  
Languor and listlessness weigh lead-like over all.

## LXIV.

But Julia leaned upon her father's breast,  
And their eyes met, as each their thoughts controlled :  
A sense of evil weighed, though unexpressed,  
On either ; she watched mournfully the fold  
Of heaviest Clouds which thus long days had rolled,  
Upon the Mountain's hidden bosom nursed ;  
Prophet it looked of evils yet untold !  
Fear, gazing there still magnified the worst ;—  
Storms whose wrath held so long might yet in thunder  
burst !

## LXV.

The town was hushed ; save when a faint shout came  
From the far distant Amphitheatre,  
The oppressive air was charged with sulphurous  
flame ;  
The trees drooped wan, no breath a leaf to stir,  
Each trunk stood moveless as a sepulchre ;  
And the all-sickly weight, by Nature shown,  
Pressed heaviest on human hearts ; they were  
All silent : each, foreboding, dared not own  
Their fears—the coming Shadow of an ill unknown !

## LXVI.

“ Behold the Mountain !” words withheld while spoken—

For the Appearance fixed the arrested mind !  
The Clouds that veiled so long its crest, were broken  
Away—hurled upward by some mighty Wind,  
Which earth no more could in her caverns bind ;  
A mightier marvel ! lo—forth wildly driven,  
As if within her depths till then confined,  
Thick volumed smoke cleaves through its forehead  
riven,

Branching its pine-like shape in the profound of heaven !

## LXVII.

A moment—mute—awed—stupified—they stood :  
The Mountain that had slept a thousand years,  
Awakens from his slumber ! lo—that flood  
Of eddying vapour still its shape uprears :  
They fly not yet, for who had linked with fears  
Vesuvius in his ever green attire ?  
But lo—each moment wilder, fiercer nears  
The enormous canopy still branching higher,  
Away—for life—for life—its leaves are turned to fire !

## LXVIII.

Its trunk glows now a furnace flame !—the shrouds  
Of Darkness hurling off each side, alone  
Blazing, encircled with a night of clouds,  
The Spirit of Fire comes rushing from his throne !  
Earth cleft asunder, to her depths is shown,  
Belching forth flames, while, 'scaping from their thrall,  
The Winds leap upward from their caves unknown :  
The answering Sea doth on the Mountains call :  
The thunder of the Heaven is heard above them all !

## LXIX.

Hark—from the City one astounding shout !  
The roar of thousands for a moment drowned  
The wreck of Elements ; still o'er the rout  
Rose woman's screams—a wilder, shriller sound,  
Then—sunk for ever ! who might hear ?—the ground  
Reeling beneath—who see ? where air was night  
Lit by the forked lightnings hurtling round  
Their arrowy deaths !—the flash that blinded sight,—  
The scathing ashes shot from that red Mountain's height ;

## LXX.

Making the Shape of Darkness visible !  
As, blazing up all terribly in air,  
It stood out there, the World's last funeral pile ;  
Death was within the walls, without—despair ;  
How the crowds rushed beneath that lurid glare,  
Deliriously on ! or wildly clung  
To the deaf shrines, assailing Heaven with prayer !  
Or, o'er their hearths in gibbering madness hung ;  
Or motionless lay crushed 'neath giant columns flung !—

## LXXI.

Caught mid-way in the jaws of earth while flying ;  
Or writhing, scathed beneath the fiery rain,  
Prostrate, in agonies undreamed of dying !  
Trampled like worms—invoking those in vain  
Above them rushing from the maddening pain,  
Like tortured fiends—their flight but to delay  
One moment—no voice answered them again !  
The chase was life and death—no foot dared stay :  
Alas—the crushing walls were not more deaf than they !



## LXXII.

All was forgotten in the one wild strife  
For preservation ; for the short-lived span,  
The fleeting tenement of human life !  
Then rose the prayers of faith—the reckless ban  
Of pale Apostasy ! no longer ran  
Blood in the veins, nor tears from answering eyes,  
Into a demon seemed transformed the man :  
Bared was his naked heart !—love's social ties,  
Law, habit, reverence, life's soft sympathies,

## LXXIII.

Were crushed like threads before the giant force  
Of Nature's master-passion ! which now made  
That spot a Hell, without its vain remorse !  
The Son shook off his grey Sire, who delayed  
His flight, and plunged the parricidal blade !  
The husband left his wife ; but she, in death,  
All woman-like, forgot not, though betrayed,  
*She* was a mother ! from the ashes' breath  
She with her body shields her dying child beneath.

## LXXIV.

Beneath yon arch—apart from the blind crowds—  
Crushed, trampled, scathed along the fiery streets,  
How yon pale Priest amidst the darkness shrouds !  
Triumph is in his hollow eyes, that meets  
Strangely with awe and horror ; yet how beats  
His heart with joy ! his shrine's wealth he doth bear,  
While through the sea-ward passage he retreats ;  
Hark—his sharp cry of torture and despair !  
The light of twenty ages found his ashes there.

## LXXV.

Or turn to the Patrician's marble hall,  
Where yon gigantic slave doth sit alone :  
Nature and his red hand have burst his thrall !  
Lifeless his murdered victims round are thrown ;  
How full—how fierce his triumph ! 'tis his own,  
That Hall—but how escape the ash-heaped door ?  
Through one thick wall his axe hath wildly hewn !  
The second yields—the roof gives way—'tis o'er—  
The Murderer sinks, crushed down upon the buried floor.

## LXXVI.

But while the human tides rush through the gate,  
How the red Mountain blazing full in view,  
Yon Roman Sentinel doth contemplate !  
Motionless as a Statue there he grew :  
Composed his face, though livid is its hue :  
Sternness with awe in his undaunted eye !  
Vainly the fiery Tempest round him flew :  
*He* had not, like yon herd, been taught to fly ;  
Scorched—blasted in his place, the warrior stood to die !

## LXXVII.

Descend yon subterranean gallery :  
A lamp burns dimly there, which, as ye look,  
Reveals forms palpable before the eye :  
So mute, so motionless in that dark nook,  
That ye might well deem life had each forsook ;  
Save that, at times, a sigh, a groan was sped  
From bosoms that convulsive tremors shook ;  
Ah, better were it the faint spark had fled,  
Than by delusive hope thus vainly, fondly fed !

## LXXVIII.

But as their faces toward each other turned,  
*They* told the truths, like prophets, which their love  
Would hide in vain ; the lamp that flickering burned,  
O'er their pale features gleaming, showed how strove  
Death and life busy there ! its ray above  
Sicklily waved—expired—and all was gloom,  
Darkness and Silence ! save when wilder drove  
The thunders bellowing o'er their living tomb !  
Or when the flashing Light the vaulted caves illumine !

## LXXIX.

'Then their long silence was no more withheld ?  
“ Air—air !—one desperate impulse was obeyed  
By all ; for mad despair alike impelled  
To burst the door—their fate no more delayed ;  
What recked it now, debarred all human aid,  
*How* they expired ? while here, a living death  
In tenfold horrors they beheld arrayed ?  
To die above—to gasp in fiery breath  
Were heaven, so they escaped this sulphurous hold beneath !

## LXXX.

They stand, each leaning, turned towards the wall,  
With lips impressed ; as if they might inhale  
Air, or its freshness by that touch recal :  
One gasp—for life—where breath of life doth fail !  
Alas ! that faint hope, what may it avail ?  
Yon loop-holes that receive the air from high,  
Take through their apertures the burning gale :  
Life feebler draws its breath of agony,  
Its audibly thrilling pulse, as Death advances nigh !

## LXXXI.

There sits the Roman Matron motionless,  
Her infant stretched round her, in their last rest :  
What words her mighty sorrows could express ?  
But she, so beautiful in youth, hath pressed,  
Fair Julia, to her mother, and caressed,  
As those who part for ever ! and they kiss :  
Such kisses as reveal, though unconfessed,  
The desolating truth—that death hath less  
Pang than this last farewell to hope—to happiness !

## LXXXII.

One last—long—wild—nd passionate embrace  
For those who shall embrace in life no more !  
Then, with fixed will portrayed in her stern face,  
The Matron rose to' unclosethe heated door ;  
One shrill but stifled shriek told all was o'er !  
The strained bars flew—the weight of ashes, rife  
With sulphurous fires, heaped up the burning floor :  
A moment's agony—a feeble strife  
To meet—to join—to clasp—then ceased the pulse of  
life !

## LXXXIII.

But Time and Life rolled on : and Nature spent  
The wrath that had for ages slept so nigh,  
To burst, above the living imminent,  
Perchance, when some far morrow shall ally  
Itself with the Eternity gone by !  
Where Cities rose, and strove for rival sway,  
Are ash-heaps ; burying them from human eye,  
As once—on some forgotten Yesterday,  
Anterior Pompeii's turned again to clay :

## LXXXIV.

Forming a basis o'er their wreck beneath :  
And men may sport awhile, forgetful there,  
Living above a wilderness of death !  
Empires rise, flourish, fall : new faiths repair  
The ruins of the old : and Nations dare  
To talk of freedom, now no more a dream :  
But still of Mutability the heir  
Is man : a straw—borne down the mighty stream  
Of tendency—all free and ruling though he seem.

## LXXXV.

Yon Sun-lit Isles that shoreless ether range,  
Departing, own, in each receding beam,  
The' inevitable laws of Time and Change :  
What are we ?—foam-drops swept before the stream  
Whose tendency is infinite : a gleam,  
A spark—and we are fled—but where to dwell ?  
Who shall the light of worlds and man redeem ?  
Who, raise—who, save—save Thou, Ineffable !  
Thou Cause—thou Source of All—whose nature who  
shall tell ?

## LXXXVI.

What are fallen Empires, wrecks of buried Power,  
Earth's heaped-up Babel-piles that meet the skies,  
The toys of tyrants that outlived their hour,  
Cumbering the ground in thy Almighty eyes?  
What is the World beneath Thee as it flies?—  
A grain, an atom floating upon space,  
Which human pride so fondly magnifies!  
Was it a Hell or Paradise? what trace,  
What record, tells the hour which fixed its airy base?

## LXXXVII.

What are our ruined piles to Nature's own?  
Her sky-roofed Temple with yon lights enshrined,  
The eternal cressets of Heaven's starry zone:  
Her Organ-pipe the Voices of the Wind:  
Or when the Tempests, with the thunder joined,  
Raise up their thrilling Choral: yon Hills riven,  
The shattered pillars which in vain confined  
Her mighty area; the Ocean driven  
Wildly between their sides, upheaving into heaven,



## LXXXVIII.

Shells, and the Mammoth of past ages, rolled  
From her once-peopled depths, as if in scorn,  
Upon their topmost capitals ! behold,  
Deep in the graven stone the traces worn  
Of their quick life ; what armies hath it borne,  
What infinite hosts have swept along the earth,  
Their records all forgot, their glories shorn ;  
Yet have these weak things left their trace, their birth,  
As if to show vain men what dusty fame is worth !

## LXXXIX.

We stand beside the Ocean-waves that hide  
One world—which buried both : and feel a fear  
While its deep Voice appeals to human pride :  
We upward look : Thy Shrine doth there appear,  
Thou, whom each Star doth worship with its sphere :  
What feel we, gazing, but humility ?  
How weak the thought that soars to seek Thee there :  
Men on earth's sun-lit hills first bowed the knee,  
They felt those giant-steps were guides that led to Thee !

CANTO VI.

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## CANTO VI.

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### I.

SPIRIT of Beauty ! holiest emanation  
From the All-Perfect—it is here thou art  
No Form ideal : no fabulous creation  
Born from the visions of the o'erflowing heart ;  
Even as Athena into life did start,  
So art thou bodied from the Almighty Mind !  
Thy entering inspirations are a part  
Of our own being, to thy rule resigned,  
Thou, who pervading all, with Nature's self art joined.

## II.

Thine eyes are yonder azure, and thy breath  
Fills the live air ; descending from the sky,  
Thy Shadow fills thy chosen land beneath :  
Thy Voice is in the Waters when they sigh  
Away their strength to thee in melody !  
Oh, who that looks upon that Ocean-foam,  
Nor sees thee rising to his raptured eye ?  
Nor feels while, cloud-like, thou o'er earth dost roam,  
*Here* is thy chosen shrine, thy resting-place, thy home ?

## III.

The Presence, the pervading Beautiful,  
Felt in the answering soul : whose haloing ray  
Circles the earth as with a Coronal :  
'Tis we, brief breathing triflers, who decay,  
Who, be our moments here or grave or gay,  
Must be forgotten : such be not the fate  
Of him who pours his worship in this lay ;  
Who would an immortality create  
Even with the Spirit here, which none might separate.

## IV.

And oh, if Nature, robed in hues of heaven,  
Could, prophet-like, herself inspire that glow  
Only to meeting, answering bosoms given :  
Which only spirits who have felt can know,  
Here would she her high Oracles bestow,  
Where Maro blest thee once with loving eye,  
Softener of griefs, divine Pausilipo !  
Here, where he felt the inspiration high,  
That poured the ardent song whose strains were prophecy.

## V.

Onward we pass, and lo, Avernus lying  
Buried in depths with crag and vineyard crowned :  
Hast thou not still an Oracle replying  
To him descending there, which Maro found  
Thy solemn solitudes inspiring round ?  
Or he, who, flying from his Grecian clime,  
Sought thee in thy Cimmerian gloom profound ;  
Here, where the prophet in that night of time,  
Proved man's immortal soul, first, holiest faith sublime !

## VI.

The Garden of the old Hesperides :  
Path to Elysium, where the golden bough  
Shed o'er the gloom the soft humanities ;  
Guiding the filial duty to avow  
The love, and the remembrance which we owe  
To those o'er whom the dust of earth is spread :  
How the light poured there sheds its halo now !  
There, where retired, the Spirits of the Dead  
Spake, even as Spirits speak, their earthly passions fled.

## VII.

And oh ! the rapture standing on the spot  
Where ye have stood, whose Visions sanctified  
Each nook with holiest traditions fraught ;  
Lo—now the change ! no more dark forests hide  
Those caverns to the day now opened wide ;  
The glory is departed : nought behind  
Save cold realities of life abide :  
But ye with deathless memory are joined :  
Art's—nature's works decay, but lives the immortal mind !

## VIII.

Again the azure Waters at our feet ;  
Behold the Bridge, the plaything of the child,  
Whose broken and unsightly wrecks repeat  
The tale of transient tyranny : what wild  
Fancies, in deeds embodied, have defiled  
The records of the nations, wrought by those  
Whom Power warped, flattered, blinded, and be-  
guiled  
From their own natures ; but the slaves who chose  
Such tyrants, baser in their infamous repose ;

## IX.

Until the bowl, or dagger's stroke, at last,  
Asserted change, not freedom—to be won  
Then, when the shadows of oppression past,  
Rises that life-invigorating sun,  
Reviving, strengthening all it looks upon :—  
Then, when again the throne of common right  
Is reared, whose deep foundations are begun  
In human hearts : pause here—recal the flight  
Of time—of triumphs witnessed—the intense delight,



## X.

The spirit-stirring scenes of one glad morn,  
Recorded ; men their common wrongs forget,  
Gazing upon the gauds which Power adorn,  
The baffled hope, the patriot's vain regret ;  
In the vast mass of life according met,  
Each doth a part of the bright pageant seem :  
Oh ! could the monarch stoop but from his state,  
And feel a man, and his great pledge redeem,  
The golden Age restored no more would be a dream !

## XI.

Lo, how again the aërial Bridge spans o'er  
The azure waves that idly fret between  
Puzzuoli, and Baiæ's golden shore !  
The toga'd majesty of Rome is seen  
Concentered round : no waters intervene,  
Curtained beneath a thousand shadowing sails ;  
No shore, save where yon myrtle's rising green  
Shows where the narrowed space o'ercrowded, fails  
To hold the infinite life, where nought but joy prevails.

## XII.

Hark !—'tis the trumpet's martial flourish sounding  
Above the applauding multitudes—behold  
The youthful Monarch on his charger bounding,  
Robed in the imperial toga's purple fold :  
Kings, clad in their barbaric pomp and gold,  
Arrayed behind : the legion's martial band ;  
The following crowds in long procession rolled :  
The Sea, one heaving life, the tented strand  
Covered with Syren-forms that beckon love to land.

## XIII.

And he, the first that airy bridge to pass :  
O'er the sea, Xerxes-like, his passage swept :  
What blessings, or what scourges yield, alas,  
Human example ! how oft vice had slept,  
And slumbering virtue nor rejoiced, nor wept,  
Until aroused by Emulation's call,  
Even she her path in jealous haste o'erstepped :  
Yet was *his* triumph sweet, the festival  
Which asked a second morn, enjoyment's edge to pall.

## XIV.

Or turn where yonder mouldering walls confess  
The Amphitheatre ; within whose bound  
The master of the world found happiness ;  
Even all he asked : his false ambition crowned  
In the base rabble's venal shouts, whose sound  
Was fame that gave him raptures undisguised :  
Were they accorded meed for virtues found ?  
No—the hired singers' fame alone he prized :  
For this, he bowed a slave, by slaves themselves de-  
spised !

## XV.

Burner of Rome, and player of the hour :  
Now man, now woman, god—or brute—whose name  
By-word became for infamy : whom power  
Turned into fiend : yet ev'n this wretch sought fame,  
Even he that bright abstraction dared to claim,  
Stained with each darker crime, which but to hear  
Cast o'er Humanity the blush of shame ;  
Even he could die a monarch, and endear  
Himself to one fond heart—that gave his tomb a tear.

## XVI.

But lo, that spot of earth, even now a Vision  
Of immaterial beauty, yea, even now,  
Though the life, peopling once that shore elysian,  
Is fled for ever ! empires pass, but how  
The undecaying forms of Beauty show,  
Though worn, and rent, each once harmonious line !  
The shore of Baiæ ! lo, the curving brow  
Of those low swelling hills, that still enshrine  
That spirit-haunted spot, now, as of old, divine !

## XVII.

The Paradise of Italy ! the bower,  
And throne of luxury : where the air breathed love,  
And passionate feeling, making Life's brief hour  
One long enjoyment ! where the Seasons strove  
In rivalry, and wreaths together wove  
Of roses, mourning not the Summer's flight :  
Where Morning, lingering o'er her gates above,  
Tinted anew each vale and wooded height,  
As if, enamoured, watching her own violet light !

## XVIII.

And where the Twilight gathered earth with heaven !  
The substance with the holy Vision blended,  
In the pure Sea's reflecting bosom given ;  
Where myrtle-groves in tenderest gloom impended :  
From whose rich bowers with evening's shades  
ascended  
Songs that expired in passion's eloquent sighs,  
To lutes whose latest lingering cadence ended  
In the deep Waters' slumberous melodies,  
Whose azure hues beneath lay mirrored in the skies !

## XIX

Haunt of those mortal spirits who have made  
Themselves immortal, thou art still divine,  
Even from the glory by themselves arrayed ;  
Without *their* deathless memories what were thine ?  
They were the oracles and thou the shrine ;—  
Here, Marius strove to soothe his rugged mood ;  
There, ardent Tully conned the sophist's line :  
That barren spot Lucullus' mind imbued  
With his own taste, and lent a grace to solitude !

## XX.

Pause here—and bring before the mental eye  
A tale of human sorrow ! such hath been,  
Yea, is, wherever passion's votary  
Is summoned hastily to leave the scene,  
Unfit to die, unweaned from life and sin ;  
But, here, how wildly, passionately clung  
The victim, the poor boon of life to win :—  
What tears, what wild entreaties here were wrung  
From thee, upon the ground, fair Messalina flung !

## XXI.

On the cold ground, then, when this savage spot  
A garden rose, a myrtled Paradise :  
She, prostrate there, in her distress o'erwrought,  
How beautiful ! her arms, her upraised eyes,  
Her swelling neck of snow—her bursting sighs  
Imploring but for life, whose passion spoke  
Beyond the tongue to human sympathies !  
Now vows—now vain reproaches from her broke,  
Stretched motionless on earth, as yielding to the stroke.

## XXII.

But not alone—her mother watches nigh :  
Disowned in life, she kneels beside her there ;  
“ Thou, who knew’st not to live, yet learn to die,  
And close the scene with dignity.”—Despair  
Checked utterance—in that unsettled air  
Her reason reeled ; in vain *she* raised her hand,  
Virtue alone that suicide could dare !  
The messengers of death around her stand :  
One blow—her beauteous head rolls quivering on the  
sand.

## XXIII.

Or turn to her, that sterner, haughtier spirit,  
Who sacrificed love, honour, fame, to pride :  
All—so the world’s sole empire should inherit  
The serpent whom her love so magnified ;  
Martyr, who on Ambition’s altar died,  
Here Agrippina’s countless crimes but earned  
Death from the son her love had deified !  
Oh, ever thus is guilt’s excess returned,  
Ambition mounts the steps which, from its height, are  
spurned.

## XXIV.

Escaped the drowning waters, she is lying  
Exhausted on her couch : none round her wait ;  
The echo of her voice her call replying :  
Who dares stand near the victim whom the hate  
Of tyranny hath marked to certain fate ?  
The murderers come with brows of sullen wrath :  
They circle round : then flashed forth all too late  
Her loftier spirit in its latent worth :—  
“ Strike *here*—the womb that gave to such a monster  
birth !”

## XXV.

Look round thee now ! say, where hath Change so  
wrought ?  
Where Mutability so fixed her throne ?  
Where Desolation poured her vials fraught  
With wrath, its deep pollutions to atone ?  
Lightnings have scathed—earth heaved—the thunder-  
stone,  
Blasted, and War’s red footsteps where they pressed :  
The breezes that were once Elysium’s own,  
Arc tainted : there, where life was joy confessed ;  
When death was sleep, reclined on Beauty’s heavenly  
breast !



## XXVI.

Who wrought, save man himself, the infamy?  
Who, sacred Nature so debased with crime  
That God avenged her injured majesty !  
Leaving the moral as the deed sublime :  
Then Solitude sate there, and from the slime  
Of pools, Plague spread her deadliest control :  
Yet Earth blooms here unchanged as in her prime ;  
Man only pines amidst the glorious whole :  
Nature gives life, form, strength, but freedom wakes the  
soul.

## XXVII.

Yet one fair wreck, one relic left behind,  
Breathes of the Past—the shrine of Venus seek ;  
How gracefully from its fair roof declined,  
The vine-wreaths shed, as eloquently speak,  
As the rich locks that wave o'er beauty's cheek,  
Veiling, but hiding not its loveliness ;  
How Time hath touched it with his tenderest streak !  
How, on that faded shore companionless,  
Her Altar woos ye there, ere parting, to confess !

## XXVIII.

Turn to where patriarchal Cuma rears  
The shattered pillars of her giant gate :  
What spectacle behind its arch appears ?—  
The majesty of ruin to create  
The sigh, the memory, the thought sedate ?  
No—for Elysium's scenes those gates enclose,  
Where an undying life we contemplate ;  
Where Nature doth with Solitude repose ;  
Hiding the grave where once a mighty City rose.

## XXIX.

Well art thou named “ the happy,” for thou guidest  
Where sits the Beautiful embodied here :  
Filling the eye and bosom, while thou hidest  
All that would point the moral too severe :  
Nay—burying death too sweetly for a tear !  
Who would not sleep in such a grave where flowers  
Bloom wildly fresh, unchanging as the year ?  
Where the Sun ever leads the purple hours ;  
Where the soft Spirit of Peace her gentlest influence  
showers.

## XXX.

A wilderness of flowers around thee lying  
Entangling, thy sweet hiding pathway throng ;  
Myrtles and vines bloom there above ye, sighing  
As the Wind wakes their fibres into song !  
Heaven's cloudless azure doth the day prolong,  
As it would last for ever ; and the Sea,  
Heard far below, swells up its mighty tongue !  
The triad-Spirits, love, joy, harmony,  
Join, as if Time slept here, as if death could not be.

## XXXI.

Yet dash aside the myrtle-boughs, revealing  
The ruins that beneath them buried lie,  
How to thine eye their pale grey brows appealing,  
Ask for thy tribute to humanity !  
For those who *were*—like thee : who did ally  
Themselves with the departed gone before,  
Even as thou shalt join a world gone by ;  
Thy joys, thy hopes, thy aspirations o'er ;—  
God—God alone is great—the same for evermore !

## XXXII.

Upon a mossy stone I sate me down,  
And thought of mighty CUMA in her pride !  
She of the Oracles of old renown ;  
I thought of all the infinite life that plied  
Through buried streets where now the worms abide !  
I thought of all the good, the great, the just :  
Of chiefs for god-like actions deified,  
Whose names are vanished—record—fame—and bust ;  
Of Beauty's heavenly form—all turned alike to dust !

## XXXIII.

I would have mourned—my bosom sought relief :  
My heart yearned sadly toward my human kind !  
But Nature's self forbad the unnatural grief :  
The Sun shone down reproof, and, in the wind,  
I heard a spirit bid me be resigned :  
Was not the crowning blessing—Life—allowed ?  
The faculty, the enjoyment unconfined ?  
Low to the monitory Voice I bowed ;  
And walked rejoicing on—my gratitude avowed.

## XXXIV.

Pause for awhile on yonder grassy hill,  
When, offering up the steerage of his wings,  
The tale of Dædalus instructs us still :  
How beauteous those divine imaginings  
Of the old time, round which fond Fancy flings  
Her brightest hues to' arrest the heedless mind !  
How flower-like truth from buried fable springs !  
Here the sad Father in his grief designed  
The story of his son, in rash presumption blind :

## XXXV.

Thrice he essayed—and thrice the sire confessed  
The o'ermastering power of Nature as he failed !  
What need the truth implanted in each breast ?  
On human wisdom the restraint entailed,  
Whose glorious ambition heaven assailed ?—  
To leave the baser herd behind, to prove,  
Even though the wrath of man or heaven prevailed,  
Its immortality, that vainly strove  
To' o'erleap its mortal state, and sphere itself above.

XXXVI.

Lo—far beneath, along that curving strand,  
 Where stood Liternum, gleams a ruined Tower :  
 How doth a glory round its wreck expand !  
 Time may the records of the past devour,  
 Yet shall that spot o'er answering minds hold power ;  
 The vanquisher of Hannibal, the sword  
 Of Rome, there lingered out life's latest hour :  
 There died he, exiled, hated ; the reward  
 Dealt by mankind to those their freeman's rights who  
 guard.

XXXVII.

If thou dost well, descend that shelving shore,  
 The rocks, the hills, the pebbled ridge the same :  
 The waves break round thee with the same wild roar,  
 As, when beside them, SCIPIO strove to tame  
 The memory of his wrongs, and blighted name ;  
 Perchance, the enduring forms around confessed,  
 Showed *him* the fleetingness of earthly fame ;  
 It may be, Nature entering his breast,  
 Soothed, till it hushed awhile, ambition's self to rest.

## XXXVIII.

Ah ! vainly may the tutored soul essay  
To steel itself to an unnatural mood  
Of self-endurance—stern resolve gives way :  
The stifled passions checked, but unsubdued,  
Are ever springing forth to be renewed ;  
Time closes not that hidden wound which pained,  
The wasting canker of ingratitude !  
How in his mighty heart that pang remained :  
He, who beyond the grave, indignant wrath retained !

## XXXIX.

The Mountain-peaks—earth's portals to the sky :  
Lo, even here on Capri's loftiest cime,  
The wrecks of grandeur, arch, and column lie :  
Here, where enthroned in solitude sublime,  
Tiberius drew a majesty from crime :  
Who strove to veil, that hoary eremite,  
Deeds by stern fame recorded to all time ;  
Who, buried here from man's detested sight,  
Revelled in crime that hides its orgies from the light.

## XL.

Cold as the cliff, and inaccessible  
To human sympathies, one passion sate  
Within that bloodless heart immovable ;  
With power, fame, lust, ambition, satiate,  
All there was buried, save undying hate  
Of his own human kind : he stood so high,  
Nor hope, nor flattery could more elate :  
He sunk so low—polluting Infamy  
Failed on that blackened heart to cast a deeper dye.

## XLI.

He clung to Power as his minister :  
Loathing the slaves who made him tyrant ; scorn  
Engendered hatred with mankind at war :  
Asserted freedom he had better borne ;  
Aught that the flatterer's veil aside had torn,  
And shown the heart from all its foldings bare ;  
He wreaked on them the vengeance they had drawn ;  
A fallen, conscious spirit, plunging there  
In deeds he loved, yet loathed—ambition in despair !



## XLII.

There is no prying eye upon him now :  
None pass that platform in the twilight hour ;  
Lo—bent towards the ground is that dark brow,  
O'er which profoundest sadness now doth lower :  
The man before whose eye the bravest cower,  
Whose look was law, whose gesture life controlled :  
He, the Inscrutable, arrayed with power ;  
Whose slightest acts a mystery enfold,  
Whose wrath, like lightning struck, ere yet the thunder  
told !

## XLIII.

Behold the ruin of the man ! decay  
Hath fixed upon that tottering form : yet pride  
Erect is there ; in his quick eye, the sway  
Of reinless, restless passion is descried,  
Which grey dissimulation cannot hide !  
Yet on that high, imperious brow, is shown  
The stamp of Mind to nobler things allied ;  
Born to command : which, in the crowd unknown,  
Had risen o'er all, and proved its heirship to a throne.

## XLIV.

He stood and watched where, over Baia's shore,  
Like a material god the Sun enshrined,  
Called on the hearts who watched him to adore ;  
Even as a Monarch's glory left behind,  
A visible Blessing ! felt among mankind,  
And hallowed when departed ! even thus  
Should *he* have passed to deathless fame consigned :  
What was he now ? a blight—a withering curse :  
None loved—nought clung to him—nought save his vain  
remorse.

## XLV.

The mind upon its rack of pain—the Past—  
Its Visions magnified in memory's shade :  
The hopeless future—life's hours ebbing fast—  
Health, strength, hope, passion, energy decayed ;  
All, then, he felt—till pride no longer swayed  
His will inflexible—forth flowed the tears !  
Not that refreshing dew to Virtue paid,  
But such as, scalding, the lone bosom sears,  
Shed o'er the arid waste of execrated years !

## XLVI.

'Twas but a moment—but *that* moment brought  
Pangs which *he* never dealt ! there is a hell  
Upon itself by the quick Spirit wrought,  
That mocks imagination's baffled spell ;  
Whose retributive tortures none may tell !  
The wild remorse—the curse of guilt unshriven :—  
The old man turned—that hour repaid him well !  
Outcast from earth, without a hope from heaven,  
That night, the murderer's blow to him was mercy given !

## XLVII.

Pass o'er—where buried in its leafy nest,  
Like a lone cushat-dove, SORRENTO lies :  
A mirror of the “ Islands of the Blest ;”  
Or that unfound Hesperides, which lies  
Beyond our life : that unseen Paradise,  
Vision of hope, the glory, and the dream !  
What living foliage of a thousand dyes  
Shoots upward, shadowing o'er yon Ocean-Stream,  
Braiding the rock-ribbed hills that rise to heaven  
supreme :

## XLVIII.

Which cast below the Shadows of their power :  
Their brows of majesty all softened, while  
Beauty, the Spirit ! sleeps away her hour,  
Reposing at their feet ; ye see her smile  
In every flower ;—each flower the happy isle  
Of infinite existence ! and ye feel  
Her breath upon the sunny air beguile  
The heart to its own happiness, and steal  
Its anxious grief away, and softer hopes reveal.

## XLIX.

Such are thy charms, SORRENTO ! which before  
Were yet too fair : behold, in yon deep bay,  
The grey crag hurled beyond the pebbled shore :  
Round which the blue waves chafe in idle play :  
Know'st thou whose mighty Spirit casts a ray  
O'er yon dim cavern ? know'st thou *who* stood there,  
Embodying in his everlasting lay,  
Its tale ?—whose genius fills—inspires the air,  
Whose Phantoms round that spot for ever shall repair ?

## L.

Even now, while sitting on this mossy stone,  
I see the sail spread from Lachæa's isle ;  
They scale the Cyclop's cave—a shout—a groan—  
In his red eye is plunged the fiery pile !  
Lo, with the morning's light, the goats defile  
Slowly beneath the blinded monster's hand :  
Free stands, at length, the hero of the wile,  
And now the giant's clamours fill the strand,  
As, shouting, bound from shore the Ulyssèan band !

## LI.

O thou eternal Homer ! every nook  
Of this most wild yet lovely coast is thine :  
The Syrens yon dim islands have forsook,  
Yet is each vestige of their haunt divine !  
Doth not thy awful Genius o'er it shine,  
Bright, yet as softened as yon setting Sun,  
That floods them o'er with glory from its shrine ?  
Empires have vanished like the Day when done,  
But with renewing time *thy* life is still begun.

## LII.

How hath thy song the light of Truth arrayed !  
Lo—yon blue promontory : Circe's spell  
There changed to brutes the slaves who vice obeyed :  
Speaks not the moral eloquently well ?  
What herb, save reason, could her power compel ?  
Why rather sought the hero o'er the foam  
Death, than imprisoned in her chains to dwell ?  
Her charms unfelt, and loathed her starry dome ?——  
'Twas Virtue pointed still, his wife—his child—his  
*home !*

## LIII.

Sorrento ! who that blesses thy soft brow,  
Dreams of the scars which seam thy bosom o'er ?  
What awful scenes thy caverned depths avow !  
There, where the Lightning's scathing passage tore  
The very heart of Nature to its core :  
How yawn her mighty sides opposing riven,  
Frowning like foes whose wrath can meet no more :  
Where, through their blackened fissures fiercely  
driven,  
Ye mark how clove its track the fiery bolt of heaven !

## LIV.

There was a dwelling on the sea-cliff's side,  
Its vanished site no vestige doth attest,  
Even such a nook as Love would choose to hide  
Its loved one from the world : a very nest  
Of Quiet, when, of all it asks, possessed,  
The heart would find or make its earthly heaven  
Where only found, in Woman's answering breast !  
All other ties save that sole life's-tie riven :  
The world's neglect forgot—its injuries forgiven.

## LV.

A sacred spot—recal it to thine eye,  
Each spot is sacred, hallowed by a tear !  
And this is sanctified by Memory ;  
By those revering hearts to whom are dear  
The martyrs of the past who suffered here :  
O'er whom are shed the human sympathies  
Like breath of flowers that consecrate the bier :  
A Lady by its casements sits and sighs,  
Watching a distant sail whose white wing homeward  
flies ;

## LVI.

That light skiff, bird-like, closely nearing now,  
Shows one therein whose eyes are fixed on her,  
Those eyes that sunk beneath his sickly brow,  
And wan as lights within their sepulchre,  
Now soften with the look familiar  
Of unforgotten ties ! he springs to land,  
And they embrace as those whose spirits are  
United : whose affections more expand,  
As time and distance knit them with a stronger band.

## LVII.

The Sister's love, the holy, and the pure,  
Recals again all Nature's wonted force  
Even in Tasso ! other loves endure  
To perish, lighted at an earthlier source,  
Dimmed by doubt, fear, or buried in remorse :  
Oh, if there be one pure receptacle,  
One feeling flowing purer in its course,  
One love an Angel might not blush to tell,  
'Tis when a Sister's heart to thine doth fondly swell !



## LVIII.

The exile came for quiet : to forget  
The blighted hope, the inexpressible wrong :  
To soften here in solitude regret  
Of a love stamped immortal in his song !  
Which, but for him, had lain the dead among,  
Unheard, unknown ; oh, if thou would'st conceal  
Forms once loved, memories that too busy throng ;  
If inmost wounds, corroding, thou would'st heal,  
Each sight, each sound shall, there, those forms to  
    life reveal ;

## LIX.

All thou would'st exorcise—the flower, the star,  
Shall be the links of Memory's thrilling chain,  
Vibrating on thy heart, until they wear  
Its pulse away : so didst *thou* feel how vain  
To waken here thy boyhood's dream again ;  
Until, for very refuge, thou didst fly  
From Nature's ever fresh and joyous reign,  
Back to the deserts of humanity,  
To bear hate—scorn—remorse—to madden—and to die !

## LX.

It is the hour when her sweet cheek, though faded,  
Hath more on it of beauty's heavenly spell,  
Her brow with dew, her feet with roses braided,  
Meek Twilight turns to bid the Earth farewell !  
How doth his darkened brow his sadness tell !  
Yet is a softness pictured there, ye trace  
Reflected, oh, how eloquently well,  
The beauty of his parting Sister's face :  
Stealing from her, expression's melancholy grace.

## LXI.

For oh, round her departing tread how lingers  
Beauty, enamoured of her to the last !  
How while grey Evening shuts, with silent fingers,  
The Gates of Day, she throws on him, ere past,  
Her loveliest look ; and even, while closing fast  
Those cloudy portals, doth she lingering yearn,  
Her eyes with a prophetic feeling cast  
On him, who watches bent above his urn  
Of roses, which shall bloom no more till *she* return !

## LXII.

Blest hour of Twilight ! who could feel thy power,  
Or from Minerva's ruined shrine behold  
The earth, undying beauty for its dower :  
The Sky—the deep Sea's music round him rolled,  
Nor feel, Italia ! what thou wert of old,  
And—what thou *art* : nor, Freedom ! call to thee  
Even with a kindred spirit uncontrolled :  
Until the Song with passionate melody,  
Exults o'er all thou wert—on all thou yet shalt be !

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## ODE

AMONG THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA,

ON THE PROMONTORY OF SORRENTO.

## 1.

Italia, oh, Italia ! now,  
While bending o'er this fallen shrine,  
I trace upon thy glorious brow  
The lines by Nature stamped divine ;  
The spirit that hues thy land and sea ;—  
Let me pour forth my soul to thee !

## 2.

The ardent thoughts that fill my breast,  
That prophet-like, my soul inspire :  
The hope that from its eagle nest,  
Rises upon its wings of fire !  
Whence swells this passion's burst so free,  
Thou glorious shrine ! save caught from thee ?

## 3.

The Spectres of the mighty Dead,  
I feel, unseen, are hovering near :  
The Spirits of forty Ages fled  
Pour down prophetic breathings here ;  
Till, like the Delphic priest of old,  
The god is from my bosom rolled !

## 4.

Birth-place of heroes—shrine of Gods !  
All shrunk within one nameless tomb,  
Memory's unchangeable abodes :  
Oh ! can it be, youth's purple bloom  
Once clad these wrecks around me hurled ?—  
Once graced the garden of the world ?

## 5.

Yes—from yon heaven is left thee still !—

Look on those violet hues that are  
The poetry of light !—which fill

Thy every vein—till not a scar  
Of wounds within thy bosom riven,  
But might be, for their sakes, forgiven !

## 6.

Oh ! that I, ere I pass away,

One moment could arrest from Time,  
Like him who sleeps within that bay ;

And body forth this scene sublime,  
This world of love and harmony,  
In strains as gloriously as he !—

## 7.

Naples—far stretching out beside

Yon azure ridge, her mighty life :  
Yon Mount, whose clouds ascending, hide

The deep blue air with gladness rife :  
That, stern and awful watch seems keeping  
O'er Love beneath on roses sleeping !

## 8

Oh, that I from me now could throw  
The beauty labouring at my heart,  
That blends itself with all below,  
Of earth—air—heaven—mankind a part ;  
I would be the inspiring *Soul*,  
The life, the love that fills the Whole !

## 9.

I have essayed—and, it may be,  
My Song with Memory shall dwell :  
I murmur not to join with ye,  
Ye glorious Dead ! but I would tell  
That I, too, life have well employed :  
I, too, Arcadia have enjoyed !

## 10.

I would not, like this blessed Air,  
That floats along my cheek, be dumb :  
But leave some record to declare  
I lived and loved :—I would become  
The immortal SPIRIT of this spot,  
Remembered with it—and forgot !

## 11.

Even now its Beauty's spell hath bound me !

The fresh breeze fans, the wave breaks high,  
Tossing its spray of gladness round me !

The Spirit of Joy is in the sky,  
Pervading sea, and earth, and air,  
As if even Freedom's self were there !

## 12.

And she *is* there—I feel her now :

It is *her* Spirit that hath thrilled  
My bosom, till it dared avow

The thoughts that would no more be stilled ;  
That, o'er the flight of ages cast,  
Foretell the future by the past.

## 13.

Fallen Italia ! *wilt* thou lie

For ever thus, profaned, degraded ?  
Still must thy beauty be the tie

That binds thee in thy chains unaided ?  
Still shall the strong—the weak, alike,  
Insult thee—till thou dar'st to strike ?

## 14.

I look into thy peasant's eyes,  
And read the hero in each trace ;  
I mark the fiery passions rise  
Which Tyranny can not efface :  
I feel beneath that passive air,  
That soul—that soul is living there !

## 15.

The fires within thy ashes hidden,  
Are gathering slow, though veiled their light,  
Till forth shall burst that word forbidden—  
Like thy volcano-flames—UNITE !  
Then, chains of ages from thee thrown,  
Italia—thou shalt stand alone !

## 16.

Look how thy Alps ascend the skies !  
*They* guard thee—thou hast but to climb  
And guard thy rock-walled Paradise :  
Is't not enough ?—look back to time ;  
Think, while your oft told tale is rung,  
Degenerate men ! from *whom* ye sprung.



## 17.

Heroes of Rome's heroic age !

High martyrs of your country's fame !

Do not your chainless spirits wage

War with her foes ? does not your flame

Pervade the haunts ye loved, and thrill

The hearts responsive to ye still ?

## 18.

I hear—I hear your answers borne

Up from the far abyss of Fate !

I see Oppression's banners torn :

Rome seated in her ancient state ;

I spring indignant from this grave,

I feel thou art no more a slave !

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## LXIII.

It is the night—the sacred hour of Night :  
How eloquent Darkness opens to the eye  
The pure, the undying, and the infinite !  
The heaven of heavens unfolding spreads on high,  
The star-roofed Temple of Eternity !  
Where rolls in floating argentry along,  
The living wilderness of galaxy,  
O'er the vast void-like foam from Ocean flung :  
That solemn Sea of Air whose silence hath a tongue !

## LXIV.

And the hushed slumberous Earth ! the moveless trees  
The nodding hills that nearer round ye close :  
The Stars that to the eye are melodies,  
Stilling the bosom to divine repose !  
All enter there, till being overflows  
With love and adoration : till it swells  
To be a part of the great Soul which glows  
In all things : that through life, death, motion, dwells,  
Whose pulse, each blade of grass—each world revolving  
tells !

## LXV.

And shedding o'er the orange-woods its glow,  
Soft as the memory rests on buried love,  
How the Moon silvers o'er the scene below !  
Altar of Peace ! the floating world above  
Of visible tranquillity ! the grove,  
The vale, the wave, beneath its radiance shine,  
Until its softness with the being wove,  
Entering, doth make the heart itself a shrine,  
As stedfast, pure, and fixed, thou blessed Orb, as thine!

## LXVI.

Ye Stars—that are Night's visible eyes ! enshrined  
Like the eternal thoughts that sleeplessly  
Live in the heaven of the Almighty Mind !  
How are ye passing beautiful, ye high,  
Pure, radiant creations ! majesty,  
Glory, and might are round ye, yet we gaze  
And feel ye are but lovely ! ye would be  
Awful—but who e'er drank your softening rays,  
Nor felt the faith, the hope, that feverish doubt allays ?

## LXVII.

Eternal Beings ! born before all time,  
Or uncreate—coeval with the ONE :  
How bowed to ye Earth's giant race sublime !  
Wherefore ?—man felt, as now, he was the son  
Of immortality in ye begun,  
Or ended : oh ! if souls shall e'er know rest  
Beyond the grave, if higher spheres be won,  
Where, baffled here, their powers shall shine con-  
fessed,  
'Tis on your glorious shores, bright “ Islands of the  
Blest !”

## LXVIII.

If thou would'st see the Morning from the Deep  
Rise, wildly fresh, as when to birth she sprung,  
Stand thou, where hanging from the mountain-steep,  
Its breast with vines and myrtle-groves o'erhung,  
Round its grey sides the misty vapours flung  
Like incense o'er the Altar of the Sea,  
Rises to heaven the very clouds among,  
The towering AMALFI !—once did she  
Europe and Asia join, the guardian of the free.

## LXIX.

There, would'st thou wile Day's sultry hours, repair  
Beneath the shadows of its sparry grot ;  
What forms of Beauty shall approach thee there !  
The murmuring leaves, the low cicada's note,  
The distant dashing oar ; the vine-leaves wrought  
In fairy net-work o'er ye ; through whose wreath  
Dim glimpses are of distant Ocean caught,  
Expanding as if Heaven's own azure breath  
Lay visibly floating there, and filled the void beneath !

## LXX.

Or would'st thou seek profounder solitudes,  
Turn where LA CAVA's silver-sounding bell  
Startles the traveller musing midst her woods :  
He, who to busy life hath bade farewell,  
How sweet were it, even here, for aye, to dwell !  
And while the Minster's organ-notes along  
Stole, mingling with the water's wilder swell,  
How sweet, while pausing o'er that solemn song,  
To feel shut out—forgot—the world's insensate throng !

## LXXI.

SALERNO calls us, but we may not hear :  
The Wanderer's latest shrine approaches fast ;  
A spirit-stirring spectacle is near,  
One marvel more—the greatest, as the last !  
Lo, how the barren wastes around are cast,  
Wild, savage, desolate as Afric's sands :  
Scathed by the sun, and seared by wintry blast :  
Yet here, Sublimity embodied stands ;  
The infinite of space the kindred soul expands.

## LXXII.

Lo—far on the horizon's verge reclined,  
Rising amidst the solitude alone,  
The sun's red rays in lurid light behind,  
The darkness of the clouds before them thrown,  
Revealing out each giant column shown  
Gleaming against a wild and stormy sky,  
The mighty Temple of an age unknown !  
Frowning in solitary majesty,  
Eternal PESTUM there arrests the heart and eye !

## LXXIII.

Ye pause—the desolate waste—the open heaven,  
The sea-fowl's clang—the grey mists hurrying by :  
The Altar rising there—unbowed—unriven,  
Inspire ye with their own sublimity ;  
Sky, Mountains, Storms, its mates eternally,  
For the Sea breaks no more around his shrine,  
Hurled down is the Neptunian Deity :  
The worshippers have pass'd, and left no sign ;  
The Shaker of the Earth no more is held divine !

## LXXIV.

There, like some Titan, throned o'er his retreat  
Of deserts, and the setting Sun's last rays  
Falling around on his majestic seat,  
Each limb dilated in the twilight haze  
Of the dim distance that eludes the gaze ;  
An Image whose tranquillity  
The awful consciousness of Power displays ;  
Whose kindred are the hills, the rocks, the Sea ;—  
Even so the awe-struck mind, reposing, dwells on thee !

## LXXV.

Even so thou risest, simple, stern, sublime,  
While naked Strength lies sleeping at thy base :  
How those huge columns mock the assault of Time !  
Earthquakes have heaved—storms shook—the lightning's trace  
Left the black shadows years shall not efface,  
And the hot levin dinted where it fell !  
But on thy stedfast and majestic face  
Is stamped the impress of the Unchangeable !  
That, fixed for ever there, thy massive form shall dwell,

## LXXVI.

Incorporate with Nature : with the earth,  
With the grey rocks, the mountains, and the sky :  
Time spares those columns of primeval birth :  
They have outlived their earthlier destiny,  
And changes which they feel not : thrillingly  
They speak to man, and with an eloquent tongue,  
Even with the awful Voice of Memory !—  
“ Here once a mighty City poured its throng :  
“ The tides of Life rolled here exultingly along ”



## LXXVII.

Spirit of grey Antiquity ! thou sittest  
With solitude and silence here : proclaim  
Thou, who a Shadow round thy ruin flittest,  
Who reared that mighty Altar ? from whence came  
The Children of the Sea ? what age—what name  
Bore they, who chose this plain their home to be ?  
A theatre marked out for deeds of fame :  
As if by Nature destined for the free :  
The chainless waves beneath, above, Heaven's  
canopy !

## LXXVIII.

Ascend the Vestibule : lo, gleaming near,  
The blue, the ever-rolling, living Sea !  
So *they* ascended, calling thee to hear,  
Source of their fame ! and, while they knelt to thee,  
They heard thy Voices awful melody ;  
And, wafted on thy heaving bosom, felt  
Thy power, and wrath, and thy infinity :  
Pause—on this spot have prostrate myriads knelt :  
The thoughts within thy breast, in theirs, it may be,  
dwelt.

## LXXIX.

Go thou—sit there—and muse away thine hour ;  
Thy visions shall arise more just, more pure,  
And, haply, with the faculty and power,  
Thou wilt embody thoughts that shall endure :  
But the same moral comes to all be sure ;  
The failing grasp we hold on life, and less,  
On those, alas ! whose love we would secure ,  
The softened feeling which ye then confess,  
Love holds on earth alone the keys of Happiness !

## LXXX.

Oh ! that a ministering Spirit here  
Lived—to enchain me with her beauty's spell,  
To commune with her of her brighter sphere ;  
To her the aching thoughts and wishes tell  
That glow within my soul unquenchable !  
A creature, o'er whose brow, and azure eye,  
No change could come, no earthlier passion dwell :  
To walk these ruins of a world gone by,  
And, 'midst decay, to feel our loves could never die.

## LXXXI.

How our soul's aspirations die unproved,  
Untold, unknown !—what lover e'er expressed  
The idolatry he felt for her he loved ?  
The finest chords within the Poet's breast,  
The patriot's dreams which had his country blest,  
The sage's wisdom of exhaustless worth,  
How have their loftiest visions unconfessed  
Died—and been buried—not in graves of earth,  
But in the human heart—checked—blighted in their  
birth !

## LXXXII.

Vain visions—false regrets !—recal the Past :  
The embodied scenes of life again restore :  
Clouds rise between me and yon Temple cast ;  
Lo—it emerges—ruin now no more !  
The tides of human life throng round: the roar,  
The strife of a towered City crowding round !  
The shouts and songs of triumph: the far shore  
With the thronged masts of navies crowned ;  
Even to the ends of earth are Neptune's walls renowned.

## LXXXIII.

The Vision changes—ages take their flight :  
All, save the Temple, dream-like, now is flown :  
The City's place is vanished from the sight :  
One massive fragment from that shrine is thrown,  
One sits thereon of kingly mien, alone :  
Deep lines of thought upon his brow appear :  
The imperial toga hath the Roman shown :  
He gazes on the answering Ruin ;—near  
His silent courtiers wait—for dumb is flattery here !

## LXXXIV.

It is Augustus Cæsar : it may be  
Truth silently is entering his breast,  
Filled with the wisdom of antiquity :  
Those mighty spirits who their words impressed,  
And works, upon mankind, now laid in rest,  
Passed, yea, forgotten as the breeze that blew  
Unheeded by him there ! then, unrepressed,  
A deeper gloom upon his forehead grew,  
Feeling how vainly Fame doth here our life renew.

## LXXXV.

*He* felt the Power presiding here, as thou :  
Stern Mutability :—that Rome, his pride,  
His boast, arrayed by him in marble now,  
Might one day in the desert thus abide,  
Bowed to the Fate she haughtily defied !  
Her Forum-place, a solitude ; the spot  
Even where she stood—unknown : he turned aside :  
The moral with his spirit's life was wrought ;  
Truth entered in his soul—her words were unforget.

## LXXXVI.

The Sun is setting : carrying Day before,  
And leaving Night and Solitude behind :  
Material god ! and is the word—NO MORE—  
Stamped on thy blazing brow ? shalt thou, enshrined  
Soul of that infinite space, thy mandate find,  
The irrevocable doom to be destroyed ?  
Or, art thou living like the Almighty Mind ?  
Thy beams decreed to lighten o'er the void  
Where once our World of Life, thought, suffered, and  
enjoyed !

## LXXXVII.

Glorious idolatry of elder time !  
God-like, or rising, throned, or in decline :  
Where are those days when men, like gods, sublime,  
Bowed on their hills ? yea, hallowed as divine  
The Stars that drew their crowns of light from thine !  
They who beheld in thee the visible face  
Of the INVISIBLE within his shrine :  
What shrine was like thine Eye ? what altar-place  
Like thy all-infinite heaven—whose walls are echoless  
space ?

## LXXXVIII.

Lord of the Day ! and being infinite,  
That lives within thy beams—whose life thou art :  
Creator of the Seasons—Eye of Light !  
Thy rays pervade, like melody, the heart,  
Till of their feeling it becomes a part :  
Until all shapes that haunt our phantasy,  
All forms of beauty into life that start,  
Of glory, power, and of majesty,  
Are drawn from thy bright Urn by treasuring Memory !

## LXXXIX.

The blue Mediterranean bosoms thee :  
Thy crown of many hues doth o'er her glow ;  
O thou glad rolling and rejoicing Sea !  
Could I behold thy waters foaming now,  
Nor all the rapture which thou giv'st, avow ?  
Thy bosom bears the azure of the Sky :  
The breeze is playing o'er thy glorious brow !  
The pulses of thy mighty Heart on high  
Are heard like thunder—throbbing everlastingly !

## XC.

Roll on for ever, wildly fresh and free !  
Men raise their ant-hill cities on thy brink ;  
States, empires' rise and fall are typed by thee :  
Time's dusty records in oblivion sink ;  
And they, the lights that shone o'er ages, shrink  
Again in darkness : deeds, and thoughts that bore  
The stamps that to immortal natures link ;  
Unchanged alone *thou* roll'st from shore to shore,  
Girding the earth like heaven—the same for evermore !

## XCI.

And galaxied with Cyclades, whose names  
Enduring as the stars hath Memory kept :  
What glorious deeds each shore opposing claims !  
What patriots there even virtue overstepped ;  
What baffled tyrants vainly there have wept,  
Checked in their game of slaughter unessayed,  
And, while thy Waves in thunder by them swept,  
Stood—even as children !—but thy Voice obeyed :  
“ No further pass—even here shall thy proud course be  
    stayed !”

## XCII.

Thou mighty Being ! vain are round thee reared  
Earth's mountain walls, and ramparts of the sand,  
That sunk beneath the irruption which they feared ;  
Thou, who hast made an Ocean of the land,  
Whose Waters o'er a buried world expand !  
What Mammoth-monsters, there, lie unconfessed !  
Oh, in thy mystery alone how grand  
Art thou !—the Almighty mirrored in thy breast :  
The calm—the wrath—the thunder—the eternal rest !



## XCIII.

Even to the loftiest mountain-peaks thou sendest  
Thy warnings to weak man on his vain height :  
Until *thy* spirit's strength to him thou lendest,  
To read thy truths below : to mark the flight  
Of days, of ages, of the infinite,  
Embodied on thy bosom : and to see,  
In waves that fret and break in baffled might,  
The idle chafings of humanity !  
Striving to o'erleap the bounds by Nature fixed, and  
thee.

## XCIV.

Thou antique Sea ! I, too, would build thee here  
An Altar, like the idolater of old,  
Yea, bow to thee with reverential fear !  
Thou, in whose breast the spirit doth behold  
Itself—as pure, immortal, uncontrolled !  
A Priest of Nature, I would sit alone  
On yon grey rock, thy waves beneath me rolled,  
And pour forth from that solitary throne  
The Song, which, raised to thee, should catch thy thun-  
der-tone.

## XCV.

Farewell—my love is told—my Song is ended :  
How my soul opened when it first beheld  
Thy stormy forehead with the tempests blended !  
How in me, then, the infinite feeling swelled,  
By thy own overmastering power compelled :  
Thou wert to me a voiceful Oracle  
Unfolding mightiest truths, till then withheld :  
Even now—while lingering here—I own thy spell,  
As, turning slow, I bid thee, once again—farewell !

## XCVI.

The Lay hath ceased : companion, solace, friend,  
And cherished hope of years : how all too weak !  
Yet if to higher thoughts its musings tend :  
If it hath caught one grace from Art's fair cheek ;  
Or wooed thee in her solitudes to seek  
Inspiring Nature ; and if nearer be  
A hope—that to thy inner heart it speak,  
And waken there one noble sympathy ;  
Life hath not passed in vain—the Song shall live in  
thee !



## N O T E S.



## CANTO I.

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Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos . . . —HORACE.

Even as the bees from bower to bower,  
We quaff the sweets of many a flower.

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### III.

*Stand—for, unseen beneath, a world lies shrouded.*

The Scene might well be termed sublime, if any visible earthly pageant may really deserve that name. The entire world of landscape, extending from the base of the Apennine, was covered and filled up with one ridgy sea of Cloud, terminated, on the opposite side, by azure ranges of mountains, their pinnacles splitten into the most fantastic forms ; while, immediately beneath me, they silently broke in billows of gusty vapour.

What added—if anything could add—to the effect of this

solemn Spectacle on the mind—was its silence. “The more I reflect upon it,” says Goethe, in one of his happier moods, “the more it strikes me that there is something so idle, I could almost say buffoonish in *Talk*, that one is awe-stricken before the deep solemn *Silence of Nature*, as soon as one stands withdrawn into oneself, and confronted with her, before some massive wall of rock, or in the solitude of some venerable Mountain.” The silence of the mountains, rising into the very depths of heaven, and, above all, the silence of that shadowy yet most palpable looking Sea, whose waves seemed material, and which changed in perpetual fluctuation, had almost a spiritual effect, heightened, as it was, by the Sun, which, cloudless in the sky, converted the whole Ocean of Cloud beneath into a veil of luminous light, a floating glory.—JOURNAL.

## V.

*Lo—Life's true Isthmus :*

To Cowley, I believe, belongs the original of this noble image, which has been so often applied :

Vain, weak-built Isthmus, which dost proudly rise  
Up, betwixt two eternities.

## VIII.

*Athens of Italy ! I gaze on thee.*

Florence was the Athens of Italy. The genius displayed

by its citizens, the intelligence to be found in the mass of its people, the national character of generosity to protect the oppressed, raised the City above every other.—SISMONDI.

There is no point of view from which Florence is seen to more advantage than from the hill of St. Miniato, known, during the tenth century, as the King's Mountain. Previous to arriving at the ancient fortress, we pass on the road the Church of the Saviour of the Mount, beautifully embosomed among a group of cypresses.

The writer of this note recalls every spot of St. Miniato with delight, as all must do, who have explored its beautiful localities:—

“ I knew each lane, and every alley green  
 “ Dingle, or bushy dell,  
 “ And every bosky bourne from side to side,  
 “ *My daily walk and ancient neighbourhood !*”\*

## XII.

*O thou loved Land that still art Paradise !*

After three ages of misfortunes—those which, in overwhelming, degrade and debase also, one still hears pronounced nowhere, as in Italy, that fond and passionate exclamation, in which there is even more of religion than of love :

O Dio—com' è bello !

## XV.

*Thy Beauty which has been thy curse :*

The affecting and sublime sonnet of Filicaja will occur to

\* Masque of Comus.



the Italian reader, incorporated, as it is, for ever, among the stanzas of Childe Harold.

## XVI.

*Of those scarce less than Tyrants in their day.*

It has been justly observed that the decline of Tuscany may be dated from the sovereignty of the Medicis. Sidney gives a glowing picture of the melancholy peace which almost immediately succeeded: "In despite of all the  
"seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid  
"factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins, the Neri and Bian-  
"chi, the nobles and commons, they continued populous,  
"strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than  
"one hundred and fifty years, the *peaceable reign* of the Medicis  
"is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people  
"of that province."

The Riccardi Palace was the original residence of Cosmo de Medicis, and his descendants: an inscription over the entrance records his patriotism and his virtues.

## XVII.

*Left Hope, the seraph! sighing at its door:*

Allusion to his famous line placed over the gates of hell.

Politian has celebrated Fiesolè in some exquisite poetry, which the scholar will recal; but, in a far mightier example, who does not remember the name of Fiesolè interwoven with one of the very sublimest passages of Paradise Lost?

“ His ponderous shield . . . . .  
 . . . . . like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan Artist sees,  
 At evening from the top of Fiesolè.”

Fiesolè will always possess for the writer of this note the most gratifying remembrances, for it was there that he first became acquainted with a man whose name, at last, has become a familiar sound—Walter Savage Landor. All those who have the pleasure of knowing the Author of the “ Imaginary Conversations,” would find it difficult to decide which to estimate the highest—his writings, or his personal character.

## XVIII.

*That fairy Tower within its shadow nursed :*

The Campanilè—the most airy, fairy structure that ever rose from earth to heaven.

One man, the wonder of Cosmo’s age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast Dome of its Cathedral ; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely surpassed. It stood amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head ; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise,\* and the tall and richly

\* Enthusiastically termed “ the Gates of Heaven” by Michael Angelo.

decorated belfry of Giotto. — HALLAM'S LITERATURE OF EUROPE.

The banks of the Arno must acquire tenfold additional interest to him who remembers how the greatest of all Poets once trod them with a delight which he has so gratefully recorded. I felt this sentiment profoundly, whilst repeating his lines, when first I walked among the myrtles and poplars which flourished there, as they do now ;

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
Murmura, *populeumque* remus, quæ mollior herba,  
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere *myrtos*.

JOURNAL.

## XIX.

### *Forum of Florence !*

There is an *antique* character, a feudal and a venerable look about the Piazza del Gran' Duca, which, aided by its tower and statues, is imposing : we feel we are standing in the " Athens of Italy." The character of Tuscan architecture is that of simple grandeur ; the great architects of the Medicean age who built, not for a race of singers, but men, threw an air of Grecian grace round the old Etruscan palaces, without depriving them of their massive proportions and heavy projecting cornices.

## XX.

*'Tis Cosmo :*

Cosmo, the first who reigned in Florence, was accounted the happiest Prince of his age ;—*now* we can only pity his domestic calamities. Cosmo's second daughter married Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. Equally lovely as her sister, she, too, was equally unguarded, and shared the same fate of assassination, instigated by her own husband.

The unfortunate mother, the Grand Duchess Eleonora, buried herself and her griefs in the gardens of Pisa, and remained there in privacy with her two sons Don Garcia and the Cardinal John de Medicis, during January, in 1562. But the Destiny hanging over the family was present also here. During a shooting expedition, one of the brothers struck down a hare ; each claimed it ;—a quarrel ensued, in the heat of which, Don Garcia struck his dagger into his brother's heart. The Duchess, who almost adored the fratricide, after her first horror subsided, listened,—softened,—and finally—pardoned him. Confident in her influence to excite the same sentiments in Cosmo, she confessed the whole to him in the presence of her son. Cosmo heard nothing, so frantic was his wrath—and saw nothing but the fratricide before him—“ I will have no Cain in my family,” he exclaimed, unsheathing his sword, and, before either could take precaution, burying it in the body of his son. The mother and son were borne together to the same tomb.

## XXII.

*The idol of all Nations :*

So much has been said of the "Statue which enchants the world," that notes would be irrelevant. In the following extract, more is said in less compass, perhaps, than in anything which I have seen on the subject: *La Vénus mériterait que pour elle seule on vînt voir Florence, comme jadis on n'allait au temple de Gnide que pour y admirer la Vénus de Praxitèle. On dirait qu'elle est parmi les Vénus ce que Vénus fut parmi les Déesses. Tout ce que l'on pourrait dire sur cette incomparable statue serait insuffisant pour en donner une juste idée, et on est découragé quand on se propose d'en détailler les beautés. Plus on l'examine et plus on y reconnaît le chef-d'œuvre d'art de l'ancienne Grèce, on peut bien comparer la Vénus à celle de Praxitèle, dont l'expression et la vie étaient telles qu'Ovide disait qu'elle n'était immobile qu'à cause que la majesté divine l'exigeait.\** Matthew's remark on the Venus is simple, natural, and just: "It seems rather designed as a personification of all that is graceful and beautiful, abstracted from all human infirmities, and elevated above all human feelings and affections; for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of the angels, who are of no sex."

\* Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître :

Il l'est, le fut, ou *le doit être*.

## XXVII.

*The Niobè, the majesty of woe :*

“ The Niobè,” says Hazlitt, in one of his happier moments, “ more than any other antique head, combines truth and beauty with deep passion. But here the passion is fixed—intense—habitual ; it is not a sudden or violent gesticulation, but a settled mould of features ; the grief it expresses is such, as might almost turn the human countenance itself into marble.” A nobly *repressed* feeling, visible only in the fixed resolve of the soul and mastering of sorrow, is the true and the only proper expression in sculpture. Grief alone seems to be admissible in its deepest pathos.

## XXIX.

*Behold light Hermes—Messenger of heaven :*

“ On voit le messager de Jupiter dans l’attitude des élaner dans les airs, appuyant légèrement le pied *sur le souffle* d’un Zephyr. Ses membres sont si bien proportionnés, si dégagés, et sa figure si bien en equilibrio, *qu’il paraît vraiment devoir se détacher de la terre, et se dérober aux yeux du spectateur.*” This is gracefully expressed, but I believe that no one ever looked on this consummate piece of sculpture without wishing it were not of bronze, but marble.

## XXXVII.

*Sole mind that soared to triad Deity !*

In a fragment of Archytas the Pythagorean, cited by

Taylor, from whose school Plato derived his philosophy, the following extraordinary passage, as it has been justly deemed, occurs :

“ So that it is necessary to assert that there are three  
 “ principles ; that which is the subject of things (or matter)  
 “ —that which is form—and that which is, of itself, mo-  
 “ tive, and invisible in power ; with respect to the last  
 “ of which, it is not only necessary that it should have a  
 “ subsistence, *but that it should be something better than intel-*  
 “ *lect.* But that which is better than intellect, is evidently  
 “ the same with that which we denominate—God.”

### XXXIX.

#### *Still, guide and light to us ;*

In the vain science of metaphysics, whose very *name* carries its own confutation, no single progressive step has been made during the space of three thousand years. Locke's innate ideas, Berkeley's visions, Hume's impressions, and all the wilder reveries of the German School, originate, are compounded, and modified from Plato and Aristotle alone. He who confesses a higher tradition of truth, is following in the steps of Plato ; and he who adopts the course of *reason* and experience, will find it difficult to advance beyond Aristotle. Among our Poets, in the sublimer parts of Childe Harold, how much does its noble author owe to his Platonic remembrances ! Numerous passages in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry derive a tone from the same source : his “ Ode of



Intimations," indeed, is a transcript from the same transcendent Original.

Many of the finest things in Milton are drawn from Plato; the whole *idea* of the following, almost to the words, is taken from the Phædo :

The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Embodies and imbrutes, till *she* quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are *those thick and gloomy shadows damp,*  
*Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres*  
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,  
*As loth to leave the body that it loved,*  
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

And that he, Prophet of Truth as he was, looked up to and revered "the divine Plato," and could openly avow it, those solemn and sublime lines in Il Penseroso testify well :

But let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely Tower :  
 Where I might oft outwatch the Bear ;  
 With thrice great Hermes : *or unsphere*  
*The Spirit of Plato, to unfold*  
*What world, or what vast regions hold*  
*The immortal Mind, that hath forsook*  
*Her mansion in this fleshly nook !*

I must again quote from the same surely inspired source : " The assertion is an ancient one, that souls depart-



“ing from hence exist in Hades ;\* and that they again return  
 “hither, and are generated from the dead. And if living  
 “natures be regenerated from the dead, can there be any  
 “other consequence than that our souls are there ? for they  
 “could not be again generated if they had no subsistence ;  
 “and this will be a sufficient argument that these things *are*  
 “so.”—THE PHÆDO.

“We should undertake everything,” says this divine writer, “to gain Virtue, *for the reward is beautiful, and the*  
 “*hope mighty* : and it is necessary to allure ourselves with  
 “such things, as with enchantments.”

From the minds of others we build up our own—they are the ascending steps ; the beautiful sentiment of Plato suggested an after image which, perhaps, may be worth embodying :

Allure yourself

With Virtue, as with an Enchantress ; picture  
 Her awful presence like a Queen enthroned,

\* “By the appellation *αἰδῆς*, (Hades,) the *multitude* appear to conceive  
 “the same as *αἰδῆς*, *i.e.* obscure and dark, and that, being terrified at this  
 “name, they called him Pluto. We ought, then, not to denominate  
 “*αἰδῆς* from *αἰδῆς*, dark and invisible, but much rather from a knowledge  
 “of all beautiful things.”—CRATYLUS OF PLATO.

“Those Dialogues,” says an accomplished writer in the Quarterly,  
 “which we have heard one of the most learned statesmen of our day, and  
 “at the same time one of its sincerest Christians, call with reverence the  
 “most beautiful book in the world, after the Bible.”—QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
 No. cxxii. 1838.

Watching your efforts in Life's mortal race :  
 The rays of heaven descending on her head :  
 The laurel in her hand ; and Happiness,  
 Like a young cherub, sleeping at her feet !

## XXXVI.

*The dancing Fawn—he cannot hide his joy.*

L'opinion commune l'attribue à Praxitèle, plutôt sur la perfection de l'ouvrage, que sur aucune preuve certaine. Il respire la gaieté, et la légèreté. If anything could add to the idea impressed on us of Michael Angelo's Protean powers it is the reflection that the head and arms of this statue are his restorations ; their style, says the critic, "est " si semblable, qu'il semble impossible que toute la Statue " ne soit du même artiste."

## XXXVII.

*The severed head of the Medusa lies.*

The only notice I have ever seen of this impressive Picture is given in a Tour through Italy, lightly and gracefully written by the author of "Vathek." Da Vinci was more than a painter. "The discoveries which have made " Galileo, and Kepler, and other names illustrious, the system " of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologers, are " anticipated by Da Vinci within the compass of a few pages, " not in the most precise language, or in the most conclusive " reasoning, but so as to strike us with something of the awe " of preternatural knowledge. Leonardo himself speaks of " the earth's annual motion in a treatise that appears to have

“ been written about 1510, as the opinion of many philosophers in his age.”

“ We must add,” concludes the Quarterly Reviewer, that “ the authorities adduced by Mr. Hallam fully bear out this “ splendid eulogy.”

### XLIII.

#### *The embodied Voice within the wilderness.*

The lovers of art who frequent the Tribune are not, perhaps, aware, that a set of hirelings are employed, under “ the leaden Austrian,” to *preserve* and to give reports of the state of the pictures. One may imagine the devastation which these harpies create wherever they alight ; they, being paid so much for every new scouring. In the Tribune, for example, there are two pictures of Venus by Titian : the one is still worthy of that great master ; the other has been *scoured*, and, as a matter of course, all the finest and most delicate touches wasted away, she appears like a coarse courtesan. I saw another fine picture of Allori’s totally ruined. The works of Raffaëlle have been respected as yet. The St. John in question, surely one of the finest works the world ever beheld, remains untouched, looking as if *he* had left it yesterday : but how long will this remain ? It is not spared from tradition or from *feeling*—its turn has not yet arrived.

“ Some of his pictures,” says Lanzi, “ as this St. John, “ have been repeated three, five, and even ten times ; thus,

“ Raffaelle prepared the design, Julio painted the picture,  
 “ leaving, however, to his master the last finishing touches,  
 “ which he did with such exquisite nicety, that sometimes  
 “ one might almost count the hairs of the head;—then  
 “ they were copied by his scholars, and these copies were  
 “ again retouched either by the master or by Julio Romano.  
 “ No one, however, at all conversant with the freedom and  
 “ softness of Raffaelle’s manner need fear confounding him  
 “ with any of his school.”

## XLIV.

*The Day and Night, sublimest Angelo !*

The rough unadornment, and the look of antique majesty in the Statue of the Day, fills the beholder with the impression of the sublime ; his attitude and general expression, given in the text, will convey, I fear, even to those who have beheld the group, but a faint impression of the original.

## XLVII.

*Behold the tomb where Galileo’s Spirit :*

“ For my name and memory,” says Galileo, “ I leave it  
 “ to men’s charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to  
 “ the next ages.” Castelli, recording his blindness, exclaims,  
 “ The noblest eye is darkened which nature ever made,—an  
 “ eye so privileged, and gifted with such rare qualities, that  
 “ it may with truth be said to have seen more than all these

“ who are gone, and to have opened the eyes of all who are  
“ to come.”

What a lesson of sublime resignation he himself teaches in speaking of his misfortune :—“ Alas ! your dear friend  
“ and servant, Galileo, has become totally and irreparably  
“ blind : so that this heaven, this earth, this universe, which  
“ with wonderful observation I had enlarged an hundred and  
“ a thousand times beyond the belief of bygone ages,  
“ henceforward for me is shrunk into the narrow space which  
“ I myself fill in it. *So it pleased God—it shall therefore*  
“ *please me also !*” What an example, and from what a man !

Milton was in Italy in the year 1638—“ and there,” says he, “ I found and visited *the famous Galileo*, grown old, and  
“ a prisoner in the Inquisition.” What a fine “ Imaginary  
Conversation” might be formed between these two “ fore-  
most men of all the age”—a conversation on which the stamp  
of *reality* might be fixed by the powerful impress of Mr.  
Landon !

Galileo was born on the day on which Michael Angelo died ; and he died on the day in which Sir Isaac Newton was born : thus philosophy rose from her ruins on the ruin of the arts.

#### XLIX.

*Happier than Angelo, whose dust lies near :*

The establishment of four primitive schools embraces likewise the golden age of Painting. How brief was the reign of

lofty genius! The same individual might have lived with all the masters;—" he might have survived them all; be-  
 " holding the art in its infancy and in its manhood, he might  
 " have witnessed also its decline, and yet have viewed all this  
 " within the ordinary span of existence. The same brevity  
 " in the duration of excellence existed also in the arts of  
 " Greece. Is it, then, the fate of the human spirit, like hu-  
 " man institutions, to fall away immediately on attaining a  
 " degree of perfection? or rather, is not this evidence of  
 " powers which shall *hereafter* expand, grow, and unfold their  
 " activities—here on earth chilled, and cramped and broken?"

#### MEMES' HISTORY OF PAINTING.

It appeared more advisable to throw various anecdotes of Michael Angelo under one head, than to diffuse them in parts; nor do I think that the notices will be found lengthened; for, to whom they are familiar, their recollection will be pleasing; and surely they will be found interesting to those who have not met them before.

The first group done by Michael Angelo in bas relief is still to be seen at the house of the descendant of this illustrious man, who resides in the Via Ghibellina, Florence. The subject was suggested to him by Politian—the Battle of the Centaurs—and the whole position of the bodies is a contest with the sculptor against the most pronounced difficulties; but, among many incorrections, there are marks in it of admirable genius. Michael Angelo, when in his old age, observed to those around him, while looking at this his first essay, that he felt a mortal chagrin in not having devoted himself wholly to sculpture.

There are many anecdotes which mark in Michael Angelo that thorough knowledge of what he was, that high self-respect, and that uncompromising independence of character, all of which are the certain indications of the master mind. Pope Julius II. had ordered him to address himself directly to him, at all times when he needed money for the carrying on the work of his Mausoleum. The remains of the marbles left at Carrera were arrived at the quay of the Tiber; Buonarrotti had them disembarked, transported them to the place of St. Peter, and then mounted to the Vatican to demand the silver required to pay the sailors. They told him that his Holiness was not to be seen: he did not press the interview, but went away. Some days afterwards he again returned to the palace. As he traversed the antechamber, a valet barred the passage, and told him that he could not pass. A bishop, who by chance stood by, hastened to reprove the man, and demanded of him if he knew *to whom* he spoke. "It is precisely because I *do* know very well to whom I speak, that I do not allow him to pass," answered the valet—"I acquit myself only of my orders." "And you will tell the Pope mine also," replied Michael Angelo, slowly retiring, "which are, if henceforth he desires to see me, he will send to find me." On that evening he left Rome, and slept at Poggibonzi, a village some few leagues from Florence; and it required all the efforts and entreaties of the Pope to recal him. Their first reconciliation is so singular, that I cannot resist one more extract from the work, which has so much of interest.\* The scene occurred at Bologna. Julius II. was



at table when his couriers conducted Buonarotti to his presence. On seeing him enter, he cried out in a transport of wrath—"Thou oughtest to have come to us, but thou hast waited until we should come to search for thee!" Michael Angelo remained on his knees, and demanded pardon with a loud voice. "My fault has not arisen from an evil nature, but from a sentiment of indignation: I have not been able to support the insults they offered me in the palace of your Holiness."

Julius remained pensive, without replying to him; his head bent down, and his whole appearance discomposed; when a bishop, sent by the Cardinal Soderini, brother of the Gonfalonier, in order to make up the misunderstanding, broke the silence by representing that Michael Angelo had erred through ignorance; that all artists, presuming too much on their genius, were always thus—on which the impetuous Julius, interrupting him *with a sharp stroke of his cane*, cried—"Thou tellest him the injuries which we do not tell him ourselves; it is thou who art ignorant; take thyself away from my sight!" and as the officious prelate, in his perplexity, did not hasten to obey the mandate, the valets of the place, by dint of *pushing* and *fisty-cuff's*, drove him from the presence. Julius, having exhaled his choler, gave his blessing to Michael Angelo; made him approach his couch, and commanded him never again to leave him, excepting with express orders from himself.

It was the enemies of Michael Angelo who urged Julius II. to make him paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in



the Vatican. They knew that if he accepted not the office, he would alienate from him the Pope; and that if he attempted those immense frescos, he must necessarily fall beneath Raphael, which great painter was then employed on the Vatican chambers, hardly twenty paces from the Sistine Chapel. Buonarotti saw the snare, and at last dared it; he hired the best fresco painters from Florence; learned for the first time their art; buried himself for twenty months in the chapel; and left it, at the age of thirty-seven, an inimitable specimen of art, and in a line which he had never chosen.

There is a wonderful similarity between the minds of Buonarotti and of Dante. Had the sculptor written a poem, he would have created a Count Ugolino; had the poet been a sculptor, he would have created Moses. No man ever loved and revered Virgil more than Dante; few have less copied him. No sculptor revered the antique more than Michael Angelo; no one has less imitated it in his works. Like Dante, the sculptor gives no feeling of pleasure; the imagination is too much strained to embrace his Titanic creations. On turning from "the Moses," or from "the Day," any softer object becomes grateful to repose on; it raises one from a sort of stupor. The force of our impressions has mounted to pain; their relaxation is a species of delight. The pride of the sculptor is as unbending and as inflexible as that which is represented so powerfully in the finest specimen of his genius—in the frowning Moses, when he seems to be exclaiming to the nations—"Think of your own interests—

“ behold the God of Israel, who comes upon you in his vengeance !”

I cannot resist quoting another extract made, while at Florence, from a curious and quaint book written in the sixteenth century, by an eye-witness ; he describes the sculptor at his labours :—

“ I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo, at the age of sixty, and with a body announcing weakness, make fly about more chips of marble in a quarter of an hour than would three of the strongest young sculptors in an hour ; a thing almost incredible to him who has not beheld. He went to it with such impetuosity and fury of manner, that I feared, almost every moment, to see the block split into pieces. Each stroke made fly about him chips of three or four fingers in thickness, and he applied his chisel so near to the extremest line of contour, that if the piece driven out had advanced in the slightest degree, all had been lost. It would seem as if, inflamed with the idea of greatness which had seized him, this great man attacked with a sort of fury the marble which concealed the statue.”\*

In his sixty-ninth year Michael Angelo was employed in his last work—a colossal group of The Deposition from the Cross, which he intended to present to some church, on the condition of its being placed on his tomb. This group, among which the figure of Christ only is finished, was placed in the cathedral of Florence, where it still remains behind the great altar. It is the most touching of all his works.

\* Blaise de Vigenère, *Images de Philostrates*, 855.

The Florentines had done better to have fulfilled the last request of this great man. It would have been a far more characteristic tomb for him, and far more noble, than that under which he reposes in Santa Crocè.

Any comparison between Raffaele and Michael Angelo is irrelevant ; as forced and unnatural an alliance as that between Painting and Sculpture. Raffaele was formed to express the living beautiful, the gentle, the tranquil, the affectionate, in their every phase of change, in their every hue, and light, and shadow of glory and expression. His genius bore him on like a stream, leaving, Nile-like, images of fertility, of richness, and of the noblest forms of grace and beauty along its course. The other, the Æschylus of Sculpture, represented man as he should be, not as he *is*. No traces of ordinary humanity are perceptible in his creations : all are forms of power of another era ; of an elder time ; immovable in their dignity, unshaken in their repose ; beings who possess an endurance which nothing could overthrow ; created to awe, to elevate, to abstract, to inspire.

Like Æschylus, he, too, dwelt among Titans : the one embodied his Strength and Force ; the other, the Poet of the Marble, those sublime abstractions, the Moses—the Day and the Night.

The mind of Michael Angelo was always on the stretch ; he ever tasked its powers to the uttermost. If he portrayed human beings, they must be, as in the Sistine, Prophets in converse with the Eternal ; or the inspired Moses, whose frowning look was denunciation. If he threw his mind upon

architecture, unable to excel the Ancients, where he found the Perfect, he could still fulfil his sublime boast ; and, when called on to finish St. Peter's, he could still show his *equality* of power, by raising the dome of the Pantheon, and suspending its foundation in the air.

“ I will take the Dome of the Pantheon,” said Michael Angelo, with that lofty confidence of power that never yet deceived the man who feels it—“ and I will hang it upon the air.” He acted—and the cupola of St. Peter's became one of the wonders of the world.

We contemplate the pictures of Raffaëlle as we should contemplate revealed Paradise, where the Angels, the Saints, and the Virgin, are visibly manifested ; and where the Transfiguration itself is brought before our eye ; forms of divine expression and of angelic purity encountering us at every step.

We look up to the fame of Michael Angelo, as to some gigantic and isolated cliff, naked, grand, unadorned, and fixed in its eternity of elevation ; to endure, when, perhaps, the divine forms and landscapes which flourished for ages round its base, shall have faded away from their more perishable canvass for ever.—JOURNAL.

### L.

*Lonely, a wreck in age, thou didst shed tears :*

Previous to his death, Michael Angelo had survived all his rivals. Sangallo, the architect of St. Peter's, had died

in 1514, and, the greatest of all, Raffaele, had fallen in his prime, during the year 1520. He had overcome all the intrigues which beset his youth. But the victory was mournful; in losing his rivals he had lost also his judges; he found himself standing alone in the world; and we still have recorded, the fond and passionate eulogy which he made on Bramante. What *are*, indeed, the hopes and triumphs of man? How little is his foresight, how, less than all, his self-knowledge, or of that which should most conduce to his own happiness! In the pride of youth, and in the confidence of unbounded powers, what reply would Angelo have made, had he been told, when working in the Sistine within twenty paces of the rival whom he was straining every nerve to excel in his own line, that the day would full surely arrive when *he* should shed tears for Bramante, and even for Raffaele himself?

## LII.

### *Sits Dante throned :*

Nothing can be more imposing than the whole appearance of the colossal tomb of Dante, in Santa Crocè, crowned by his statue in a recumbent attitude—done by Ricci. At the first glance, we quote, involuntarily, the sublime passage of Milton, which it seems formed to illustrate :—

High on a throne of royal state.

The inscription beneath is a single line from his own poem :—

Onorate l'altissimo Poeta.

The Academy of Florence sent deputies to Leo X., praying him to restore to their Country the ashes of the great Florentine, which are still at Ravenna; and here is the earnest signature of Michael Angelo:—"I, Michael Angelo, Sculptor, address the same prayer to your Holiness, offering to make for the divine Poet a Monument which shall be worthy of him."

## LII.

*Hate drove him forth from Florence :*

Dante's last and happiest residence was at Ravenna with Guido Novella Polenta. Here he enjoyed real repose, and became the friend rather than the dependant of his enlightened and virtuous protector. But this felicity endured not long: failing in an important embassy to procure peace with the Venetians, the grief of having been unable to serve his friend and benefactor preyed on his mind, and so seriously affected him, that he died soon after at the age of fifty-six. Guido Novello performed his obsequies with great magnificence, and interred his remains before the gate of the Church of the Minor Friars at Ravenna, habited in the "garb of a poet and philosopher. After his death, the city of Florence, desirous of possessing the sacred reliques of the great poet they had expelled and despoiled while living, made many vain overtures to the inhabitants of Ravenna to give them up: but the spirit of Dante seemed to speak from his tomb, and to exclaim with the indignation of the hero of ancient Rome—



“ Ungrateful country, my bones shall not rest with thee.”

The acute Forsyth has drawn analogies between Shakspeare and Dante, which have the energy of Johnson without turgidity :—“ Finding their native tongues without system “ or limit, each formed another language within his own : a “ language peculiar as their Creator’s. Both have stood the “ obliterating waste of ages : have seen younger styles grow “ old and disappear ; have survived all the short-lived fopperies of literature, and flourish now in unabated fashion, “ inviting and resisting ten thousand imitations.”

To name Dante, however, or any other human being in the same breath with Shakspeare, the *super*-human, is vain and irrelevant—all other writers, in whatsoever grade they may be, when compared to him, are *material* : he, alone, is the *Immaterial*. Least of all, perhaps, should Dante be named against him, for, had the *Æneid* *not* been, where had been the *Inferno* ? Thus he himself addresses Virgil :

Thou art *the guide and master of my thought* :  
*Sole author* thou, from whom the inspired strain  
 That crowns my name with deathless praise, I brought.\*

## LVII.

*Then, when these hills in fires volcanic blazed :*

The Apennines surrounding Florence, from their peculiar conical shapes, and from the nature of their strata, have been considered by geologists to bear incontestable marks of volcanic eruption.

## LX.

*How the air breathes on me :*

These Stanzas were composed in the little garden behind the Convent-church of St. Miniato, on one of those glorious spring-days which only Italy can produce, when sky, air, and earth, are one harmony ; and when the *feeling* of existence itself is a crowning and ineffable blessing ! Perhaps the famous lines in the Prometheus occurred to me, which, after the opening of the third book of Paradise Lost, is surely the most sublime apostrophe ever poured forth from Man to Nature. Ω δῖος αἰθρῆρ, &c.

A paraphrase is subjoined which might convey some faint idea of the original ; the ἀνηριθῶν γελασηα is, however, untranslatable :

Ethereal Air ! and ye soft-wingèd Winds !  
 Ye Rivers, springing from fresh founts, ye Waves  
 That o'er interminable Ocean wreath  
 Your azure smiles !—all-generating Earth !  
 All-seeing Sun—on you—on you I call !

## LXVI.

*When barbaric hordes over Europe rolled :*

“ How rich in virtue was Italy,” says Sismondi, “ in the  
 “ twelfth century ! when covered with republics, and when  
 “ every city simultaneously fought for freedom ! The pro-  
 “ digies of this first-born of the fine arts—Florence—multi-

\* Quoted from Quarterly Review.



“ plied in Italy : a pure taste, boldness, and grandeur struck  
 “ the eye in all the public monuments, and finally reached  
 “ even private dwellings ; while the princes of France,  
 “ Germany, and England, in building their castles, seemed  
 “ to think only of defence. About the same time, Cimabue  
 “ and Giotto revived the art of painting, Cosella music, and  
 “ Dante gave to Italy his divine poem, unequalled in suc-  
 “ ceeding generations. History was written by Villani ; and  
 “ Italy, ennobled by liberty, enlightened nations till then  
 “ sunk in darkness.”

## LXX.

*Ere called on to descend from that pure height.*

Allusion to the exquisitely beautiful doctrines of Plato—  
 as developed in the Phædo. “ We are sunk down from the  
 “ Stars, to dwell on earth as in a prison-house ; hence, the  
 “ origin of our misery and depravity, It is only by rising  
 “ above animal passions, and from sensible objects to the  
 “ World of Intelligence, the Soul can be prepared to return  
 “ to its original habitation.”

## LXXVI.

*Dark Vallombrosa ! to thy hallowed ground :*

The courteous reception accorded to strangers who visit  
 Vallombrosa is still the same as when it drew forth the  
 praise of Ariosto.

. . . . . Vallombrosa  
 Così fu nominata una badia

*Ricca e bella, un omen religiosa,  
E cortese a chiunque vi venia.*

The wildness and the beauty of the Vallombrosian scenery impress the most indifferent observer. The plain where the Abbey stands, embosomed in the Apennines, lies open to the western sun, elsewhere enclosed by a simicirque of mountains. Their acclivities, feathered mid-way with forests of fir, oak, and beech, open on glades which break their uniformity, while the grassy downs along their summits command the Arno, and its storied vale, Florence, and the Camaldoli. The sound of the wind among those grey forest trees, venerable and splintered with the storms of perhaps a thousand years, is solemn and awakening; and the waste channels of wintry torrents, clogged up with the fragments of trees, and rifted rocks hurled down from overhanging heights, add to the sublime impression.

But, to the reflective mind, the Master Poet who has stamped the place for ever in his lines—who drew from it images that will endure for ever as freshly as yesterday, although Vallombrosa itself were swallowed up and forgotten, is for ever present:

He called  
His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced  
*Thick as autumnal leaves that strewed the brooks*  
*In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,*  
*High over-arched, imbower;*

The whole *Scenery* for the Masque of Comus was drawn from hence, and some of the most magnificent imagery that

fills the first and perhaps sublimer Book of *Paradise Lost*—a book which nothing but a higher Inspiration could have embodied, so utterly is its range beyond the powers of ordinary Mind. I shall be thanked for recalling one example in which it is impossible to decide which is the more sublime—the subject, or the illustrating simile :

Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung  
For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood  
Their glory withered ! *as when Heaven's fire*  
*Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,*  
*With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,*  
*Stands on the blasted heath.*

Impressive images, that are everywhere presented on the barren heights of Vallombrosa.

#### LXXXIX.

*As, while I gazing stand, yon Mountain's form :*

The pure and eloquent language of Mr. Bell in his “ Observations,” applies well to *the plains*, but how often travellers appear to forget the grander features of Italy—her Mountains ! a truth, however, which all acknowledge on returning through Switzerland, when heights, there, which were before thought so imposing, sink into comparative insignificance.

And yet in the grandeur of the Italian Mountains consists their least part of superiority ; it is in that last refinement

of beauty and expression which they possess ; it is in their hues, in the purity and balmy softness of the atmosphere, from which they draw half their character.

Other Mountains of the earth have, also, their hours of expression, in their Storms, their Clouds, and their sunshine ; but these seem a very part of the Empyrean in which they lie almost for ever buried ; we feel that there is a pervading harmony reigning among them : the *Soul* of Nature seems stamped on their features, responding to that which fills and animates all Space : in the sublimest language of the great Hebrew Poet,—“They have neither speech nor language, *but their Voices are heard among them !*”

Other Mountains are the rugged but magnificent steps where the soul aspires to meet its Maker ; these, also, are Altars to the same Being—not in his attributes of Power, but of Love : the eye dwells upon them fondly ; while the heart, ascending in imagination to their summits, pours itself away in orisons.—JOURNAL.

## LXXXVI.

*Doth not thy mind their types already tell ?*

The manifold effects which the sublimer localities of Italy, such as Vallombrosa, Fiesolè, Vesuvius, &c., in building up the mind of Milton, are felt by the reflective beholder. This subject is again touched on in Notes to Canto V.

## LXXXVII.

*This is the Vale of Shade.*

Vallombrosa, i. e. the Valley of Shadow ; the lines to Milton, being extraneous to the Poem, naturally fell into a different rhythm.

## LXXXVIII.

. . . *inner rays were given.*

“ In the whole history of literature there is no passage more egotistical or *less* selfish than the following :

“ For the world, I count it not as an inn, but an hospital :  
 “ and a place not to live, but die in. The world that I regard is myself. It is the microcosm of mine own frame  
 “ that I cast my eye on : for the other, I use it, but like my  
 “ globe, and turn it round for my recreation. Men that  
 “ look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas, his  
 “ shoulders.”

Here follows the high excuse for this lofty self-exaltation :

“ The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens  
 “ above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us.  
 “ The mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my  
 “ mind. That surface that tells the heavens they have an  
 “ end, cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to  
 “ be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number  
 “ of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my

“mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or  
“little world, I find myself something more than great.”

“There is surely a piece of divinity to us—something that  
“was before the elements, and owing no homage unto the sun.  
“*He that understands not thus much, hat hnot his introductions*  
“*or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man!*”

JOHN MILTON.

#### XCIV.

*But then, as when before the gates of Death.*

Dormir dans la couche de ses pères—Témoignage de l'inextinguible amour de la patrie. On le nierait en vain—il y a sympathie, il y a affinité entre l'homme et la terre dont il fut formé, dont il est sorti. Il est bien, il est doux de lui, rapporter à sa place ce peu de poussière qu'on lui a emprunté pour quelques jours. *Faites que je donne aussi O mon Dieu ! dans la terre, et auprès de la poussière de mes pères !* Such is La Martine :—how affecting is the eloquence which comes from the heart !

#### XCV.

*Once, seat of a time-honoured Ancestry :*

Barton-Court, near Abingdon, Berkshire ; it was burnt to the ground by a Parliamentary party, having been held, until no longer tenable, by Sir Reginald Reade, with a band of devoted retainers : the ruins are still distinctly traced.

## XCVIII.

*On the rent deck by giant force o'erpowered.*

Allusion to the capture of our frigates by the American line of battle ships during, let us fervently hope, the *last* war that ever shall take place between two great countries; speaking the same language, of the same blood, and with minds humanised and enlightened by the same arts and sciences. A strife as unnatural as that between the father and the son: the one, asserted his authoritative sway beyond minority: the other, first appealed, then nobly resisted, and finally—triumphed: the law of natural freedom and right was recognised, and at length revered —*Esto perpetua* !

## XCIX.

*But sun-like Freedom sits upon thy shore !*

The following burst of eloquence from Curran was communicated to me by a literary friend, to whom I am not a little indebted :

“ I speak, my lords, in the spirit of the British Law,  
 “ which makes Liberty commensurate with and inseparable  
 “ from the British soil : which proclaims to the stranger and  
 “ the sojourner, the moment he sets foot on British ground,  
 “ that the earth he treads is holy and consecrated by the  
 “ Genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what  
 “ language his doom may have been pronounced ; no matter  
 “ in what disastrous battle his liberties may have been  
 “ cloven down ! no matter what African sun may have burnt



“ upon him ; no matter with what ceremonies he may have  
 “ been devoted upon the Altar of Slavery—the instant that  
 “ he touches the sacred shore of BRITAIN, the Altar and the  
 “ god sink together to the dust ! *his soul walks abroad in*  
 “ *her own majesty ! his body swells beyond the measure of*  
 “ *his chains that burst from around him, and he stands re-*  
 “ *deemed—regenerated—disenthralled !*” I can recal nothing  
 from Demosthenes or Cicero that can claim one moment’s  
 comparison with this affecting, this magnificent piece of elo-  
 quence and passion.\*

## C.

. . . . *How it trembles while it turns to thee ;*

Bella Italia, amate sponde !

Pur vi torno à riveder.

Trema in petto e si confonde

L'alma oppressa dal piacer !

MONTI.

\* It is worth our observance, in all overflowings of the mind, when borne on by its enthusiasm, how the strict rules of composition are as fearlessly as they are happily violated. Genius forms its own language ; its march is everlasting progression, guided by the light of its own Star ; it creates and forces for itself a path through difficulties which to more timid minds appear insuperable, and in which so few dare to follow.

In the noble passage cited, we have the soul represented as both masculine and feminine at the same time : who dwells on it ? who would resolve these lightnings of the mind to the servile test of metaphoric laws ?



## CANTO II.

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### IV.

*With the red Sun's last glory o'er them dying !*

It is impossible for any imagination to exaggerate the appearance of Venice, as seen from the sea, when lying under the last hues of an Italian twilight ; for, even in Italy, the sunsets of Venice are proverbial. As, when standing within the crater of Vesuvius, or on the “ burning marle” of Solfaterra, or on “ the top of Fiesolè,” or buried amidst the “ Etrurian shades” of Vallombrosa, we see and feel the true sources of half the sublimities and inspirations of the divine Milton,—so, at the first sight of a Venetian sunset, we understand how the spirit of their hues must have entered into and impregnated themselves with the very soul of Titian.

### V.

*Where silence reigns.*

Poor Shelley—a name which *should* have been recorded in brass, which is “ written in water,” seems to have loved Venice as much as Maddalo (Lord Byron) detested it.

If I had been an unconnected man,  
 I from this moment should have formed the plan  
 Never to leave fair Venice: for to me  
 It was delight to ride by the lone sea;  
 And then the town is silent.

After the publication of "Cain the Wanderer," the writer of this note received, on the same day, gratifying letters from Goëthe, and from Coleridge. A passage from the latter is so characteristic of that extraordinary man, and so full of his peculiar *humanity*, that I feel I shall be thanked for preserving it; nor will Dr. Southey be displeased at the high testimony borne towards him:

"I think as highly of Shelley's Genius—yea, and of his *Heart*—as you can do. Soon after he left Oxford, he went to the Lakes, poor fellow! and with some wish, I have understood, to see me; but I was absent, and Southey received him instead. Now, the very reverse of what would have been the case in ninety-nine instances of a hundred, I *might* have been of use to him, and Southey could not; for I should have sympathised with his poetico-metaphysical Reveries, (and the very word metaphysics is an abomination to Southey,) and Shelley would have felt that I understood him. His Atheism would not have scared *me*—for *me*, it would have been a semi-transparent Larva, soon to be *sloughed*, and, through which, I should have seen the true *Image*; the final metamorphosis. Besides, I have ever thought *that* sort of Atheism the next best religion to Christianity—nor does the better

“ faith, I have learnt from Paul and John, interfere with the  
 “ cordial reverence I feel for Benedict Spinoza. As far as  
 “ Robert Southey was concerned with him, I am quite cer-  
 “ tain that his harshness arose entirely from the frightful  
 “ reports that had been made to him respecting Shelley’s  
 “ moral character and conduct—reports essentially false,  
 “ but, for a man of Southey’s strict regularity and habitual  
 “ self-government, rendered plausible by Shelley’s own wild  
 “ words and horror of hypocrisy.” The rest of the letter  
 is a beautiful tribute to the Poems of his distinguished  
 Friend ; those Poems, which surely he is fortunate in hav-  
 ing lived to set his last hand to ; and which must endure as  
 long as Poetry and Nature are allied together.

## VI.

*When her devoted bands*

*Of patriots :*

It appears to have been in the year 402, says Conder in his Compilation, when Alaric, descending from the Julian Alps, spread desolation before him, that the small islands of the Venetian Gulph were first peopled by any considerable body of refugees from the neighbouring Continent. When Rome was taken and sacked shortly after, many of its wealthy inhabitants here sought an asylum ; and each subsequent invasion of Barbarians added to their numbers.

“ Rialto, the chief of these,” says the anonymous but excellent writer of “ Sketches of Venetian History,” “ had long  
 “ served as a port to Padua. All else was barren, desolate

“ and uncultivated ; but the safety which they might have  
 “ vainly sought on a soil richly indebted to Nature, was to be  
 “ found by them, if anywhere, amid this wilderness of  
 “ waters.”

## VIII.

*Daughter of Rome ! of thy great Sire, sole heir.*

“ Venice,” using Sismondi, “ witnessed the long agony and  
 “ termination of the Roman empire ; in the west, the birth  
 “ of the French power, when Clovis conquered Gaul ; the  
 “ rise and fall of the Ostrogoths in Italy ; of the Visigoths  
 “ in Spain ; of the Lombards, who succeeded to the first ; of  
 “ the Saracens, who dispossessed the second. Venice saw  
 “ the empire of the Khalifs rise, threaten to invade the  
 “ world, divide and decay. Long the ally of the Byzantine  
 “ emperors, she, by turns, succoured and oppressed them :  
 “ she carried off trophies from their capital, she shared their  
 “ provinces, and joined to her titles that of the mistress of a  
 “ fourth and a half of the Roman empire. She saw the  
 “ Eastern empire fall, and the ferocious Mussulman rise on  
 “ its ruins. She saw the French monarchy give way ; and,  
 “ alone, immovable, this proud Republic contemplated the  
 “ kingdoms and the nations which passed before her. But,  
 “ after all the rest, she sank in her turn, and the state which  
 “ linked the present to the past, and joined the two epochs  
 “ of the civilisation of the universe, has ceased to exist.”

## IX.

. . . *Thou, the Italian League supreme*  
*Didst head, regenerator of Italy !*

When the Emperor Barbarossa felt himself strong enough to re-enter Italy, the Venetians again adopted their wise and ancient policy of discouraging, so far as in them lay, the establishment of so dangerous a Power in their own neighbourhood. For this purpose they united themselves to the League of the Lombard cities against him, though not until they had boldly asserted the cause of Alexander III. did they involve themselves in positive hostilities.

Humbled on all sides, Barbarossa was anxious to treat, and it was decreed that the claims of the Lombard Cities, and the settlement of the Pontificate, should be ratified at Venice. On June 24th the Emperor landed on the *Piazza* of St. Mark, when the Doge, with all state, receiving him, escorted him on to the Cathedral. There, surrounded with all his ecclesiastical pomp, Alexander, severely tranquil, awaited the approach of his no longer formidable enemy. The Emperor, as he drew near, uncovered his head, cast aside his purple mantle, and prostrating himself before the Holy Father's throne, crept onward, that he might kiss his feet. The wrongs of twenty years flashed across the remembrance of the Pope, and he may be forgiven if, in a moment so trying to self-restraint, he was unable to suppress his strong feeling of exultation. Placing his foot on the neck of the prostrate Emperor, he repeated the words of

David :—" Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder ; the  
 " young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy  
 " feet !"

" It is not to *you*, it is to St. Peter !" murmured the indignant Prince, and the reply cost him a yet further humiliation ; Alexander trod a second time more firmly upon his neck, exclaiming, " It is both to me and to St. Peter !"

## XII.

*Rome of the Ocean ! thou thy Carthage foe  
 Hadst also, and thy Dorian Hannibal :*

So great was the consternation of the Venetians at the destruction of their fleet by Pietro Doria, and at the storming and taking of Chiozza, before their eyes, that a *blank* sheet of paper was instantly forwarded to Carrara, the Genoese captain-in-chief of the army, to which, whatever terms were proscribed, the Doge, Contarini, promised submission. Carrara hesitated ; but Doria coveted a far deeper vengeance, and, fearful that the ancient rival of his country might elude his grasp, he anticipated the answer of his ally, and replied for both. The ambassadors, seeking to propitiate him, had brought with them some Genoese prisoners, ransomless :—

" Take back your captives," said he, " Ere many hours I  
 " shall deliver them and all their comrades. By God above,  
 " ye Signors of Venice ! you must expect no peace either  
 " from the Lord of Padua or from our Republic, till we  
 " ourselves have *bridled the Horses of your St. Mark*. Place

“but the reins once in our hands, and we shall know how to keep them quiet for the future.”

It was this answer which drove the Venetians to that despair whose energies, in many similar instances, have so often prevailed. All Venice turned into the Arsenal, and all demanded, with one voice, the liberation of the noble Pisani, who had been confined by “the Ten,” jealous of his too great popularity. “Would to Heaven,” said he before them, “that I could bear to the holy task to which you invite me, and which I embrace with my whole soul, a vigour and an intellect proportioned to my desires! *Those*, at least, are not likely to be wanting to Venice!” Amid the shouts of the whole city of—“Pisani, viva Pisani!”—“Stop, stop, my friends,” he said, gently reproving them, “the cry of a true Venetian is, ‘Viva San Marco!’—*What* an answer, and at what a time! Well might Hallam observe of this noble Venetian, ‘He was equal in magnanimity and simple republican patriotism to the noblest characters of anti-“quity.” The result of his operation, in alliance with Carlo Zeno, were the retaking of the Chiozza, and the final annihilation of the whole Genoese fleet and army. From that hour Genoa declined, never to rise again; “and even her own historian confesses, that God would not suffer so noble a city as Venice to become the spoil of a conqueror.”

### XIII.

*What deeds of heroism shone confessed :*

Never, in the History of the World, had been exhibited



more splendid instances of individual sacrifice and self-devotion, than those made by the Patriot Venetians. Where age or infirmity rendered personal service impossible, entire fortunes were surrendered to the state : plate, jewels, and treasure, were heaped into the public coffers : the Doge mortgaged his Revenues ; the Ecclesiastics bore arms. One of the most touching offers was made by Faseolo, a citizen of Chiozza, whose loss had reduced him to beggary. “ If my “ estate,” said he, “ were such as I once possessed, all of it “ should be contributed to the public exigencies ; but life “ is now the only property which is left to me, and to these. “ Dispose of it as you think best. Employ us either by land “ or sea, and gladden us by a consciousness that, what little “ we still retain, is devoted to our Country.”

## XIV.

*Cyprus, Lepanto, Troy-like Candia ! Fame,  
What couldst thou render more ?*

For a detailed account of the famous siege of Famogosta by the Turks, the sufferings of the besieged, the heroic bravery and horrible martyrdom of Bragadino, the reader is referred to that excellent work, *Sketches of Venetian History* ; a work which must surely take its place among the standard works for the rising generation. The History of Venice has been called a Romance ; it should, I conceive, be rather termed an Epic Poem, but where there is nothing over-strained, nothing theatrical or unnatural ; it is a picture



of active human life, affording, in every leaf, the loftiest practical examples of heroism and of virtue.

The conduct of the Venetians and their allies immediately before the battle of "Lepanto," as recorded by an eye-witness,\* is surely an interesting leaf from the History of Man.

"A general shout ran through the armament; and *each man invoked for himself the Eternal Trinity and the blessed Mother of God*; while the Priests and many of the captives hastened from stem to stern, bearing crucifixes in their hands, and exhorting the crew to look to Him who had descended visibly from heaven to combat the enemies of his name. Moved and inflamed by ghostly zeal, this great armament assumed, as it were, one body, one spirit, and one will; careless of death, and retaining no other thought except that of fighting for their Saviour: so that you might perceive on a sudden a strange mystery and a singular miracle of the supreme power of God; when, in one instant, all feuds and dissensions, all hatred and malice, however inveterate, and arising from whatever bitter injuries which hitherto neither the mediation of friends nor the terror of authority could allay, were, at once, extinguished. Those who had mutually inflicted or suffered wrong embraced as brethren, and poured out tears of affection while they clasped each other in their arms!

"O blessed and merciful omnipotence of God, how marvellous art thou in thy operations upon the faithful!"

\* Continued.

. . . . . *Troy-like Candia.*

When the Venetian garrison marched out from the walls which had cost the lives of thirty thousand Christians, and four times that number of Infidels, its general condition may be estimated from that of a single corps. "The regiment of Negron, which I commanded," says Philibert de Jarry,\* "numbered, at the beginning of the siege, two thousand five hundred men, and I had received, during its course, four hundred recruits. We quitted the city, officers and soldiers together, but seventy men in all, of whom forty were cripples!"

The keys of Candia were presented to the Vizier Kiupe-regli on the 27th of September, 1669. . . . . Perhaps no clearer image can be conveyed of the profound impression stamped upon the Venetian mind by the remembrance of the terrors of this desperate struggle, than by stating, that even to this hour, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, if a Venetian wishes to imply a "War to the Knife," he proverbially terms it—

UNA GUERRA DI CANDIA <sup>1</sup>

*So from her zenith did she sink:*

Since that eventful day which announced to Venice the storming of the Chiozza, no disaster had befallen her which struck grief so profound into her citizens, or awakened in them so justified a terror, as the battle of Agnadello, A. D. 1509, lost by their generals D'Alviano and Petigliano against

\* *Histoire de Siége de Candie*, cited by Daru.

France at the head of the League of Cambrai—formed by the extraordinary jealousy excited against her by her growing powers and immense resources. A single blow had shattered in pieces the goodly fabric of continental dominion which it had cost Venice the toil of a century to erect; but it seems, throughout the History of this most singular people, that their seasons of deepest calamity were those which produced, also, the most overflowing harvests of glory.

In a spirit similar to that which animated the Romans after their overthrow at Cannæ, they despatched messengers to Petigliano, expressing thanks for his great constancy. Then, by a stroke of master policy, of which we know not whether most to admire the wisdom or magnanimity, they issued a decree releasing the endangered provinces from all obligation of fidelity to a state no longer able to afford them protection.\*

I cannot do better than to add to these notices of Venice the eloquent remarks of an article in the Quarterly,† whose only fault is being anonymous. “ The achievements of Venice  
“ in the east are as a silken thread of romance, continually  
“ interwoven in the long tissue of her annals. Her whole  
“ history is invested with a peculiar and striking character.  
“ Her deadly and protracted rivalry with Genoa; her heroic  
“ defence against that republic in the desperate war of Chi-  
“ ozza; the singular career in which, with a native population  
“ composed only of marines, she extended her sway over a  
“ great part of Lombardy, and held the political balance of

\* Sketches of Venetian History, vol. ii.

† No. xxxiv.

“ Italy ; the envy and hatred which she excited in other  
 “ nations ; and the general coalition of Europe which she pro-  
 “ voked and repelled ;—all these are circumstances of the very  
 “ highest historical attraction. But even these yield in in-  
 “ terest to the fearful and imposing spectacle which is offered  
 “ by the institution and policy of her government—the  
 “ *gloomiest fabric of real despotism ever erected for the pre-*  
 “ *tended security of republican freedom.* History has no  
 “ parallel to that silent, mysterious, inexorable tyranny.” . . .  
 “ . . . And yet how many lamentations have been poured  
 “ forth over the lost independence of Venice ! Such a charm,  
 “ then, has the empty name of a Republican constitution, that  
 “ it can blind the judgment to the horrors of the foulest system  
 “ of assassination and tyranny, the most deliberate violation  
 “ of the laws of God, and the obligations of morality, that  
 “ ever assumed the shape of human government !”

\* \* \* \*

“ If the state had not been perfidiously overthrown by the  
 “ French, the epoch had arrived when it must have sunk  
 “ under the weight of its own corruption ; and our detesta-  
 “ tion of the tyranny of its betrayers, is mingled with the  
 “ conviction, that humanity has, at least, nothing to regret  
 “ in the catastrophe.”

## XV.

*Yet wherefore wert thou crushed at once ?*

In the political storm which followed the French Revolution, the Republic maintained a cautious neutrality. But

this moderation, dictated by a sense of weakness, could neither engage respect nor secure independence :—" The sea-girt " metropolis," says Simond, " might easily have been de- " fended ; it was the pusillanimity of the nobles which " gave confidence to the party opposed to them. They be- " trayed themselves into the hands of an enemy, whom they " had first provoked by an imprudent display of hatred, and, " when threatened, had encouraged by their submissiveness. " Accustomed to a life of mere sensual gratifications, the " *noble* Venetians could not endure the idea of losing the " revenues of their estates on the Continent, and of enduring " the dangers of a protracted war with such a man as Na- " poleon. Finally, they suffered a small force of five thou- " sand men to traverse the Lagune in boats, and, without a " shadow of resistance, take possession of a city till then im- " pregnable. The French general, Baraguay d'Hilliers, was as- " tonished at his conquest. On the very day of his arrival, May " 15, 1797, the ancient government of Venice, *self-deposed*, " proclaimed, as "*its last official act*, the instalment of demo- " cratic municipality, which, they declared in a public mani- " festo, was to give the last degree of perfection to the " republican system of government : intimating, besides, that " the French general, in paying them *a friendly visit*, meant " nothing but the greatest glory and prosperity of the Re- " public !"

Napoleon was justified in saying of them, " Ce'st une " population inepte, lâche, et nullement faite pour la liberté : il

\* Simond, pp. 25, 53.

“ paroit *naturel* qu'elle soit laissée à ceux à qui nous donnons  
 “ le continent, nous prendrons les vaisseaux, nous depouille-  
 “ rons l'arsenal, nous enleverons tous les canons, nous de-  
 “ truirons la Banque, et nous garderons Corfu et Ancone !”—  
 A strange contrast to his *professions* to the deluded Vene-  
 tians !—and an impressive warning to all degenerated nations  
 that their liberty must be retained, as gained, by exertion :  
 that prostration entails contempt, which, of itself, provokes to  
 insult ; but that a vanquished resistance always commands  
 respect, and almost always attains success and honour. “ In  
 “ the ultimate crisis of Venetian liberty,” says Hallam finely,  
 “ her solemn mockery of statesmanship was exhibited to  
 “ contempt ; too blind to avert danger, too cowardly to with-  
 “ stand it, the most ancient government of Europe made not  
 “ the least resistance ; *the peasants of Underwalden died*  
 “ *upon their mountains ; the nobles of Venice clung only to*  
 “ *their lives.*”

## XVIII.

*Pause ere ye condemn :*

. . . . That hereditary Aristocracy—so prudent, so jea-  
 lous, so ambitious—which Europe regarded with astonish-  
 ment ; immovable in principle, unshaken in power ; uniting  
 some of the most odious practices of despotism with the  
 name of liberty ; suspicious and perfidious in politics ; san-  
 guinary in revenge ; *indulgent to the subject* ; sumptuous in  
 the public service, economical in the administration of the  
 finances ; equitable and impartial in the administration of

\* Sketches of Venetian History.



justice ; knowing well how to give prosperity to the arts, agriculture, and commerce ; *beloved by the people* who obeyed it, while it made the nobles who partook its power tremble.\*

## XX.

*The Greek—the Goth—the Saracenic joined :*

“ Though most of its materials come from Greece, their  
 “ combination is neither Greek, nor Gothic, nor Basilical,  
 “ nor Saracenic, but a fortuitous jumble of all. A front  
 “ divided by a gallery, and a roof hooded with mosquish cu-  
 “ polas, give it a strange unchristian look. Nowhere have I  
 “ seen so many columns crowded into so small a space. Near  
 “ three hundred are stuck on the pillars of the front, and  
 “ three hundred more on the balustrades above. A like pro-  
 “ fusion prevails in the interior, which is dark, heavy, bar-  
 “ barous, nay poor, in spite of all the porphyry, and oriental  
 “ marbles, and glaring mosaics that would enrich the walls,  
 “ the vaults, and pavements. In fact, such a variety of  
 “ colours would impair the effect of the purest architec-  
 “ ture.”

In despite of these severe but just censures of Forsyth, whose pen, when touching on the arts, is ever polished by the finest taste, neither he nor any man ever surveyed the front of St. Mark, and seriously wished one stone of that grotesque edifice different from what it is : it is a part of Venice, the crowning point of the marvel which crowns the whole.

\* Sismondi.

## XXI.

*But oh, what groups yon casement's light reveals.*

No impressions are more solemn or awakening than those which are inspired in us by the grandeur, the gloom, and the silence of a Catholic church; and these are heightened, by the life coming and departing, silently and voicelessly, of those who are grouped around you. Unlike our own churches, most disgracefully, ridiculously, and, reflecting on it in a *moral* sense, most irreligiously opened only just once in seven days, and even then closed, excepting during the hour or two doled out for Divine Service; even then, the aisles, wherever there are any, traversed by *beadles*—surlily and coarsely forbidding any reflective loiterer to pause before any tomb or work of art;—the Catholic Church is the *home*, the resort, and the sanctuary of the weary in body or in spirit: of the good and the bad, of the strong and the infirm, of youth and of age, of the fatherless, the widow, and the orphan.

## XXVI.

*When the Tale-teller hath his circle found.*

These legitimate descendants of the Minstrels of old are a common sight of an evening in the Piazza—and most picturesque and striking are, at times, the groups gathered round them. Their action is often admirable; and the interest their romantic love-tales create, will sometimes fix their circle for hours. One cannot regard them without



smiling to think how all their oratory would be thrown away at Cheapside, or on the Strand!—As a matter of course, they would be “taken up” as lunatics.

## XXX.

*Titian, the soul of colours !*

Extract from a familiar letter to a private friend :—  
 “ Most gracious, pleasant, and excellent Niccolo ! it is the  
 “ opinion of our Titian, *the soul of colours*,—and of Sanso-  
 “ vino, *the breath of marbles*—that it would be ungrateful of  
 “ me,” &c. &c.

The noble Palazzo Barberigo, adjoining the Pisani, in which this great man passed the last years of his life, is fronting the Canal Grande, and his room is shown where he is reported to have painted his best pictures ; the ceiling is channelled, and the walls are of light green ; its windows open (no unimportant remembrance for an artist) on a *southern* aspect.

It was while painting the portrait of Charles V. that the anecdote is preserved of his dropping his pencil, when the Emperor, stooping, picked it up, and returned it to him, observing,

“ Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar.”

Venice was ever alive to the merits of her consummate artist. When, during his lifetime, in 1535, the Republic was arming against the Turks, and a poll-tax was levied upon her citizens by an edict not less honourable to herself than to the individuals whom it concerned, “ special exceptions

“ were made in favour of Titiano and Sansovino, on account of their excellence.” When, on another occasion, the Fraternity of SS. Giovanni e Paolo had sold a chef-d’œuvre of the great Painter, “ The Martyrdom of St. Peter,” for eighteen thousand crowns, the ready arm of “ the Ten” interposed, *annulled the bargain on pain of death*, and retained the Picture in the Church which it still adorns.\*

## XXXI.

*’Twas this, which poured along his pictures.*

“ Titian,” observes Lanzi, “ was eminently happy in expressing the precise time of day when the incident, proposed to be represented, occurred ; *most commonly making choice of the period of sunset, and drawing from it the most beautiful accidents of light.*” The latter part of the stanza is in allusion to a picture of Antiope feigning slumber, while Jupiter is watching her.

Even at the advanced age of ninety-nine, one year before the plague terminated his existence, he could not be made aware of the weakness peculiar to age, nor of his deterioration, nor did he refuse orders to his latest hour.

The following anecdote is surely touching :—“ At St. Salvatore,” says Lanzi, “ there is an Annunciation of his, in which there is nothing to arrest the spectator’s attention except the great name of the author ; and because some persons had asserted that it either *was* not, or, at least,

\* Venetian Sketches.

“ did *not* appear to be his, he felt irritated, and, with a  
 “ kind of doting indignation, affixed to it the following in-  
 “ scription :

*Titianus fecit—fecit !”*

Lanzi observes, however, that much may be learnt from his latest works, just as poets, when speaking of the *Odyssey*, pronounce it indeed the production of old age—but of the old age of Homer.

It may be observed, for conclusion to this note, that when other Schools of Painting were copying inferior masters, Venice had a school of her own ; peculiar, but always original. Palladio was born there ; and, in her degenerate days, she gave birth to the undoubted Phidias of modern ages—Canova ; whose *Dædalus* and *Icarus*, his first effort, (touched with that mannerism which never left him except in his *Wrestlers*,) is still shown in the *Pisani Palace*.

## XXXII.

### *Arcadian Landscape :*

Titian, says Lanzi, saw further *into Nature*, and copied it more correctly, than any one else ; he was of all painters the greatest confidant of Nature—a sort of universal Master, who, in all that he undertook to treat, whether the human figure or landscapes, invested them with the strictest character of truth. Vasari quotes Michael Angelo as having looked at Titian's *Leda*, exclaiming, “ that it was a pity the  
 “ Venetian Artists were not taught to *design* accurately

“from the first;” his admiration for other parts of the work was unbounded; and Tintoretto, although his rival, affirmed “that Titian produced many things which made imitation “hopeless, but that some of his works might have been more “correctly designed.” Among his very best, he might well have placed the Martyrdom of St. Peter, “in which,” says Algarotti, “the greatest masters have confessed themselves unable to discover even the shadow of a defect.” The Bacchanal might, also, be added, in the cabinet of the Dukes of Ferrara, which Caracci pronounced to be a wonder of the art, and the finest picture in the world.

It is very pleasing to find an opinion hazarded, sanctioned by the authority of Lanzi. After having written the above stanzas, I found, and quote, the following passage from him:—

“In his *landscapes* he is unrivalled; although he never “introduced them for the sake of ornament. Titian always “makes them subordinate to the story, as in St. Peter the “Martyr, where the gloom of the forest adds so much to the “horror of the scene; or else he makes it contribute to give “his figures greater effect, as in those pieces where the “landscape is thrown into the distance.” With what spirit and truth he represented the various effects of light, is seen in the Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo, in the Church of the Jesuits at Venice, when he “expressed, in a manner so “different, the brightness of the fire, the flaring of the “torch, and the supernatural light which falls on the “Martyr.”

## XXXVI.

*Thou, Byron, still thy deathless course shalt run.*

“ This man of genius,” says the elder D’Israeli, “ was a  
 “ moral phenomenon, which vanished at the moment when,  
 “ by its indications, a change was silently operating on the  
 “ most ductile and versatile of human minds. I consider  
 “ that, had he lived, the complete developement of his power-  
 “ ful capacity, the elevation of his generous temper, in a  
 “ word, the perfect formation of his character, would have  
 “ been the necessary consequence of his nature. . . .  
 “ The man who, independent of a constant struggle after  
 “ intellectual truth, perceptible in all his writings, had the  
 “ power *twice* completely to revolutionise his principles of  
 “ taste, and his style of composition, and, at each great  
 “ change, attained greater excellence,—this man can only  
 “ be classed among the very highest and most capable intel-  
 “ lects. The culture of Lord Byron was imperfect, but it  
 “ could only have been perfected by his own solitary exer-  
 “ tions, and that this perfection would have been consum-  
 “ mated, is, to me, not a matter of doubt.

“ If the mind of Lord Byron were disorganised and un-  
 “ settled,\* so also was it searching and inquisitive. His  
 “ opinions, indeed, were already greatly changed—his self-  
 “ knowledge much increased—his knowledge of Nature  
 “ much more just—his knowledge of mankind much more  
 “ profound. Already had he discovered that misanthropy is

\* “ Now, if I know myself, I should say, I have no character at all.”—

“ impossible, and that sublime selfism, which would exist  
 “ without the sympathies of life, only gratifies our vanity  
 “ without satisfying our feelings. Another step, and he  
 “ would have discovered that Virtue is a reality, and happi-  
 “ ness a positive existence. He would have found that the  
 “ ‘hum of cities’ is not torture: that society is not a  
 “ peopled desert; and that this world is only a place of strife  
 “ and agony to those who are hostile and, therefore, ago-  
 “ nised. . . .

“ In the pride of his eloquence the poet has proved the  
 “ strength of human intellect, even when he has cursed,  
 “ rather than deplored, its weakness. We must show that  
 “ there is no strength where there is no order; and that  
 “ existence, the objects of which were to him a source of  
 “ doubt or dissatisfaction, is neither doubtful nor unsatisfac-  
 “ tory, when, in the study of our nature, we become ac-  
 “ quainted with its wants and its capacity. . . .

“ It was, indeed, not without truth, said of him by Goëthe,  
 “ that he was inspired by the Genius of Pain; for, from the  
 “ first to the last of his agitated career, every fresh excite-  
 “ ment of his faculties was imbibed from that bitter source.  
 “ It is strange,” says Lord Byron, “but agitation or contest of  
 “ any kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and winds me up  
 “ for the time.”

Time has already begun to render him justice. The  
 world saw the dishonesty of the endeavour to identify the  
 Poet with the characters he has drawn, and his opinions by  
 the language they utter, without admitting that it would be

as just to pronounce Milton his own Satan. In fine, whatever may have been the noble Poet's errors, hypocrisy was not one of them. Had he possessed but a tithe of that average proportion among men of that most common and convenient vice, his errors would have appeared venial, or remained unknown, or uncommented upon: but "all the "cants of this canting world" have been poured out upon him by the unprincipled and by the prejudiced.

In despite of his domestic misfortunes, which gave him an additional interest in the eyes of the world, and to which the world gave him credit in not attaching much importance,—for no man who really loved, or even respected a woman, or considered only what was due to *her* feelings, or to society, could write *public* verses to her on *private* annoyances where the heart was much concerned;—and, still less, hold her up to ridicule afterwards; for, love becoming "blighted," &c. is inanest poetry: love is the great master-passion; and he who has once loved, *cannot* eradicate the feeling; it may cool—decay—but, in every honourable bosom, the ashes of its memory should lie sacred and undisturbed!

In despite, then, I say, of domestic grievances, I consider Lord Byron as the most fortunate of men; he stood, acknowledged, the literary Achilles of his day;\* while living, *he*,

\* How *chivalrously*, and characteristically, has Scott awarded his right to him! [the passage is quoted from memory:] "He had none of that "petty anxiety common to lesser authors in what is called 'taking care "of their fame.' Lord Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot



too, had his tried friend, ever ready to counsel or defend him ; and when he died before his time, how more than fortunate was he in that friend, coming forward as he did ; and while recording, in his own graceful style, *his* life and actions, entwining his own fame inseparably with that of his friend.

The Life of Lord Byron by Moore, as that of Sir Walter Scott by Lockhart, are surely the most graceful and finished pieces of biography in the English language.

#### XLIV.

*Thou, who restor'dst Rome's Empire for an hour.*

At the commencement of the fifth century, Ravenna was made the capital of the western empire by the weak Honorius. Afterwards the noble Ostrogoth Theodoric held his court there, and embellished the city, throwing a kind of lustre over it from his own deeds. It was still considered the capital, until the eighth century. Dante finally took up his abode, and died here in 1321 ; his *third* and most magnificent monument was constructed in 1786, at the expense of the most noble the Cardinal Gonzaga.

“ was always in the arena : his shield hung always in the lists ; and  
 “ though his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the contest,  
 “ he came off always with honour — almost always with complete  
 “ triumph.”

Such are the testimonies which only one great mind can bear to another !



## XLV.

*Behold the Pass of Furlo . . . . .*

The Pass of Furlo is a defile in the mountains south of Urbino,—the road being cleft through the rock; its ancient name was *Petra pertusa*. The branch of the Flaminian road commences at Fano, and follows the Metaurus to Fossombrone—the *Forum Sempronii*. This great battle was fought along the left bank: the *Monte Asdrubale*, pointed out by the guide, marks part of the spot; but a vast extent of ground must have been occupied by the retreating, rallying, and fighting of one hundred thousand men.

La Martine—that elegant French Poet's remarks on Hannibal are too amusing to be omitted: "Je n'ai jamais pu prendre le moindre intérêt de cœur à Carthage, malgré ses malheurs et sa gloire. Annibal ne m'a jamais paru *qu'un général de la Compagnie des Indes!* faisant une campagne *industrielle, une brillante et héroïque opération de commerce dans les plaines de Trasimène!*" Nobody will imitate him: the last idea *could* only have occurred to a Frenchman; Hannibal a *commercial man!*—not only the greatest, but the most thoroughly disinterested and Spartan soldier that ever existed;—the only precious metal ever known to him, being the iron harness in which he may be said to have been born.

## XLVI.

*Stamping Carthage' doom :*

The victory of Nero was, if not the most glorious, the *most important* victory, in its effects, ever gained by the Romans ; which saved Rome itself, by depriving Hannibal of the strength which would have made all resistance hopeless, and which thus anticipated the fall of Carthage. The hill still retains, and will for ever, the name of that unfortunate leader, who, having done all that valour could achieve to recover the day, fell there, bravely fighting to the last.

Horace, alone, seems to appreciate the immense debt his country owed to the Consul Nero :

*Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,  
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal  
Devictus, &c.*

CARMINUM IV.

## L.

*Lo, how yon red banks stamp its waters' name,  
The Rubicon.*

Between Ravenna and Rimini, having traversed the *Pineta*, and about eight miles from the latter city, and one from the sea, rolls the Rubicon. Conflicting opinions on its site have, of course, been maintained, but Dr. Cramer appears to have reconciled them. "The Rubicon is formed  
" from several small streams, which unite about a mile from

“ the sea, assuming the name of *Fiumicino*. Cæsar, coming from Ravenna along the coast, would cross the Rubicon near its mouth: had he proceeded along the *Via Emilia*, he must have crossed the three rivulets called Rugone, Pisatello, and Savignano, whose junction forms *Fiumicino*.”

The *Riminians* tenaciously assert the claims of their own stream—claims which are admitted by the very highest authorities of Cluverius and d’Anville, as an intelligent native remarked to me during my sojourn there. The classical reader will remember the sublime passage of Lucan, describing Rome herself appearing on this spot to her rebellious son.

## LII.

*Before—his foe’s stern smile—*

It was at Ravenna where Cæsar awaited the final answer of the Senate (made by him through the Tribunes) to his offers, that the other generals also should lay down their arms, and that he would give up eight of his ten legions. The refusal of these were his pretexts for war against his country; but it was Pompey’s opinion that, finding himself unable to extricate himself from his enormous debts,\* or finish the vast works he had begun, or satisfy the public expectation, he wished to embroil all things. Others considered it his dread of being called to an account for all his unau-

\* Cæsar’s debts amounted to 1,300 talents: i. e. £565,000: the ground-plot of his Forum alone cost him one hundred million of sesterces, or £300,000. SÜETONIUS.

thorized actions whilst Consul ; his buildings, and loan of his troops to other powers, as if he were already Dictator : his observation on the slaughtered enemy at Pharsalia seems to confirm this :—“ This they intended : I, Caius Cæsar, after  
 “ all the great achievements I have performed, must have  
 “ undergone a sentence of condemnation, had I not turned  
 “ to the assistance of my army.”\*

## LV.

*Those forms of usage slighted :*

Suetonius tells them : “ What brought upon him the greatest  
 “ and most invincible odium, was his receiving the whole  
 “ body of the Senate sitting, when they came to wait upon  
 “ him before the temple of Venus Genitrix, with many ho-  
 “ nourable decrees in his favour. Some say, as he attempt-  
 “ ed to rise, he was held down by Balbus ; others, that he  
 “ did not attempt it at all, but looked displeased at Trebatius,  
 “ who put him in mind of standing up.” This was one of  
 those *personal* insults which, offered on a public as on a pri-  
 vate character, are never forgotten. Augustus possessed all  
 the phlegm of which Cæsar had no particle, and, while *he* re-  
 moved the very shadow of liberty, he carefully preserved all  
 its externals : those toys which Cæsar coveted, such as  
 wreaths, coronets, &c. Finally, Cæsar but placed the sovereign  
 chair in which Augustus sat for half a century ; men’s minds  
 had become reconciled to his mildness and urbanity, which  
 never could have been the case under the restlessness of  
 Cæsar : the one, in constant wars, would have revived the

\* Suetonius.

age of iron—for where could his ambition have been satisfied? the other so gilded the time with his *utilities*, that the golden or *Augustan age* has become a proverb and a hope amongst mankind.

## LVI.

*A warning to earth's tyrants :*

“ If Cæsar was *really* a tyrant,” says Cicero, hesitatingly, “ as I *think* he was.” Rome was in a state of anarchy when Cæsar usurped the command ; he was, to a great extent, the author and fomentor of that anarchy—so that absolute authority, *in some one*, was become a necessity. This makes the verdict on Cæsar easy : but how is Cicero to be acquitted, who reviled that man dead, of whom he was the most servile flatterer while living ?

## LXI.

*The very crimes attest the dignity  
Of an immortal nature :*

Young's lines on our love of fame are too fine to be omitted here.

We wish our names eternally to live :  
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,  
Had not our natures been eternal too.

## LXII.

*And thou, Ariminum ! the first to hail :*

Rimini is memorable as being the first town that saw

Cæsar in arms against his country. After having harangued his troops on the banks of the Rubicon, and made the last appeal from the laws to the sword, he advanced with that rapidity so peculiar to himself, (adopted with such success in our day by Napoleon,) and appeared at day-break, surrounded with his cohorts, in the Forum of Rimini or Ariminum. The clang of his trumpets—the shouts of the excited soldiery—the alarm and confusion of the citizens—and the inflamed aspect of Cæsar himself—are points which the historian leaves to the poet, and Virgil himself can produce few finer descriptions than that of Lucan, which will be recalled by the scholar.

## LXIII.

*The passionate harangue, the tears poured forth :*

“ Coming up with his troops to the Rubicon, the boundary  
 “ of his province, he made a halt ; when, revolving in his  
 “ mind the greatness of his attempt, he turned to those  
 “ behind him—‘ We may still retreat,’ said he ; ‘ but if we  
 “ pass this little bridge, we must make our way by force of  
 “ arms.’ ”

\*

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✽

“ Attended by the Tribunes of the Commons, who were  
 “ around him, he, at the head of his troops, *with tears in his*  
 “ *eyes*, and his garment rent from his breast, implored their  
 “ protection. His agitation was, here, unfeigned : for, ob-  
 “ serves Montesquieu,—L’on declaroit sacrilege et parricide

“ quiconque avec une légion, avec une armée, ou avec une  
 “ cohorte, passeroit le Rubicon.’ ”

## LXIV.

*Which the soft Roman shivered but to name :*

How exactly do the words of Tacitus apply, written nearly a thousand years since !—“ The climate of Britain is unfavour-  
 “ able ; always damp with rains, and overcast with clouds.  
 “ It is otherwise fertile, and yields corn in plenty. Vegeta-  
 “ tion is quick in shooting up, and slow in coming to  
 “ maturity. Both effects are reducible to the same cause—  
 “ the constant moisture of the atmosphere, and the damp-  
 “ ness of the soil.”—LIFE OF AGRICOLA.

## LXVII.

*If false, its own reward was bliss supreme ;*

“ Poetry has been to me,” says Coleridge, “ its own ex-  
 “ ceeding great reward : it has soothed my afflictions ; it  
 “ has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared  
 “ solitude ; *it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the*  
 “ *Good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.*”

## LXXI.

*Yon hill-bound lake expands its azure vast.*

From Torricelli the road winds along the margin of the lake to Passignano, a village occupying a narrow defile,



closed on one side by the lake, on the other, by a precipice. Beyond this, the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and, on the right, by a semicircular ridge of mountains. This ridge, receding in the centre, and advancing on its sides, closes on the lake at Passignano in a precipice, and at Borghetto in an acclivity. The enclosed plain is in length six miles, from the former to the latter of these places, and nearly four miles in breadth, from the lake to the mountains. Hannibal could not have imagined a finer ambush. He encamped in the plain's centre, at the head of his Spanish and African troops: the light-armed forces he placed in the hill's recesses, and his cavalry occupied the defile in the Roman rear, *after* they had passed through it. Flaminius entered Borghetto with his characteristic impetuosity, hastening on to attack Hannibal, whom he saw full in his front: shouts from every height then told him he was surrounded: a mist, rising from the lake, obscured the air; all was confusion—anarchy—noise, and desperation! Cleft down, and slaughtered, at once, in front, flank, and rear, the Romans resisted for upwards of three hours—till, at length, the plains covered with their bodies, and the lake dyed with their blood, a portion only of their army fought their way to the neighbouring hills—the ranks of the enemy voluntarily opening to afford those brave men their passage. The streamlet of Sanguinetto is supposed to be about the spot, where, after having performed every duty of the general and the soldier, the gallant but unfortunate Flaminius fell.



## LXXII.

*And this was Thrasymène !*

The waters of the lake, when I stood by its side, were breaking on the shore like the waves of an agitated ocean : the whole scene was one which would have taxed the powers of a “savage Salvator” to their uttermost. At Ossaia, so called from the bones found there, (its name implying it,) I copied the distich from a house in the street ;

Nomen habet locus hic Ursija, ab ossibus illis  
Quæ dolis Annibalis fudit et hasta simul.

In the plains below the nobly situated town of Perugia, I observed an ancient column, bearing the inscription

Ad Gladiatores et ad Viatorem.

Much was illegible, but evidently of the Constantine era, erected by the Christians— as a sort of post warning to those who were profane enough to frequent and to enjoy gladiatorial exhibitions. The world has ever been the same ; our more “serious” people cover the Ascot and Newmarket roads with “tracts,” with, perhaps, the same effect. Near the same spot, I copied another inscription in honour of some great one of his day :

Romano Callimacho.  
En ubi scandentes arces  
Ubi vertice murus :  
Murus ab ingenio  
Notior ille tuo.

## LXXVI.

*O'er yon green bank, Clitumnus rears his shrine ;*

“ Have you ever seen the source of the Clitumnus ?” says Pliny, in one of his delightful letters. “ It is but lately  
 “ indeed I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not  
 “ having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill, covered  
 “ with venerable and shady cypress trees, a spring issues  
 “ out, which, gushing in different and unequal streams, forms  
 “ itself, after many windings, into a spacious basin, so ex-  
 “ tremely clear, that you may see the pebbles, and the little  
 “ pieces of money which are thrown in it, as they lie at the  
 “ bottom.\* The banks, on each side, are shaded with the  
 “ verdure of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly  
 “ seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it ;  
 “ the water is cold, and as white as snow. Near it stands an  
 “ ancient and venerable temple, wherein is placed the river  
 “ god Clitumnus, clothed in a robe, whose immediate pre-  
 “ sence the prophetic oracles here delivered sufficiently  
 “ testify . . . . Several villas, attracted by the beauty of this  
 “ river, are situated upon its borders : in short, every object  
 “ affords you delight.”

\* The heads of considerable rivers were esteemed sacred among the Romans, and cultivated with religious ceremonies. “ *Magnorum fluminum (says Seneca) capita reveremur ; subita et ex abdito vasti amnis eruptio aras habet.*” It was customary to throw small pieces of money into those lakes which were held sacred, as a mark of veneration, and to render propitious the presiding deities.

How strange it appears to us to read—almost to *hear* the words of one who has been dead eighteen hundred years, describing the spot almost as correctly as if he had just turned aside from it, and was familiarly telling us his impressions !

In his impassioned praises, of Italy Virgil, also, does not forget Clitumnus.

### LXXIX.

*The breasting road hewn round the giant hill :*

There is no part of Switzerland, not the wildest or the most beautiful, which can at all compete with the mountainous approach to Terni ; so infinitely spreads the landscape far away beneath the eye, so abruptly and toweringly rise the craggy mountains by which the ascent is made. Having entered this extraordinary pass, I felt assured that the cataract would fall below my highly excited imagination ; the day, also, added to the scene : for it was lowering and stormy, and invested the chaos of rocks above and below with a more wild and savage appearance. The roar of the distant waters first prepares the mind, which the clouds of mist rising from it, as yet unseen, assists : the mind becomes excited to the uttermost—but who ever saw those waters, and felt disappointed ? JOURNAL.

### LXXX.

*The Terni Water's falls are here :*

Wilson's exclamation when he first saw the falls of Terni

may convey perhaps the impression it could make, more than the most elaborate description; it was overheard (so I have somewhere read) by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who stood by him at the time. For a moment or two, Wilson stood in mute astonishment, absorbed in the sublimity of the scene, till at length, he unconsciously exclaimed, "Well done water! by G—d!"

## LXXXIV.

*Lo, how like Time in his immortal youth;*

"As Time is always passing by, and leaves of its former  
 "existence no relics, and, as new time has no permanence, *old*  
 "time is only a figure of speech; for Time, not able to last, is  
 "not able to grow old. Time existing, is ever new, young  
 "and fresh. *The very hour of its birth is that of its demise.*"

HOPE'S PROSPECTS OF MAN.

## CANTO III.

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### II.

*He sinks exhausted on the sickly waste :*

Both Strabo and Horace represent the Campagna as having been *always* unhealthy. "Pliny can hardly convince "me," says the acute Forsyth, "that the present marshes "contained thirty-three cities; even admitting that the "Volsci were a populous nation, and the marshes once "healthy and dry. But healthy they were never: nor does "any record prove that, from the time of Appius Claudius "to Braschi, one half of them was ever habitually dry. "Virgil found them 'a black bog,' and Silius describes them "as they are."

### III.

*She, whose gigantic Shadow stretched around  
The world :*

The line recalled to me the noble paraphrase from the *Æneid*, in Dryden's masterly version :

"Rome—whose ascending towers shall heaven invade,  
"Involving earth and ocean in her shade !"

"The Romans," says Livy, (speaking his own sentiments through another,) "are a race who know not how to sit

“down under defeat ; any scar which the present necessity  
 “shall imprint on their breasts, will rankle there for ever,  
 “and will not suffer them to rest, until they have taken  
 “amplest vengeance.” Never, for example, was there a  
 more arduous struggle, or a display of more heroic virtues  
 than during the Punic War, or which presents nobler views  
 of human nature ; every page, a record of some noble action,  
 should be the study of the youth of all ages ; how to live—  
 how to fight—how to die for freedom.

Montesquieu illustrates this subject with his finest acumen, and with a truth which is attested by every page from the history of that extraordinary people.

“Mais rien ne servit mieux Rome que le respect qu'elle  
 “imprima à la terre. Elle mit d'abord les rois dans le silence, et les rendit comme stupides. Il ne s'agissoit pas  
 “du degré de leur puissance ; mais leur personne propre  
 “étoit attaquée. Risquer une guerre, c'étoit s'exposer à la  
 “captivité, à la mort, à l'infamie du triomphe. Ainsi des  
 “rois qui vivoient dans le faste et dans les délices *n'osoient*  
 “*jeter des regards fixés* sur le peuple romain ; et, perdant le  
 “courage, ils attendoient de leur patience et de leurs bassesses quelque délai aux misères dont ils étoient menacés.”—GRANDEUR DES ROMAINS.

#### IV.

*Here the Titanic aqueduct displays*

*Its lengthened arches.*

Nothing impresses on the mind the consciousness, the

palpable *feeling* of Roman power and grandeur, more than that first object presented to the stranger on the Campagna—her Aqueducts. It seems as if we saw embodied before our eyes, the gigantic strides with which she overran the Universe, making a mockery alike of space and time. The eye tracks their spanning arches with amazement along the waste solitudes where they are only bounded by the horizon; their mighty outlines shattered, but too vast to be overthrown, and the desolate, and, apparently, infinite space around them, impress on the mind, through the eye, inner lessons of decay and mutability, which are not forgotten.

JOURNAL.

## XI.

*Mecca of Pilgrimage, to every heart*

*Whose feeling is religion!*

One truth, I think, may be ventured as an axiom, not to be controverted by any sophistry:—that no man or woman ever entered St. Peter's Church, without leaving it "sadder and wiser" than before; without feeling impressed, in a far higher degree than heretofore, with a sentiment of the dignity, and even of the grandeur and sublimity of our human nature; of the men who could conceive, transmit from generation to generation, and, finally, embody forth so mighty a Design: compared to which all the Temples that have ever been reared from earth to heaven were as nothing in the scale—this truth we *know*. The Mind takes, as it were, a leap

"From this bank and shoal of time,"



and receives an expansion and a sense of sublimity from the fabric, which impression is never afterwards contracted or forgotten; surely, then, on this sole argument, it is worth coming from the farthest ends of the earth to see St. Peter's alone." JOURNAL.

## XII.

*Thy cause is ours—'tis freedom.*

"There is nothing unnatural in our interesting ourselves in the fortunes and cause of Rome, as in that of our own country—with energy and with passion. Rome has, indeed, under Providence, been the instrument of bestowing on us, the great triad blessings of humanity—civilisation—science—and *religion*." The reader is earnestly referred to the tenth chapter of the first volume of Eustace, in which these claims are eloquently and beautifully enforced. Far be it from the writer of this note to underrate Eustace, as it has been the fashion to do of late years; incorrect in minor details he sometimes is, and slightly bigoted, perhaps; but the broad outlines of his Work are indestructible, and in style and composition what traveller has excelled him? How natural, then, is the emotion of the traveller when he first beholds the distant domes of a city of such figure in the history of the Universe, of such weight in the destinies of mankind, so familiar to the imagination of the boy, so interesting to the feelings of the man! And if, indeed, a distant view of Ægina, and of Corinth, could so melt the soul of an ancient Roman, as to absorb all his own private sorrows, causing him to break out in that passionate apostrophe whose *natural* eloquence has made it immortal, what



should *our* emotions be in contemplating ruins, to which, *they*—compared—are as “a wart to Ossa?”

## XIII.

*That wall was Troy-like Veii!*

“Veii,” says that careful writer, Burton, “seems now to be very satisfactorily placed at L’isola Farnese, not far from La Storta, the first post on the road to Perugia.

## XVII.

*What fires have blazed from that oft-taken Troy!*

In the five sackings of Rome (from 536 to 552) in which she was both attacked and defended by *Barbarians*, it is impossible but that most of the architectural monuments of the city must have been utterly ruined or overthrown; the very anxiety which, according to Procopius, Narses displayed to restore, in some measure, its injuries, is a proof of their immense extent.

“The golden Capitol has lost all its splendour,” (says Jerome,) “the temples of Rome are covered with dust and cobwebs, *the very city is moved from its foundations*, and the overflowing people rush before the *half torn up* shrines, to the tombs of the martyrs.” Again, another ecclesiastical writer, Theodoret; “The destruction of the idolatrous fanes was from their foundation;” and so complete, that his cotemporaries could not perceive a vestige of the former superstition; lastly, in much stronger language—“Their temples are so destroyed, that *the appearance of their form*

“ *no longer remains*, nor can those of our times recognise the  
 “ shape of their altars : as for their materials, they are dedi-  
 “ cated to the fanes of the martyrs.” We read of *fifty-six*  
 churches built upon the sites, or supposed sites, of temples  
 despoiled by the zeal of the early Christians ; and their ma-  
 terials employed to the honour of their triumphant religion ;  
 so true are the lines of the most correct of poets :

“ Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,

“ Some hostile fury, some religious rage :

“ Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,

“ And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.”

POPE'S EPISTLE TO ADDISON.

## XX.

*Spirits of forty Ages ! answer me :*

“ Soldiers !” exclaimed the modern Conqueror of Egypt  
 and of half the world—“ from the heights of those Pyramids,  
 “ the Spirits of forty ages look down upon your actions !”  
 After such an appeal—at such a time—and on such a spot,  
 what soldier *could* fail ?—the proclamation, no doubt, a cal-  
 culation founded on his profound knowledge of character,  
 that is, of a Frenchman's character, insured the victory.

## XXI.

*Thrown to the wealthier wretch :*

*Bought* by Didius, as the best bidder, at the *Auction of*  
*the Roman Empire* ; the infamous transaction is admirably  
 pictured by Gibbon, in his most graphic style.

## XXIII.

. . . *Immortal Trajan ! thou :*

Trajan [I quote Montesquieu] prince le plus accompli dont l'histoire ait jamais parlé. Ce fut un bonheur d'être nê sous son regne . . . . enfin l'homme le plus propre à honorer la nature humaine, et représenter la divine—such is a part only of his fine and just panegyric.

“ Decebalus, the Dacian king, approved himself a rival  
 “ not unworthy of Trajan ; nor did he despair of his own and  
 “ the public fortune, till, by the confession of his enemies,  
 he had exhausted every resource both of valour and policy.”  
 GIBBON.

## XXIV.

*As stands thy Column :*

Ammianus records that when the Emperor Constans entered Rome A.D. 356—“ and came to the Forum, a structure  
 “ unique in the world, he was struck with amazement by its  
 “ gigantic edifices. Giving up the idea of attempting a  
 “ similar work, he observed, that the only object he would  
 “ imitate, should be the Emperor's horse. Upon which,  
 “ Hormisdas,—of the royal family of Persia, who was near  
 “ him,—said :—‘ First, order a similar stable to be built for  
 “ him if you have the means : may the horse which you de-  
 “ sign to form, command as much admiration as that which  
 “ we behold.’ ” It is certain that neither Alaric nor  
 Genseric destroyed this forum, for, Cassiodorus, who wrote

about the year A.D. 500, observes—"The Forum of Trajan  
 "is a perfect miracle, if we inspect it even with the utmost  
 "minuteness."

## XXV.

*But Luxury crushed Law :*

The master-hand of Tacitus has admirably developed this subject in his annals ; and, in a modern day, Montesquieu has brought to it his acute discrimination.

## XXIX.

*Yet, ere we enter, gratitude be given :*

It would be an injustice to Eustace not to recal the following tribute, as true as it is eloquent : "The name of  
 "Rome echoes in our ears from our infancy ; our earliest  
 "years are passed with her orators, her poets, and her  
 "historians—such impressions are indelible. Wherever  
 "her eagles flew, schools were opened : aqueducts and  
 "bridges, temples and theatres arose in every town. . . .  
 "Compare Gaul, Spain, Britain, covered with sumless  
 "cities, with their forests, swamps, and huts, and naked  
 "savages, previous to their subjugation. When, in the two  
 "succeeding ages, she was stripped of her honours, when  
 "the scenes of her cultivation, peace, and improvement,  
 "were ravaged by barbarian hordes, she sent out—not con-  
 "suls and armies to conquer—but apostles and teachers to  
 "reclaim the savages who had wasted her empire, and, dis-

“ playing in the better cause, all the magnanimity and per-  
 “ severance which marked her former career, she triumphed,  
 “ and diffused Christianity over the world.”

## XXXI.

*So rears Earth's mightiest shrine of worshipping :*

Three hundred years rolled away, and thirty-five Pontiffs lived and died, from the commencement, to the termination of this Wonder of the Earth. The greatest architects, immortalizing their names in adorning it, passed away in the same rapid succession, unwillingly leaving their pride and glory unfinished to their successors. Bramante, Raffaello, Vignola, Maderno, Bernini, and, “ the greatest is behind,” MICHAEL ANGELO,—have here left the proofs, greater or less, of their congenial spirits. Eustace is eloquent on his subject; it is worth observing that he will not have a fault *hinted at*, by any but himself; nothing, however, can be abstracted from his evidently fond enthusiasm.

In quoting his most graphic description, let it be borne in mind that it should not fatigue those to whom the sight *was* familiar; while it *must* for ever interest that far larger class, to whom St. Peter's is still “ a Vision among the things to come.”

“ At the first entrance of the area before St. Peter's,  
 “ what a startling effect on the mind has the fourfold row of  
 “ pillars of the Colonnade sweeping away to the right and  
 “ left, in its bold, and graceful, and magnificent semicircle !

“ The eye, then, glances, rather than rests, on an Egyptian  
 “ Obelisk raised in the centre of that vast area :—one solid  
 “ piece of granite spiring to the height of one hundred and  
 “ thirty feet, *dug from the sands of Egypt, to begin again*  
 “ *its measurement of endless duration.* These are glanced  
 “ on but for a moment ; behind them, raised above three  
 “ successive flights of steps, the eye and mind are filled  
 “ with the imposing front of the Basilica itself—stretching  
 “ in length, four hundred feet, and towering upwards to one  
 “ hundred and eighty—supported by a single row of enor-  
 “ mous Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and surmounted with  
 “ an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far  
 “ behind it—*and, perhaps, not far enough above it*—rises the  
 “ Wonder of the Universe ; and, certainly, the colonnade of  
 “ coupled pillars that surround its base—the attic that sur-  
 “ mounts it—the expansive swell of the dome itself, and the  
 “ pyramid, based on a cluster of columns, bearing, as it were,  
 “ the ball and cross to the skies, form the most sublime ob-  
 “ jects of art ever contemplated by man. The interior of  
 “ this Portico itself is, in its dimensions, equal to the most  
 “ spacious Cathedrals ;—away, then, with the littleness and  
 “ presumption of connoisseurship—so blind in detecting  
 “ faults, so ‘ high gravel blind ’ in appreciating beauties.  
 “ *Greatness* can never be little, and this alone would redeem  
 “ the Portico from all idle and fantastic charges.”

## XXXIX.

*In dazzling light expands the dome.*

Eustace dwells on his subject like a miser over his treasure: his full description of the Dome will not be forgotten.

The observations of Forsyth prove how even *his* fine judgment could, at times, be tinged with a just enthusiasm. "The cupola is glorious. Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration, as a whole, or as a part, it enchants the eye; it satisfies the taste, *it expands the soul*. It leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on; a sublime peculiar to the genius of the immortal Architect, and *comprehensible only on the spot*." If it be remarked that Forsyth, as Eustace, is in every one's hand, my reply would be, (as I have observed in the Preface) that one of my cherished aims is to make "Italy," as familiar as a guide-book, or, at least, as a book of reference,—and what guide, what authority can equal Forsyth?

## XL.

*From Alp-like Columns.*

The four pillars supporting this enormous Cupola are stupendous masses of Architecture . . . . No better notion can be conveyed of their prodigious dimensions than by stating, that there is a Church in the *Via delle 4 Fontane*, called S. Carlo, which is exactly the same height as *one* of



these pillars ; nor does the Church appear particularly small within.

*As if to kiss that foot could errings heal :*

The subject recalls to mind the remark of Cicero, whilst describing the Statue of Hercules at Agrigentum ; he says “ that his *mouth* and *chin* were much worn, because in their “ prayers and thanksgivings they were accustomed not only “ to worship but to kiss it”—Cicero means *the women*, of course ; the world is everywhere the same.

I close the note with Matthews ;—“ The Catholic laughs at “ the Mussulman—we laugh at the Catholics—the Deist “ laughs at us—and the Atheist (*is there such a thing?*) “ laughs at all. What is truth ? we must wait for an answer ; “ but, let us repose our hopes in the promises of Christianity : “ not as it appears disfigured at Rome, but, as it is re- “ corded in that sacred volume, which, in the words of the “ immortal Locke, has God for its author—Salvation for its “ end, and Truth, unmixed with error, for its matter.”

## XLII.

*The crowds within the Sistine-Halls are still.*

I went yesterday to the Sistine to hear the far-famed “ MISERERE.” The pressure of the crowd was so great, that, nothing less than the long anticipated reward, could have induced me to remain. After listening for an hour, which literally appeared an age, to the opening chorus, whose na-



sal twang was an infliction, I perceived that all I had read of, was about to ensue. The lights were gradually extinguished ; and, as the twilight had mingled with the red gleam cast over the Chapel by the flambeaus, the darkness commenced. If one could be allowed repose, which from the crowds, the noise, and the heat, is impossible, the time and place were striking from their effects on the imagination. The huge Figures of the pictured Prophets on the ceiling, assumed more of mystery from their obscurity, and became more life-like ; and the Last Judgment created awakening impressions.

Finally, the last light was extinguished ; and then, *should* have been, and during a moment or two, there was, that dead *Silence* which, among crowds, is always so impressive ; and then opened the “ MISERERE,” which, in its opening, was indeed superhuman. I use that term, reflectively, because I had not the faintest conception of what a combination of harmonious Voices, some of them unnaturally formed, could effect. No organ, or musical instruments whatsoever, in their deepest, mellowest tones, could produce sounds so pervading, yet so penetrating withal ; and there rose, at times, among “ this mingled world of sound,” tones of silvery sweetness, of which no instrumental combination could convey an idea. Something of additional effect, “ though that’s not much,” was given to the Choristers from their being unseen ; by the utter darkness resting on the lower end of the Chapel : and by the dull red light cast by the flambeaus over the heads of the multitudes in front.

From the depths of that darkness, these superhuman sounds poured forth, filling the air with their expression. To an imaginative ear they might resemble the Choirs of the Angelic hosts imploring mercy for mankind—for *imploring* was their character, and to such an intensity, that the Voices thrilled through, and made vibrate and accord again, every nerve of the human frame, creating that sense of languor and of depression which opens, at length, the flood-gates of the heart. At times, notes of profound pathos mingled with the strains : they seemed like the Lament of the Condemned about to be cast forth for ever : so deep—so hopeless—yet so calm !

Let the truth, however, be told, which never *is* told in books. The enjoyment of a few scattered minutes, here and there, of this marvellous singing, scarcely repays him who visits the Sistine for the endurance of two hours chaunting of the most dismaying nasal twang ;—for being stifled with the heat and the close atmosphere ;—and for being almost literally crushed by the pressure of noisy and contentious crowds ; the one half of which assembled there, would render any feeling of comfort, or of the quiet enjoyment of Music, wholly out of the question. It was with a feeling of regret that I observed the most noisy, the most contentious, and the most coarse of these, were, invariably, my own countrymen.

I may close this, I trust, not irrelevant note, by recalling, it was while standing in this crowd, where the effort of even standing, required, occasionally, some slight personal exer-

tion, that the Stanzas on the subject were composed ; for, it occurred to me, during that hour, how impossible would be the task to write from any source excepting that of immediate impressions.

More than once during the melodies of the MISERERE, Milton's lines were recalled ; being, surely, one of the finest illustrations of the effects of Music on the heart, ever attempted by Poetry ;—everywhere in his works, Milton shows how deep was his feeling for harmony.

. . . a soft and solemn breathing sound  
*Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,*  
*And stole upon the air,* that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more,  
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of Death.

COMUS.

### LXIII.

*See how yon pictured Prophets.*

“ It is here we behold,” says Lanzi, “ those august and finely varied figures of the Prophets and Sibyls of Angelo, the best the world has ever seen ;—their very attitudes, whether representing rest or motion, all announce a race of mortals to whom the Deity reveals the future, and whom he inspires.”

The Last Judgment is too much injured by time, ill-usage, and neglect ; it is too far gone—stat *magni nominis umbra* :

nothing but the sublime *conception* is tangible, and, to add to its misfortunes, an unsightly Canopy covers the best part of the fresco, under which the Pope may sit with the well-merited attributes of Midas.

Speaking of the marvellous figures on the ceiling, Lanzi observes, "It was a received opinion that Angelo had no  
" taste for beauty or for grace ; and yet the Eve, who, at  
" her creation, turns round to offer up her thanksgiving to  
" her Maker, is made to do it with an air so lovely and en-  
" gaging, that it would be *no discredit* to Raffaele him-  
" self."

I think, I must confess, that this is hardly praise enough : for myself, oftentimes lying along the benches of the Sistine, I have looked at that single figure of Eve for an hour at a time : so flowing and so exquisitely graceful a conception did I feel it to be.

Among the other chief frescos, are seen the Almighty, casting the world floating from Him like a Ball, and Darkness receding into Chaos—the conception and execution, alike sublime. The Almighty, awakening Adam into form and life with his touch—the mortal and his Creator, confronted together. JOURNAL.

#### XLVI.

*Turn, where apart you darkly curtained tent :*

In one of the angles of the Ceiling, I observed his Judith and Holofernes. it is indeed all his own. In the dark back-

ground rises the tent, on the couch of which is stretched the decollated corpse of the warrior ; his arms and one of his legs are drawn upward, as if from the last wrenching agony. The Murderess has hastily passed over a plank which divides the tent from the foreground, and, while giving the head to her attendant, her face is half averted, with an expression of scorn, on hearing the motion which might have been caused by the last spasmodic convulsion ; a Shakspearian conception—of the same tone and character of genius which created “ the listening fears ” of Lady Macbeth. Of the character of the Prophets and Sibyls around the ceiling, it would be superfluous to speak ; the whole attitude of Isaiah, for example, is perfect ; and an anticipation of “ the Moses ” from the same hand. After finding fault with the Prophets in the Sistine as being at too great a height “ to distinguish the faces as accurately as one could wish,” (an effect the very reverse of which was designed,) Hazlitt observes—“ Nothing can be “ nobler or more characteristic than the figure of the Prophet Jeremiah, *which droops and hangs down like a majestic “ tree surcharged with showers.*”—How just and fine the analogy—how beautiful its expression !—*O si sic omnia !*\*

\* This character of imposing majesty is most striking in the figure of Isaiah, who, reading the Book of Law, has placed his hand in it to mark the passage, and his head leaning on his other, he has delivered himself up to his high thoughts, when he is called by an Angel : far from being betrayed into any hasty movement by the voice of the Inhabitant of Heaven, the Prophet slowly turns\* his head, and seems to give attention, almost with regret.

\* Histoire de la Peinture en Italie. 2 vols.

## LII.

*What Temple frowns before me in my path?*

Whether the Pantheon was designed for a Temple to all the gods, following Dion, or a calidarium, a single, or a double building, the Ancients spoke of it with rapture, as one of the wonders of Rome, “whose vault was like the heavens, and whose compass was that of a whole region.”

“Twenty ages have now rolled over the Pantheon,” (says Forsyth in his best manner,) “and if they have not crushed its dome, they have, at least, left their traces in sullen grandeur on its walls: they have left all its primeval proportions, but have gradually stript it of its ornaments, its leaves of acanthus, and its glossy colours. These venerable tints, that time alone can shed, rather increase its majesty, by adding the charms of recollection, and the united interest of age and disaster.”

Nor can the *poetry* of Goëthe on the Pantheon be resisted: “How glorious must have been the effect of this proudest of all the temples of Pantheism, *when the deities of the heathen world filled every niche with pale and silent beauty!* when the lofty Caryatides relieved the attic, and the majestic hemisphere above glittered with bronze and silver. The beauty of the existing edifice is of that dignified and serious character which succeeds the bloom and the brilliancy of youth: but it is still beauty; and of that

“ high and genuine order which bids defiance to all criticism,  
“ and to all changes of architectural rule and fashion.”

## LVII.

*I stand upon the Capitol.*

“ Ruin and restoration,” says Hobhouse, “ have entirely  
“ effaced every vestige of the domicile of all the gods. The  
“ greatest uncertainty hangs over this hill. On which side  
“ stood the Citadel, on which the great temple of the Capitol?  
“ and did the temple stand in the Citadel? Read everything  
“ that has been written on the topography of a spot four  
“ hundred yards in length, and two hundred in breadth, and  
“ you will know—nothing. Four temples, fifteen chapels,  
“ three altars, the great rock, a fortress, a library, an athe-  
“ næum, an area covered with statues, the enrolment office,—  
“ all these are to be arranged in the above space: and of  
“ these, the last only can be with precision assigned to the  
“ double row of vaults corroded with salt, where the inscription  
“ of Catulus was discovered.”

## LIX.

*The dungeons of the Mamertine beneath.*

The executions took place in a prison beneath the Mamertine, called the Tullian prison; it was sunk twelve feet beneath the natural surface. Criminals were thrown into it through a hole, still visible in the centre of the vault. Those, therefore, imprisoned in the Mamertine, heard the cries,



and saw the agonies of those who were tormented and executed in the Tullian;—this was, indeed, feeling what has been so emphatically termed “the bitterness of death.”

Our memories suggest to us many celebrated names who thus miserably perished. Here Jugurtha was starved, after having endured the most infamous insults. All the Catiline League were here strangled by Cicero’s order. The crafty Sejanus was here slain by order of Tiberius; and Simon, chief leader of the Jews, made captive by Titus, here, also, met his punishment. From a passage of Josephus, it appears that the deaths of the chiefs and princes of the vanquished nations took place in the prison *beneath*, at the moment while the triumphal Conqueror was passing *above* to sacrifice to Capitoline Jove. Such was their religion; and such was the *mercy* and the *feeling* of the lords of the Western world towards their self-made enemies, whose only misfortune it was to be vanquished by them. JOURNAL.

## LXII.

*Behold the Priest who sacrificed his son :*

The humane Virgil has accorded his full approval of the deed in one of his finest lines :

Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido !

## LXV.

*But thy misgiving mind itself betrayed :*

Montesquieu has penetrated to its depth the character of



Pompey : Mais comme il avoit *souverainement le foible de vouloir* être approuvé, il ne pouvoit s'empêcher de prêter l'oreille aux vains discours de ses gens qui le railloient ou l'accusoient sans cesse.

The Statue of Pompey, in the Spada Palace, is colossal in its fullest proportions. His right arm is extended; in his left hand he holds a globe, supposed to be typical of his having made the Eastern world tributary to Rome.\* He is not nude, for the *pallium* sits close to his form. Nothing can well be conceived more imposing than the attitude and whole appearance of this Statue; it is majestic to the last degree. But there is nothing austere or stern in the features; on the contrary, they exactly *illustrate* his character as dilated on by Plutarch, as *hinted* at by Cicero. They are full and regular: preserving that beauty of outline which he retained through life. The lips are depressed; the eyes are full and opened: the forehead unusually high, expressing much of what, I believe, the craniologists call "veneration;" there is an august character, indeed, about the whole head, inspiring, in marble, that sense of reverence which he impressed in life. I especially noted two deep lines furrowed in the forehead, faithfully copied no doubt. I observed that the mouth was depressed; it occurred to me, also, that there was a general air of depression in the whole character of the face, as if it seemed to prophesy the future, while evincing the indecision of will which hastened it.

The ever-varying Cicero did not always speak of Pompey

\* Winkleman.

with the same reverence: “Was there ever a more absurd  
 “mortal than your friend Pompey, to act in so trifling a  
 “manner, after having raised such terrible commotions?”\*

Touching the *patriotism* of Cicero—“As long as our  
 “country’s dissensions are confined to debate, we ought to  
 “join with the more righteous side; but, *as soon as the sword*  
*“is drawn, the strongest party is always the best.”* Such prin-  
 ciples defend the most abandoned prostitution and desertion  
 in political conduct. It were to be wished that every man  
 who embraces this maxim were as little scrupulous in con-  
 fessing it; for, of all noxious creatures, a knave, without a  
 mask, is by far the least dangerous. JOURNAL.

*In vain his face while falling he would cloke.*

The event is well told by Suetonius—Cæsar fell at the  
 base of Pompey’s statue.

## LXVIII.

*And this was the hill Palatine.*

After all one has heard of the Palace of the Cæsars, the  
 first impression on beholding it, must be one of disappoint-  
 ment; its traditions and memories retain their influence;  
 but time and havoc have done too much—they have gone  
 too far. To look upon the hill of fable, fame, and luxury—  
 the three epochs of nations—without the deepest feelings,  
 would be impossible. This was the cradle of Rome’s  
 infancy, and her final burying-place: the first and last object

\* Cicero’s Letters.

of every pillager or destroyer. Luxury was for ever here employed to create or to beautify : and, as often, caprice or rapine followed her, to despoil or to overthrow. The five first Kings lived on or around it ; and, when regal power was overthrown, Publicola rased from hence the house he had erected, from seeing that, in despite of his known patriotism, it excited popular mistrust ; how great was the man, and the people, at that time ! and how altered they rapidly became, dating always from the fall of Carthage. JOURNAL.

## LXX.

*Fane left the hill with Cæsar.*

The most illustrious men of Rome inhabited the Palatine and beheld from its many points the same prospect as presented now—for the hills and the sky are unchangeable. Cicero, Antony, Hortensius, and many others, had villas here ; here, also, was Augustus born. The Palace was enlarged or lessened to the caprice of different Emperors. Burnt down in the year A. C. 64, Nero erected from its ruins his golden Palace, to which our friend Aladdin's was a mere hovel, judging from the *fact* alone, that the columns of the portico amounted to three thousand, before which stood the Emperor's colossal Statue of one hundred and twenty feet in height. Genseric was the first who sacked it : Totila followed—and we may guess how much the Goth *spared* of that which the Vandal left behind him. Heraclius, however, we know, lived in it during the seventh century ; during the eighth also, a great part of it remained.

At present—one mass of ruins—the very bones of the skeleton lie scattered far distant ; and all form is indefinable. Roofless halls, arches half-fallen, some above, others below, wrecks of porticoes and chambers, huge trees rising among them, together with whole orchards and gardens in full bloom, round towers, their hollow windows, or shapeless holes, yawning open to the sky, and their ribs crushed through on every side, wild flowers, thick myrtles, young cypresses and aloes, making “a wilderness of sweets,” cover and hide the rank soil in every direction. Some of the sweetest wall-flowers I ever gathered were from hence : I only wished for some means to preserve them, *feeling* them the sacred reliques which they *were*. JOURNAL.

## LXXV.

*Till Cato fires me with his patriot heat.*

The characters of Cato and Cicero are too finely discriminated by Montesquieu to be omitted : “Je crois que si Caton s'étoit réservé pour la république, il auroit donné aux choses tout un autre tour. Cicéron, avec des parties admirables pour un second rôle, étoit incapable du premier ; il avoit un beau génie, mais une ame souvent commune. *L'accessoire*, chez Cicéro, c'étoit la vertu ; chez Caton c'étoit la gloire : Cicéron se voyoit toujours le premier ; Caton s'oublioit toujours : celui-ci vouloit sauver la république pour elle même ; celui là pour s'en vanter. Je pourrois continuer le parallèle en disant que quand Caton prévoyoit, Cicéron se confioit ;

que le premier voyoit toujours les choses de sang-froid,  
*l'autre à travers cent petites passions.*”\*

It would be unjust to finish the note without quoting some admirable remarks from the Quarterly Review, which I wrote down at the time:—“ No scholar can be blind to the “ weaknesses or to the vanity of this extraordinary man ; but, “ while his faults arose chiefly out of his very peculiar posi- “ tion, his greatness, we conceive, was his own. His want “ of military distinction and ability only places in stronger “ relief his commanding powers in civil life. Without this, “ he stood on a level with the Luculli, the Pompeys, and the “ Cæsars. It is a strong testimony to the vitality of the “ Roman institutions and the old Roman virtue, that, in the “ final collision which dashed the Republic to pieces, two “ men, who possessed, the one only eloquence, the other “ only the rude old Sabine independence of character,— “ Cicero and Cato,—maintained their place and their in- “ fluence.”

#### LXXIX.

*But whither hath the Mind immortal flown ?*

The *startling*, the almost perturbing epitaph of the Atheist, on the Appian Way, will be remembered by many :

Non nomen, non quo genitus, non unde, quid egi,  
 Mutus in eternum sum cinis, ossa, *nihil* !

\* Livy's sentiment on Cato is too grandly expressed to be forgotten :—  
 “ Adversus vitia degenerantis civitatis, *stetit solus*, et cadentem rempub-  
 “ licam . . . retinuit—*neque enim Cato post libertatem vixit nec Libertas*  
 “ *post Catonem !*”

“ Miserrimus ” indeed—let it be set against that of a better, and a wiser Roman :

Ingenio superest Cordus, *mens ipsa recepta est*  
*Cælo*, quod terræ est maxima Roma tenet.

### LXXXII.

*Our Father ! as thou art :*

When speaking of the Supreme Being, how closely the Deist and the Christian unite in sentiment !

“ In Him,” says Paul, “ we live, and move, and have our being.”

“ *Membra sumus corporis magni: totum hoc Deus est,*” says Seneca, giving from himself the general sense of the Sophists, and, after them, the Poets, on the subject, having, also, Anaximenes and Plato at their head :

Ἄυτὸν πάντα κοσμεῖν τὰ πράγματα διὰ πάντων ἰόντα.

### LXXXIII.

*And fondly dream of immortality ?*

“ Immortality already commences on earth for him,” says Kant, “ who feels within him the longing for immortal things.”\* All the intelligible parts of Kant’s philosophy are drawn (in common with all before him) from Plato ; his

\* This, however, is merely a transcript from Plato —“ The soul is incapable of dissolution ; the objects to which it naturally adheres, are spiritual and incorruptible ; *therefore, its nature must be the same.*”

unintelligible parts are all his own. Indeed, his philosophy (that falsest of misnomers) is the most miserably disheartening of all; opposing the weakness of our mere human REASON against our most implanted convictions, he strikes at the root of all knowledge and all religion. Kant, however, like all defective writers, is more talked of than read; let us hope that, with time, his reveries will be forgotten; his harmlessness, meanwhile, consists mainly in his unintelligibility.

## LXXXV.

*Love there will re-unite . . . .*

Empedocles calls the soul—and how exquisite is the idea—

*“ Heaven’s exile straying from its Orb of Light !”*

while Plotinus, the philosopher, was so *ashamed* of *his* soul having “strayed” *at all*, that he would never tell his origin, or the place of his earthly birth!

## LXXXVI.

*Is this wreck all that now remains of thee ?*

If any theorist imagines that the Forum *is*, or can be *ever*, satisfactorily made out—let him visit it; he will there find sufficient answer. Fresh remains of friezes, capitals, &c. discovered yearly, prove *now*, as other discoveries *will* prove hereafter, the folly of naming or affixing ‘sites to any objects which are not confirmed in Roman letters. The Temple of



Fortune, for example, *was* the Temple of Concord, and *will*, doubtless, have many a new misnomer. Where are the Temples of Castor or Pollux—of Julius Cæsar, or of Saturn? where the Arch of Tiberius—the Temples of Vespasian, or Fortune? Where is the Rostrum?—it stood before the Curia;—where is Julius Cæsar's, or Duillius's Column, a fragment of whose inscription is seen in the Capitol? and, far above them all—where is a remnant of that first of all Temples—to Capitoline Jove? We *know* that all these, and others, once existed here; and we *see*, that not one single stone of them is remaining! JOURNAL.

## LXXXIX.

*How hath Destruction sunk.*

The reflections of Burton, in the Forum, so naturally given, and with so much healthy and eloquent feeling, will be appreciated.

“ If ever we could wish to moralise upon the vicissitudes  
 “ of human greatness, it would be here. When Marcellus  
 “ wept as Syracuse was about to fall, and Marius surveyed  
 “ the ruins of Carthage with the eyes, not of a hero, but  
 “ of a man, we surely do not think that human nature was  
 “ degraded; but the sorrow of the one must have been  
 “ increased by the thought, that so much splendour must  
 “ shortly fall a sacrifice to his own glory: and when Marius  
 “ saw his country's ancient rival in the dust, he must have  
 “ felt that the same cause which sent him an exile to Africa,



“ might shortly level his own city to the fate of Carthage.  
 “ May we not, then, be allowed to sympathise with the  
 “ mighty names which once graced the Roman Forum?  
 “ May we not see in it a memorial, that whatever is great  
 “ may be overthrown? and, what is more mortifying to  
 “ human pride, that much which is overthrown may be for-  
 “ gotten? Posthumous fame has such charms for some  
 “ men, that they would consent to be overwhelmed, if they  
 “ were certain that they would be talked of some thousand  
 “ years after. But ambition would find poor encouragement  
 “ in the ruins of the Forum, where so much greatness lies  
 “ doubly buried: and though some fragments may be  
 “ brought to light from the soil which covers them, yet the  
 “ revolution of ages has consigned their history to oblivion,  
 “ and they serve only to excite the ingenuity or the jealousy  
 “ of antiquaries !”

## XCV.

*Where stood spare Brutus when his friend he slew.*

I am indebted to an anonymous writer for some fine stric-  
 tures on the *real* character of Brutus:—“ Brutus was a kind  
 “ of philosopher-patriot, who affected to preserve his stoic  
 “ impassiveness, while he was addressing an exasperated  
 “ mob. Nothing can be more amusing, or, at the same  
 “ time, less calculated to raise our respect for Brutus, than  
 “ the vanity of authorship, which induced him to submit his  
 “ famous speech to the people, on which hung the destiny  
 “ of Rome, to Cicero, *to be touched up*, previous to its publi-

“ cation ; which speech, however, Cicero found so flat and  
 “ lifeless, that he declined meddling with it. Yet such were  
 “ the best confederates whom Cicero could command to  
 “ fight the battle for the liberties of Rome. It was, in fact,  
 “ from the first, a contest between the unarmed and the  
 “ armed ; of eloquence against power ; of the orator who  
 “ exercised a doubtful sway over a timid and feeble audience,  
 “ and one who gave the word of command to legions of  
 “ veterans.” QUARTERLY REVIEW.

*Behold the arch of Titus :*

The Arch of Titus was erected in honour of his conquest of Jerusalem ; and, although the least of the arches, by far the most graceful of them all. On either side beneath the arch, are bas-reliefs ; on the left, one distinguishes Titus, seated in a quadrigal chariot, which Rome, embodied as a female, leads by the reins : Victory crowns the Emperor, and a troop of soldiers closes the scene. On the right is represented the most interesting part of the triumph ; the Jewish captives, the table of gold and sacred vessels, the trumpets, the seven-branched candlestick, which soldiers, crowned with laurel, bear on their shoulders ; beneath the vault of the arch, the figure of Titus is represented, supported by an eagle—image of his apotheosis. This circumstance, and the epithet of “ *divus*,” which, if he had been living, they *dared* not have added, are proofs that it was erected after his death ; probably under the reign of Domitian.

It is Suetonius who records the single fact which, of itself, has immortalised the name of Titus :

“ Once, while at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any one on that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying—

“ Friends—I have *lost* a day !”

Yet the *saying* more illustrated the life of Trajan than his own. That not tyrant could be more remorseless than Titus, when before Jerusalem, the records of even a partial historian testify : wood, and even space, were found wanting to crucify his captives on ; five hundred of whom were nailed up at a time, alive, whose only crime consisted in an heroic and hopeless resistance.

#### XCVIII.

*On those proud columns once where heroes stood,  
Stand martyrs.*

The triumphal columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, originally crowned with statues of those illustrious Emperors, are now surmounted by those of St. Peter and St. Paul ; to be re-surmounted, perhaps, some centuries hence, by the statues of the heroes of redeemed and regenerated Italy.

## CANTO IV.

## I.

*Hold of the despot, refuge of the slave.*

Various uses to which the Colosseum has been applied. It may be borne in mind that the word *Arena* signified, also, the Amphitheatre generally ; and he who fought thereon was called *Arenarius*. Nero, according to Pliny, often covered it with vermilion and chrysocolla.

## II.

*Great Colosseum, at thy mighty shrine :*

The venerable Bede first gave it this term from its gigantic magnitude. After having been used during three centuries for different spectacles, and, even up to the year A. D. 523, for shows of wild beasts, it served, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, as a stronghold for many noble families, particularly for those of the Frangipani and the Annibaldi. To this epoch all its chief depredations are referred. "It would be a weary and sickening task," says Hobhouse, "to enumerate half the despoilers who turned the Colosseum

“ into a quarry. Pope Adrian I. worked a whole year at it ;  
 “ Pope II. built from it his palace. Paul III. was more assi-  
 “ duous, but he divided his attentions, also, between the  
 “ theatre of Marcellus, the Forum of Trajan, and the arch of  
 “ Titus. The inferior clergy, it is probable, were more  
 “ guilty than their Pontiffs, for, considering it a fair wreck,  
 “ we may suppose little scruple was used in appropriation.  
 “ In the year 1332 a grand tournament was held therein,  
 “ and half a century afterwards, it was changed into an hos-  
 “ pital. Since that age, an everlasting mark of pillage, it  
 “ has furnished materials for many of the finest palaces at  
 “ Rome. It was only since the commencement of our era  
 “ that the Popes (seeing, no doubt, its Mecca sort of attrac-  
 “ tion for Pilgrims from all parts of the world) have begun  
 “ taking pains to preserve it.”

## VI.

*Such were their morning hopes of happiness :*

Every nation has its vices—*cruelty* was the prevailing vice  
 of the Romans. Vainly is it said : the brave are never cruel  
 the Colosseum bore fearful testimony to the contrary ;  
 “ for,” as Forsyth observes, “ here sat the conquerors of the  
 “ world coolly to enjoy the tortures and the death of men  
 “ who had never offended them. Two aqueducts hardly  
 “ sufficed to wash off the human blood shed in these imperial  
 “ shambles. Twice in a day came the senators and matrons  
 “ of Rome to the butchery ; and a Virgin always gave the  
 “ signal for slaughter.”

## VIII.

*Infinity within each particle.*

There is not a mould or mildew so insignificant that is not able to give birth to some parasite less than itself: that may not become the soil and parent of *animalculæ*, of which thousands may crowd to its surface . . . . Some are so small, that to them a drop of lymph, or blood, is an ocean, where they swim in shoals through every duct and channel.

HOPE'S PROSPECTS OF MAN.

## XI.

*So stretches that Titanic Skeleton :*

Mindful of the enormous losses which the Colosseum has sustained, of the wholesale, private and public, pillaging which has been going on within it, for ages; mindful of the united influences of war, time, and the elements—no man can stand in the centre of that vast Arena, and look around and above him, without feeling lost in wonder, that so much of what is grand, and perfect, and immovable, should still remain.

Titus first opened the doors of this Titanic Edifice, begun by his father, finished by himself; the number of beasts then slaughtered, from the elephant to the gazelle, amounted to five thousand. “Sylla,” says the historian, “gave, at once, “five hundred lions to *his* Amphitheatre: the blood ran “in streams round the Arena; but the roar of the wild

“beasts was drowned in the louder shouts of the ferocious  
“spectators.”

## XII.

——— *with populous thousands fraught :*

“The people,” says Ammianus, “spend all their earnings  
“in drinking and gaming, in shows and spectacles. In the  
“*ford*, the streets, and squares, multitudes assemble, and  
“dispute, some defending one, and some another. When  
“the wished-for day arrives, before sunrise, all run headlong  
“to the spot, passing in swiftness the chariots that are to  
“run ; upon the success of which their wishes are so divided,  
“that many pass the night without sleep.”

## XIV.

*Spreads the Velaria's sail.*

This the crowd surveys  
Oft in the theatre, whose awnings broad,  
Bedecked with crimson, yellow, or the tint  
Of steel cerulean, from their fluted heights  
Wave tremulous; and o'er the scene beneath,  
Each marble statue fling their tints superb.  
While as the walls with ampler shade repel  
The garish noon-beam, every object round  
Laughs with a deeper dye, and wears profuse,  
A lovelier lustre, ravished from the day.

GOOD'S LUCRETIVS.

\* Mr. Lockhart, in his classical “Roman Story” of “Valerius,” has given so graphic a picture of the Amphitheatre, with a Gladiator-fight, that, with a slight effort of imagination, the coldest reader may imagine himself a spectator.



## XV.

*There fills the Emperor his golden chair.*

The Emperor had his seat somewhat raised above the others. The Senators occupied their curule chairs, and *the Vestals*, also, had allotted places.

## XIX.

*He leans upon his shield.*

Embrowned to almost the hue of life, and life-like in its full and manly proportions, his limbs strongly knit, and admirably developed, every nerve and sinew, every shadow of the anatomy implied, and a sinking and relaxed tension pervading the whole, this most impressive Statue—for no other is equally so in the same sense, *they*, all appealing to the imagination, *this* to our natural sympathies—arrests and fixes every eye, and causes a momentary suspension from every other pursuit. We *feel* the attendant awe, as if we really looked upon a dying man; those who have imagined the object, see it realised, and are silent; those who *have* seen it, wonder that the slow hand of Art could give such a breathing resemblance. Not one word of this, surely, is exaggerated, we expect much—we could not *imagine* that which we behold.

Often, while sitting in a dark corner of the hall, I have noticed that large parties, entering in the full tide of gaiety, stood suddenly checked; they saw, and *felt* at once, the



expression of the Statue, and were restrained. Which expression is, simply, that, says Pliny, of “a dying man “wounded to the death, in which you might see how much “life was remaining in him:” *Vulneratum deficientem fecit. quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ.* What an acknowledgment, and what a tribute to the powers of the Sculptor! The other halls were full of noise and talking, but I observed that there was always a silence round “the Dying Gladiator.”

JOURNAL.

## XX.

*Hurled to the dogs, his body who shall find.*

The bodies of the slain were dragged with a hook through a gate called Libitinensis, the Gate of Death, to the *spoliarium*; the victor was rewarded with a sum of money contributed by the spectators, or bestowed from the treasury, or with a palm branch, or a garland of palm ornamented with coloured ribbons; ensigns of frequent occurrence in ancient monuments. Those who survived three years, were released from this service, and sometimes one, who had given *great* satisfaction, was enfranchised on the spot. POMPEII, i. 301.

## XXVIII.

*Cola Rienzi!*

Rienzi was fortunate in his time, for he had Petrarch as his poet and fellow-citizen, and a biographer, unpolished but impartial, who has fairly weighed his merits and defects; and as those who felt his justice were chiefly the rebellious barons,

his half heroic, fantastic figure\* has been delineated with fidelity. His incipient success proved that the allure of Liberty had lost none of its charms, and his fall arose rather from his own inconstancy, than from that of the Romans. “As the overthrower of patrician usurpation, as the assertor of justice, as the punisher of violence, and the projector of a splendid system, which was to restore the freedom of Rome and of Italy—he did greatly; but, when the republican aspired to perpetuate his *own* power; when the tribune imitated the farce of royalty; when the reformer declared himself the champion of superstition and the church, he lost his distinctive character, and, like a mightier character of our day, left an external proof that a revolution can be maintained alone by the *maxims*, and even the very *forms*, by which it was first ushered into life.”†

## XXX.

*Oh ! let majestic Rome.*

I quote Rienzi's eloquent and, indeed, magnificent language :

“ May the Roman city, ascending the throne of her wonted majesty, rise for ever from the fall of her long prostration ! Let her cast off the garment of mourning and widowhood, and put on the bridal purple ! Let her head be adorned with the diadem of liberty, and her neck strengthened with

\* Costio era *uomo fantastico* ; dall' un canto faceva la figura d'eroe dall' altro di pazzo.—Annali. ad an. 1347.

† Hobhouse.

“ collars ! Let her resume the sceptre of justice, and, strong  
 “ and regenerate in every virtue, like a fair dressed bride,  
 “ let her show herself to her bridegroom.” EXT. TRIBUNE  
 TO THE SENATE AND ROMAN PEOPLE.

“ But Rienzi,” says the accurate and impartial Sismondi,  
 “ was neither a statesman nor a warrior ; he knew not how  
 “ to consolidate this good state, to which he pretended to  
 “ have restored the Romans. His head was turned by vanity,  
 “ and he assumed a degree of pomp which excited ridicule :  
 “ and, in an ill-conducted attack at Rome by the Colonnas,  
 “ he gave proofs, in repelling them, of incapacity and cow-  
 “ ardice.” Every one will recal the masterly manner in which  
 Gibbon has developed his character. Mr. Bulwer has invested  
 Rienzi with all the powers of his fine genius, throwing over  
 his character the richest tints of romance ; it is the severer  
 province of Truth and Poetry, inseparably linked as they  
 are, to represent him as he was.

## XXXVII.

*Glorious and godlike incarnation.*

The whole figure of the Apollo seems to breathe a sort  
 of divinity, while it inspires a feeling almost of veneration in  
 the beholder ; the marble is so exquisitely polished, that there  
 almost appears a *nimbus*, or radiance, round the head, ema-  
 nating also from the eyes and forehead

His look with the reach of past ages was wise :  
*And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes !*

LEIGH HUNT.

Lines which require no praise ; they assert themselves.

Nothing can be conceived more august than his whole presence and attitude, nothing finer than his expression of pride, a pride innate in him, and a part of his godhead, which must rise too much above all opposition to contend. The Python is just slain—but the god is unmoved; there is no agitation, no exultation, no effort: he has raised his face from the vanquished, as if failure or opposition were sounds, not things; accidents which could not occur to one of his sun-like and immortal nature. The form of Apollo can scarcely be termed delicate, if, indeed, by that term, anything allied to weakness or effeminacy (as in the Perseus of Canova) be implied. His figure, on the contrary, is swelled to the finest, fullest proportions of a man, in

The prime of manhood, where youth ended;

and the whole of the upper part of that figure how noble, how full of confidence and energy, the anatomy of whose life is so finely shadowed forth, that we almost fancy a current of “ethereal ichor” runs beneath the marble; we almost expect to see the god recover his bow in his half-raised right arm, and confront the spectator, before ascending into heaven! Nor can anything be imagined more graceful than his clustering hair, which, rich and ray-like, curls round his forehead, but not hiding his temples, and descending, *throws out* (as the painters express it) his arching neck in full and beautiful relief.

The Apollo has been designated a mere copy, because the marble, it is observed, is from Carrara, not from Paros. Ca-

nova *thought* the original of bronze, but, more especially, the drapery. Visconti, on the contrary, (a first-rate authority,) denies entirely the Apollo being wrought from Carrara marble, contending that it came from some other Grecian quarry. To all this vain and restless cavilling, is it not sufficient to reply, we *feel* that divine Image *could* not be a copy, having the *mens divinator* stamped, as it is, in its every line ; but such have ever been the conflicting currents of opinion, that, age after age, fret away their hour around the bases of the immutable and eternal monuments of genius.\* JOURNAL.

## XLII.

*Model of human beauty in repose :*

The Antinous is an image of still and perfect beauty, of beauty in its most entire repose. His eyes are bent towards the ground ; a languor, a sense of depression, almost approaching to pain, appears stamped in the expression of his features, yet not a line of their polished perfection is discomposed. He may be called an image of the perfection of manly beauty, which, for a woman to look on, and not to love, would be impossible. I observed that it was chiefly the men who clustered round the Apollo ; the *silent* gazers on

\* The locks of the Apollo recal to us those graceful lines in the Feast of the Poets :

And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,  
A curl fell athwart them and darken'd their lustre,  
A sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,  
*Like the sun through a tree, when he's setting in flame !*

the Antinous were, almost always, women; the one, awes, dazzles, repels; the other, draws, melts, subdues; woman is always in the right; one feeling inspired from *the heart*, is more rewarding than all the sublimer abstractions of the colder imagination.

### XLIII.

#### *A shrine as its own form.*

From an idea that perfection in form constituted the same in faculty, the sages of Greece held corporeal beauty amongst the foremost of the gifts of God, and regarded its possessor as being, equally with the possessor of superior wisdom, a special favourite of heaven; they sometimes paid its owner (as in the example of Antinous) divine honours, and raised to his memory not Statues only, but Altars.

### XLIV.

#### *Behold the test of human agony:*

The place of the discovery of the Laocoon (the baths of Titus) identifies it with the group described by Pliny—he gives it the pre-eminence over *all* other sculpture; but how interesting are his own words:—“There are many sculptors  
“ whose fame is less generally spread, because the number  
“ of artists employed made against their celebrity in great

\* The Greeks called a beautiful object *καλον*, quasi *καλον*, i. e. *ca'ling on the soul*, which receives it instantly, and welcomes it as something natural.

“ works ; for there is no one person to enjoy the renown,  
 “ and where there are more than one, they cannot all obtain  
 “ an equal name : as, for instance, the Laocoon, *a work which*  
 “ *may be preferred to all others either in painting or statuary.*  
 “ The whole was made out of one block, the father, his chil-  
 “ dren, and the wonderful folds of the serpents, *according to*  
 “ *a vote of the council*, by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athe-  
 “ nodorus, Rhodian sculptors of the first rank.”

I owe an additional note from Winklemann to the interest of a highly esteemed literary friend :

“ As the depths of the Ocean remain always at rest, let  
 “ the surface be ever so agitated, even so the expression in  
 “ the figures of the Greeks denotes, through every variety of  
 emotion, a great and tranquil soul.

“ This grandeur of soul, combined with the most vehe-  
 ment affliction, is visible in the countenance of the Laocoon :  
 “ and not in the countenance alone. The pain which dis-  
 “ plays itself in every muscle and sinew of the body, and  
 “ which fancy might almost detect in the very contraction  
 “ of the abdomen, independent of the countenance and other  
 “ parts, is yet expressed without extravagance, either in the  
 “ face or in the attitude. He does not, like the Laocoon of  
 “ Virgil, give utterance to a terrific shriek : the aperture of  
 “ the mouth does not admit of this. The sound he breathes  
 “ is rather, as Sadoletto describes it, *the stifled sigh of an-*  
 “ *guish.* Bodily pain and grandeur of soul are divided with  
 “ equal strength and accurate balance throughout the whole  
 “ construction of the figure. Laocoon suffers—but he suffers



“ like the Philoctetes of Sophocles. *The spectacle of his affliction, while it penetrates the soul, inspires us with a wish that we too might be able to bear afflictions with equal magnanimity.*”

Such are the fine and liberal criticisms that almost magnify the subject which they only profess to illustrate. JOURNAL.

### XLIX.

*Behold the fighting Gladiator stand :*

This admirable Statue is, at present, in the Musée, at Paris : I have taken the license of putting it in its place.

### LIII.

*Sits the great Hebrew Lawgiver :*

How much have we not heard and read of the colossal Moses of Michael Angelo : we ally ourselves naturally to greatness, and we are almost grateful when we feel that our expectations are not overwrought. What nervous arms, and solemn front, the Sculptor has given him : and what a breadth

Of Atlantéan shoulders, fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies !

The beard of the Prophet hides his chest ; how much of imposing majesty is there in the turn of his head ! His robes are nobly disposed in their colossal folds ; the whole figure, in its grand repose, conveying the impression of immovable tranquillity, of austere simplicity, of strength, of dignity, and of power. JOURNAL.



There is a real pleasure in quoting Burton's almost literal version of Zappi's sublime sonnet on

### THE MOSES.

What living form in solid marble bound  
Sits here gigantic, while each stretch of art  
Springs into being ? hark—there seems to start  
Forth from those living lips no fancied sound.  
'Tis he—his brow with forkéd radiance crowned,  
His beard's full flowing honours speak his name ;  
'Tis Moses ; thus from off the mount of flame,  
With godlike light encircling him, he came.  
Such was his form when huge and roaring waves  
Stood self-supported round him ; thus he bade  
The Sea to close and form a living tomb.  
And did ye raise a molten calf, ye slaves ?  
Had your vain idol been like *this* arrayed,  
The venial crime had met a milder doom.

### LIII.

*On Sinai's Mount who looked upon the one !*

“ And the Lord spake unto Moses *face to face*, as a man speaketh unto his friend.” Exod. xxxiii. 11.

### LIV.

*Given, in earthquake, &c.*

“ And the tables were the work of God, and the writing  
“ was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.”

## LVI.

*Dare we repine?*

‘ And Moses went up to the top of Pisgah : and the Lord  
 ‘ said, ‘ This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, I  
 “ have caused thee to see it, but thou shalt not go over  
 “ thither. So Moses, *the servant of the Lord*, died there in  
 “ the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.”  
 Deut. xxxiv.

Surely the point that strikes us most in this mysterious dispensation, is the sublime resignation of the Prophet, which is so impressively *inferred* in the line put in italics.

## LVIII.

*How in the tranquil and sublime expression :*

“ The whole appearance of their tragic poems,” says the  
 “ classic Schlegel, “ was beautiful and dignified to a degree  
 “ which we cannot equally conceive. We shall do well al-  
 “ ways to think of them in conjunction with ancient sculp-  
 “ ture ; and, perhaps, the most faithful representation of  
 “ them is to consider them as living and moving statues of  
 “ the highest order.”

## LXIII.

*This vale elysian :*

Juvenal complains of the marble ornaments of the Fountain, and wishes that it were again left to its pristine simplicity : his wishes are *now* gratified to their very echo.

Beautiful is the locality of that same spot ; the wooded and sequestered valley, the nodding heights around, and that grot of earth, where—the ear soothed by the sound of the wind among the olives, and by the dripping of waters falling from the creeping plants within, and the eye dwelling on Rome in the blue distance without—the mind feels, in the very solitude of the spot, something more lovely for its contemplations than the fabled Egeria. JOURNAL.

## LXIV.

*Thy name was Solitude !*

The only real Nurse of all inspirations—the only bringer forth of all that is great, and pure, and good, and beautiful in our human natures ! “ Society,” observed Lord Byron, and truer words were never spoken, “ as it is now constituted, is fatal to all works of original genius.” “ I felt most “ distinctly,” said Goethe, “ that nothing considerable could “ be produced without self-isolation. Those things of mine “ which had gained such applause, were *children of loneli-* “ *ness.*”

To take an example beyond humanity,—even Jesus, when he wished to be most alone with his Maker, *went up into a mountain apart.*

## LXX.

*He felt he left behind no fading trace.*

“ A blameless conscience” (Cicero himself is speaking) “ is a great consolation ; especially as I can add to it the

“double support that arises to my mind, from a knowledge of the noblest sciences, and from the glory of my former actions; one of which can never be torn from me as long as I live; and of the other even death itself has not the power to deprive me.” And yet the man who *wrote* these noble sentiments, could *feel* the following: “I earnestly entreat you, then, not to confine yourself to the strict laws of history, but to give a greater latitude to your encomiums on me, than, possibly, you may think my actions can claim.” Perhaps there was never yet a man (and it is a bold assertion) who more craved for *notoriety* than Cicero; it appears to have been the end and aim of his every thought, word, and deed, and to attain which, the most straight and crooked paths were equally taken. We should remember Cicero less by his actions, than by his writings; his Academic Questions are supposed to have been written at Tusculum.

## LXXV.

*No—be his curse the spell:*

The sublime passage in Persius, which Gifford has made his own, cannot be quoted too often;—the scholar will recal the original.

Dread Sire of gods! when lust's envenomed stings  
 Stir the fierce natures of tyrannic kings;  
 When storms of rage within their bosoms roll  
 And call in thunder for thy just control,

H H

O then relax the bolt, suspend the blow,  
 And thus, and thus alone thy vengeance show—  
 In all her charms set Virtue in their eye,  
*And let them see their loss—despair—and die !*

De Sancti has proved that Horace's Sabine farm was near Licenza, close to a stream called the Digetia, eleven miles from Tivoli, and two from Vico Varo, to which place Horace alludes, in the fourteenth Epistle, under the name of Varium. Eustace has observed that the spot answers entirely to Horace's description, given two thousand years since. Not only in the more characteristic features, "the continued chain of mountains,"—the shady valley—"the winding dell," "the abundant fountain"—"the savage rocks,"—not only in these, but in the lesser details also; in the little rills, the moss-grown stones, the frequent groves, the arbutus half concealed in the thickets, the oak, and the "ilex suspended" over the grotto, and the occasional pine;—these meet the traveller at every turn, and rise round him as so many monuments of the accuracy of the poet. May it not be added that every line of the text, picturing Horace, might be illustrated by his writings, from whence they were drawn ?

Imminens villæ tua pinus esto  
 Corporis exigui, præcanum . . .  
*Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice*  
 Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ, &c. &c.

## LXXXVIII.

*Well didst thou match thy fame :*

There is a moral sublimity in the confidence with which Horace speaks of his works ; it seems like the prophetic impression of a mind conscious of its own immortality ; of setting its peculiar stamp on every thought and feeling. He was, indeed, a true *vates*, and his Odes are his *vaticinations*. Both Virgil and himself considered their fame as lastingly fixed as the Capitol :—where is a brick that formed it ? where is a line of either Poet that shall not descend to remotest posterity ? The Capitol possesses for us an interest deeper still. “ It was at Rome,” says the equally enduring Gibbon, “ on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sate musing amidst “ the ruins of the Capitol, whilst the barefooted friars were “ singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of “ writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to my “ mind.”

## XC.

*How much of life is lost !*

The entire sentiment is from Pliny : while gazing on the same scenes which the illustrious characters of past times beheld, we experience a mingled feeling of pride and delight in adopting their sentiments ; it seems as if we thus *identified* our beings with their own : as if the void of time were filled up, the links of the present united with those of the past, while we are *moulding* our minds, as it were, to receive from the same objects the same humanising impressions. JOURNAL.

## XCI.

*Romantic Tivoli !*

When standing in the gorge beneath, the circuitous hills around, their sides, grey, and broken, and rocky, overhanging, the “præceps Anio” falling in one noble sheet of foam, full in front, the mists everywhere rising up from its rocky bed below, and curling upwards against the castellated looking cliffs—then does the Temple of the Sibyl, crowning the very top of the precipice, stand out, imposing in the extreme. It has survived the fall of the Roman Empire and its language ; and, after eighteen hundred years of storms and convulsions of man and nature, it still raises its graceful and delicate proportions, and still claims, from its injuries, even more of our veneration than when first it rose. Gray describes it inefficiently in his letter, Forsyth characteristically : “ The hill of Tivoli is all over picture . . . a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude’s. Tivoli cannot be described : no true portrait of it exists : all views alter and embellish it : *they are poetical translations of the matchless original.*”

## XCVI.

*While their perfumed Mæcenas.*

“ Augustus indulged in jesting, particularly with his friend Mæcenas, whom he rallied on all occasions for his ‘perfumed locks,’ and bantered by imitating the manner of his expression.” SÆTONIUS.



## XCVII.

*The wrecks of Hadrian's Villa.*

The circumference of this Villa extended to seven miles, and, even to this day, they are pillaging from its ruins, to clear away patches of the excellently fruitful soil, which they serve but to encumber.

In wandering among those open halls and areas, every one must feel the impression that they are the most gracefully *picturesque* of all ruins, either in Italy, or perhaps on the face of earth. I never saw such happy *accidents*, as they are termed, as here, whether one stands on the ruined terrace looking down the still lovely vale of Tempè, or whether one turns into the Palace, to wander among its wilderness of speaking ruins. I noticed one solemn looking pine which rose right in the centre of what was, or might have been, the Greek Theatre, as if the place were now its natural right.

Wild flowers *parsemèed* the ground (as the French beautifully express it) everywhere : pines, olives, cypresses, and blushing pink almond-trees, flourished thick among the ruins.

## XCVIII.

*The world's dull stage or left in hate or scorn :*

One modern example—would it were the last!—of the sentiments of these restless Movers of the Nations: At Calade, Napoleon said to those around him—“ I renounce  
“ now, and for ever, the world of politics, I will no longer



“ take any part in whatever may happen. At Porto Ferrajo  
 “ I can live happy : *there I shall be happier than I have ever*  
*been.* No ! were this day the crown of Europe to be of-  
 ferred me, I would not accept it. I will employ myself in  
 “ study—with the sciences and mathematics. You have suf-  
 ficient evidence what the people are. *I have done well*  
*never to esteem mankind :* my treatment of them has been  
 “ better than they deserved. Yet France—the French—  
 “ what ingratitude ! *I am disgusted with ambition*—I have  
 “ no longer a wish to reign.” With all his profound insight  
 into human character, how little Napoleon knew his own,  
 his life, as well as these expressions of disjointed irritabilities,  
 prove well.

It is in vain to deny *the fact* from any just reasonings  
 formed from the head, that, with all his gigantic errors,  
 which were fully equal to his genius, *that* man must be a  
 wonderful one, who could so entwine himself, both living  
 and dead, with the very heart of a mighty Empire ; who  
 could become the absolute *Creator* of its destinies ; and who  
 could cause, from the time of his first movement upon Egypt,  
 to the very last step of his troubled career, always a painful,  
 often a thrilling interest from one end of the world to the other.  
 These are facts which may be distorted, but cannot be denied  
 by the impartial Historian ; we should be just, even where we  
 most condemn. I have dwelt thus much on this subject, be-  
 cause I may find no place so apposite, in which to insert an  
 Ode written while the minds of most men—especially English-  
 men—were deeply interested in the struggle of the Poles

for freedom;—a struggle but too unfortunate, *and therefore*, not *the last*. The Ode was hardly a composition, emanating as it did, from the feeling of the hour, on hearing of the heroic fight at Ostrolenka.

## ODE TO NAPOLEON.

A.D. 1832.

## I.

Where art thou, inspiring Spirit !  
 Art thou to the worm consigned ?  
 Can the dull, cold grave inherit  
 Thy world embracing mind ?

## II.

See'st thou not that world awaking  
 From her torpor, from her chain ?  
 Hear'st thou not the Nations breaking  
 From Oppression's reign ?

## III.

*Feel'st* thou not—oh ! can Death freeze  
*Thy* mind's immortal part ?  
 The “ *gaudia certaminis*, ”\*  
 The life-bound of thy heart ?

## IV

Hark ! War yokes his fiery car,  
 POLAND wakes, and would be free :—  
 Thou, her light, her guiding Star,  
 She calls—she calls on thee !

\* “ The joys of battle,”—the favourite expression of the destroying Attila.

## V.

Scatterer of Armies ! hear :—  
Idol of adoring France !  
Burst the cearments of thy bier :—  
Wake from thy long trance !

## VI.

What are battles without thee ?  
War is but an idle game  
Played by children ; *thou* wert he  
Who gave its sun-like fame !

## VII.

Leaders caught from thee the ray  
That made their immortality :  
Vanquished foes were honoured—they  
Had fought—had fled from thee !

## VIII.

What ! beneath Helena's willows  
Sleep'st thou like a child ?  
What ! when living, could *her* billows  
Bound thy thoughts so wild ?—

## IX.

Never—never ! thy Shade still,  
Throneless Monarch ! rules us yet ;  
Reigns ascendant o'er our will,  
And dares us to forget.

## X.

*Art* thou dead ? thou King ! sleep on :  
Hear not the world's idle strife,  
Thy name—thy name, Napoleon !  
Shall kindle freedom's soul to strife.

## CI.

*How He, the Love who made them :*

God and Love are synonymes : does not nature—man-kind—the Universe—all that is visible and invisible attest the everlasting truth ? That it was felt as such from the most ancient time, let a fragment, *ascribed* to Orpheus, testify : its translation is given :

“ We will first sing a delightful Song on the ancient  
“ Chaos ; how Heaven, Earth, and Seas were formed from  
“ it ; as, also, on the wise and sagacious LOVE—the Eldest  
“ of All—the *Self-Perfect* : which, actively, *produced all*  
“ *these* things ; separating one thing from another.”

This Love was no other than the operative Presence of the immutable and eternal First Cause.

## CII.

*In braided wreaths the starry hosts above :*

The eloquent language of that Apostle of Nature,  
“ Goëthe, seems almost to invest a fanciful image with truth :  
“ Every sun and planet bears within itself the germ of a  
“ higher fulfilment in virtue of which, its developement is  
“ as regular as that of a rose-tree, by means of leaf, stalk,  
“ and flower. You may *call* the germ an idea, or monad, if  
“ you please. Enough that it is invisible, and antecedent to  
“ the visible external developement. One and the same me-  
“ tamorphosis, or capacity of Transformation in Nature, pro-  
“ duces a rose out of a leaf, a caterpillar out of an egg, and  
“ again, a butterfly out of a caterpillar.”

## CIV.

*A visible glory from the blossoms spread.*

I saw one almond-tree, in full blossom, standing in a corner of the ivied wall; its effect, thus thrown out, was quite magical; nothing in the garden of Alcinous could have looked so rich, so glowing, and so beautiful. The ivy, clustering over, and hanging from the broken arches, gave a cresting grace and a plumed dignity to the softened grey walls. In full summer, all here must be Paradise; for the courts and areas were full of vines hanging from the trees, and thick with cherry-trees in blossom; laburnum, acacia, myrtle, and olive, with which the very air was redolent. I felt as did the Mercury of the Poet when descending to the haunt of Calypso :

“ A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,  
A god might gaze, and wander in delight;  
*Joy touched the Messenger of Heaven !*”\*

And I, involuntarily, repeated the glorious lines of the Master-poet, who *must* have written from such remembrances as are here :—in this

Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned  
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned  
Alcinous, host of old Laërtes’ son !”

PARADISE LOST, b. ix.

\* Pope’s paraphrase will always be remembered as one of the most exquisite gems of poetry in the English language.

## CVIII.

*The mirror of Diana of old time.*

There is an exquisite passage in Schiller's "Wallenstein," so perfectly translated by Coleridge, with which I cannot resist enriching the notes ; previously observing, that Lake Nemi was Diana's mirror : the transfer, however, can hardly be called poetic license. The close of the stanza is in allusion to the beautiful *moral* fable of Actæon and Endymion.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
*The fair humanities of old religion,*  
 The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,  
 That had her haunts in dale and piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and watery depths : all these have vanished,  
*They live no longer in the faith of reason !*  
*But still the heart doth need a language, still*  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
 Spirits or gods,\* that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover  
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky  
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day  
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
 And Venus who brings everything that is fair !

\* No more of talk, where god or angel guest  
 With man, as with his friend familiar, used  
 To sit indulgent.

## CX.

*In the libations poured.*

. . . . *Geniumque loci, primamque Deorum*  
*Tellurem, Nymphasque, et adhuc ignota precatur*  
*Flumina.*

ÆN. vii. 136.

## CXI.

*The Intermediates with the Unforgot.*

Never were there a people who had any religion but which believed in “mediate intelligences.” The most subtle philosophers, even he who has been termed the Genius of Nature,\*—the most sagacious Cartesians, all acknowledged this doctrine.

The sense of the Ancients on this subject is embodied in the following lines :

. . . . There are Existences in Nature  
 Beside our own ; not palpable to sense,  
 But only by the inner *Mind* perceived.  
 They are the True—the Good—the Beautiful ;  
 The Intelligence spread over all things, yea,  
 Pervading all things like the holy Light !

\* Aristotle—“The First Being,” says he, “moved the heavens round the earth by means of ‘Intelligences,’ which are perpetually occupied in his movements.”

## CXIII.

*Than from these wrecks of Jove's deserted shrine!*

What a noble view is opened from the Alban Mount, contemplated in quiet from the crumbled ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Latialis! The most interesting part of all Italy lies spread beneath us here—plains once crowned with Ardea, Lavinium, Laurentum, the scene of the last six books of the *Æneid*. The Tibur glides along as ever; and groves still shade its banks, fresh as when first hailed by the *Æneas* of the eternal Poet. The Alban Mount of the *Æneid* is what Mount Ida is in the *Iliad*: the station of the gods, while contemplating beneath the fortunes of the Italian war. True, indeed, was the remark of Walpole—"Our memory sees more than our eyes in this country."

What bright epochs in our life are such moments as these!—how the past and the future are dignified and ennobled by their recollections! We have mingled our sensations with those of the illustrious dead, who, gazing on the same scenes, felt, and have expressed to us, *their* feelings as freshly as if uttered only yesterday. We have familiarised ourselves with the land of their birth; and the *natural* illustrations of a thousand passages are spread before our eyes. The sphere of our existence, and of our mental vision, appears, nay, *is*, enlarged: which, otherwise, could not have occurred with any duration of life, whilst bounded, and cabined in, by the mists and mountains of our native land.

Nature has been shown to us in her most awful, her most



lovely features ; and we have seen the works of men—a race of Titans, which we could not have imagined, excepting in the most vague and undefined outlines ; they were the inspirations of the Scenes they lived in ; the beauty and the greatness round them were the eternal Archetypes of all their creations.

## CANTO V.

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### IV.

*Thou Paradise of Exiles! . . . .*

I STOOD on the shore which Virgil *so* loved, that I do believe his poem was partially inspired by its localities ; for, how cautiously, and with what a careful pencil, and a provident and frugal love, has he developed almost every creek and cranny of his favourite haunts ! How often must his eye have rested on Capri, on Pausilipo,—near which we know is his tomb ;—on Baiæ, and on Misenum, while he blessed them all ! The very air here inspires poetry, for it is toned with everything which is fresh and buoyant from the sea, and perfumed with all the flowers from the land, which seem stolen, for the hour, from Paradise. The promenade of the *Chiaja* on the sea-shore is unique in the world : it must necessarily be so from its localities alone. One walks, buried among acacias, (there is music in the name,) whose fragrance fills the air ; myrtles, laurels, cypresses, roses, are flourishing everywhere around ; and fountains, gracefully adorned, and statues, placed among orange and citron trees.

crown the whole. The circling hills gird in the sea ; on the one hand, animated with the lazzaroni and fishermen, while, on the other, Vesuvius, distinct from all the range, marked by its breath of clouds, grey and desolate, rises like some saddening Image on the mind, where all else is bright, and joyous, and revelling.

It is a singular proof of the versatility of Italian character that each city seems to bear its peculiar stamp ; the ecclesiastical Milan, the sullen Ferrara, and the “superb Genoa,” each have an impress of their own.

Rome sits like a Queen upon the ground, commanding, rather than demanding, our reverence and admiration. Florence, like Calypso, would make us forget home and all else, while dwelling on her smiles, and among the stores of her mind ; Venice, like a beauty in decline, inspires in us a melancholy and a too painful interest ; but Naples, the buoyant and ever-laughing Naples, is the true Comus : he throws a veil of enchantment over every object ; heightens every colour, and turns nature herself into a masquerade scene. Approaching the city, the noise and bustle fill the mind with anticipation, with a prepared feeling of enjoyment. The song is for ever sounding ; “tipsy dance and jollity” are for ever revelling here. The night is turned into day, and the day into night, by sleeping under its overpowering sun. Life appears on the tiptoe of expectation of something to come ; the past is nothing—the present is instantly joining it ; but the future is full of hope—teeming with promise. All are in constant motion : there is a restless movement everywhere

around. Nature seems to have put on her holiday garments ; and men catch from her the same tone of light and levity.

Naples stands, then, like Comus amidst his Bacchanals, on the sands, and on the highways, and offers his cup of oblivion to drown everything except present and instant enjoyment. Life is too short to sigh any longer ; the aspect of himself and of nature round, are too seducing to be resisted ; the invitation is accepted, and life and pleasure from that hour are one. JOURNAL.

## VI.

### *Rent from her parent mountains all alone.*

The Neapolitans term the Bay, the Crater, from its cup-like shape ; no one can look at the map of the territory, or, a better proof, sail (as the writer of this note has done) from the promontory of Sorrento to the opposite shores of Capreæ, without observing the fitting parts, the dove-tailing, as it were, of the points and sinuosities of the opposing coasts, palpably marked as they are between the little isle of Nisida and the main land. No reflective mind can survey Procida and Ischia, nor feel that they—heaps of volcanic matter as they are—once formed, with Capreæ, the extreme points of an immense spherical ridge ; and that the Bay of Naples was, perhaps, for ages, that which the Solfaterra is to-day—the region of Fires ; one vast Crater, of which Monte Barbaro, Avernus, Fusaro, and the Mare Morto, were among the chief eruptive parts. Solfaterra is a volcano burnt down to the ground : Avernus, another, in its last stage, filled

with water, as, also, the Acherusian and other lakes. Vesuvius, in our modern days, has lost full six hundred feet of its original elevation ; and, perhaps, during the long course of ages, that grand mountain, St. Angelo, will succeed it in performing its great ends of creation.

The territory of Naples is the theatre, above all the world, where the Almighty Power—for here the mind is *driven* to first Causes—appears most immediately in action. JOURNAL.

## X.

*Dreamed by the sage of old :*

Allusion to that most eloquent and exquisitely poetical apostrophe of Lucretius to Venus, or Nature, in the opening of his fantastical poem : it seems as if the influence which he evoked had descended in his words.

## XI.

*Where thy sad Roman Sister's Spirit yearns :*

Every reflective mind is more struck by Rome on his return from Naples ; the grandeur of the objects—the waste of the Campagna—the desolation of the tombs—the speaking eloquence of the Appian Way—the Titanic sweep of the aqueducts alone, yawning round him, would each, of themselves, leave solemn impressions on the mind, and the more so, when contrasted, for one moment, with the tinsel shows and pettiness of life which he has left behind him. The roar of an immense population yet fresh in his ears—the bustle of

business or gaiety—the voices of mirth or contention—the rolling of the innumerable vehicles—in fine, the ever-sounding and almost bewildering noises of the active and stirring life of Naples, are contrasted, and most forcibly, with the solemnity, and, far more, with the impressive yet speaking SILENCE which seems to brood over the Eternal City. Entering the walls—the palaces, in their gigantic proportions, and the ruins, suggesting still vaster ideas, appear like the works of a superior race of beings. We seem to have ascended the flight of ages, to have left behind the trifles of the present, in the full absorption of the mighty past. Rome, in her severe and matron majesty, seems to despise the gaieties and frivolities of her lighter and gayer sister; every feature disposes the mind more to reflection than delight. Like the fallen Queen of the Master-Dramatist, her seat is on the ground, and her words are, if possible, more impressive than her attitude :

Here I and Sorrow sit,  
*Bid Kings bow down to me !*

## XII.

### *A Form there present.*

“ At the entertainments of the rich,” (quoting the words of the Historian.) “ just as they are about to rise from the repast, a small coffin is carried round, containing an exact representation of a dead body ; and, as it is shown to the guests in succession, the bearer says—

Ες τούτον ὁρέων πῖνέ καὶ τερπεῖ,  
ἔσσει γὰρ ἀποθανὼν τοιούτος. HEROD. ii. 78.

“Cast your eye on this figure : after death you will yourself resemble it ; drink, then, and be happy.” EUTERPE, i. 309.

## XIII.

*Mountains cleaving through the Sea :*

“The Lucrine lake is a little sedgy splash,” says old Sandys, in his odd quaint style, “choked up by the horrible eruption  
“of the Monte Nuovo, whereof as oft as I think, I am easy  
“to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows  
“not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should  
arise (partly out of the lake, and partly out of the sea) in  
“one day and a night ? In the year of our Lord 1538, on the  
“29th of September, the country hereabout was so vexed  
“with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so  
“entire as not to expect an immediate ruin ; after that the  
“sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore, (leaving  
“abundance of fish, and springs of fresh water rising in the  
“bottom,) this Mountain visibly ascended, with a *hideous rour-*  
*ing, horribly* vomiting stones and such stores of cinders as  
“overwhelmed all the buildings thereabout.”

## XVI.

*How Vestal Nature, even to thy cime :*

I trust that I have not coined a word here ; for I think I have seen it adopted, and therefore sanctioned, by the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews. The word occurred to me —

and more particularly whilst residing in Switzerland—as the term of all others most expressive of the *object*.

## XVII.

*'Tis Herculaneum.*

The city of Herculaneum was found covered with six layers of ashes, making a height of sixty-five feet, which renders it certain that there had been five eruptions *after* that which buried it in A. D. 79.

## XXIII.

*How the Scene's stern sublimity appals !*

All these stanzas were, in common with the whole poem, a record of the impressions of the hour. Nothing could be more awfully, more sublimely imposing than the appearance of the Clouds, rushing rapidly up from the inner crater—the occasional night of darkness which they made—the unearthly noises beneath, and the unbroken silence that reigned above. It is here, more especially, we feel how these scenes were remembered by Milton in his eternal Poem. Here it is that *we*, too, walk—

With uneasy steps

Over the burning marle.

Here, we look down into the abyss—

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

We see the pit, which

Casts forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.



The chaos—the darkness, and the thunderings;—all the sublime images, for which he taxed his memory, and his own sublimer imagination, to form his earlier books, are palpably manifested to us here. JOURNAL.

## XXVI.

. . . . *the moral contemplate*

*Of chained Prometheus.*

Prometheus may surely be termed the sublimest morality ever embodied by the imagination; *moral*, in the loftiest, the severest sense of the expression. In him is shown the superiority of a Spirit, immortal in itself, to human suffering; the great cause, being for the welfare of mankind. Prometheus, viewed from this point, stands on far higher ground than the Fiend of Milton, who, though portrayed (as Goëthe also observes) with masterly powers, is *necessarily* placed in a subaltern situation. Prometheus, on the contrary, *creates*: he is a benevolent and a humanised spirit; afflicted, but not subdued by his trials; accursed, but unshaken from his noble aims; far different, here, indeed, from Satan, who, the personification of selfish Evil, commits his malevolent and abortive attempts, not from any definite hope of success, but from the mere goadings of an impotent despair. The sympathy we accord to Lucifer in the great Poem is qualified, and paid to his undaunted courage alone; on this vantage ground, Milton takes his stand; and asserts *that* faculty in all its grandeur.

There is no passage in *Paradise Lost*, for example, in which Milton leaves all Epic Poets more behind him, than where Satan stands alone against a host of hostile Angels :—how can such a personage be too often recalled ?

Satan, alarmed,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved :  
*His stature reached the sky, and on his crest*  
*Sat Horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp*  
*What seemed both spear and shield.*

Every element that constitutes sublimity—fear, terror, danger, uncertainty, and indistinctness, are here congregated.

The drama of Prometheus, from the opening to the close, is an epitome of the true Sublime. The imagination is toned and fortified by its scenes ; the passions also are awakened ; and the final impression stamped on the Mind (of which Prometheus is the representative) is, that it must rely on itself ; that the force of circumstances and destiny may shake, but cannot overthrow its energies. The writer of this note remembers, when younger, having entertained thoughts of attempting the translation of this Drama ; but, having carefully compared the original with the admirable version of Potter, recently, he is happy to observe, re-printed, he found that even to equal it would require the greatest effort, that to excel it, was impossible. JOURNAL.

## XXXVIII.

*Dried up the water springs :*

The warning given by Nature of an approaching eruption ; the hermit lives mid-way up the mountain, whose province it is to warn the king of the expected event.

## XLII.

*Pompeii, city of the dead :*

The ruins of Rome are tenanted ; they are thick with busy life : but Pompeii, excepting in its transient visitors, lies at the foot of Vesuvius, like a disenhumed skeleton, which may be again burnt by fires, or re-swallowed in the earth. Among the ruins of Rome, the ancient Romans are vaguely recalled to us ; among those of Pompeii, they are never absent from the mind. The one place is like entering a house, so much in decay, so long abandoned, that its inhabitants seem, and *are*, too much removed from us and our sympathies ; the flight of time has been *too* long ; it has extended *too* far : their places of familiar resort are become too vague, and too doubtful to seize on : and we are repelled the more from doing so, by every assertion of our faith, or our hope, being petulantly, or with “ the most civil air of triumph ”—denied. At Pompeii, on the contrary, we enter, as it were, the houses from which the tenants have only just departed : the benches are left negligently in their places : the marks of good cheer are on the tables, the very stains of the last revel are uncleaned ; the paintings are, or *were*, almost fresh upon the walls : we pause, for a moment, in an amazement which is

real: nay, we almost incline to listen—we expect to hear the voices of the returning revellers, or to encounter a solitary Pompeian advancing up the distant street! JOURNAL.

## XLIV.

*Exquisite figures dim in fading grace:*

The ancient painters in fresco seem to have had small choice of subjects; the deliverance of Ariadne and Andromeda, as also the story of Perseus, and of Venus and Adonis, constantly recurring. Burton, however, pertinently remarks, that when it was as common to paint the walls of houses with arabesques and figures, as it is now to cover them with paper, the most ordinary house-painters were, of course, capable of the work; it would, therefore, be as unfair to judge of the knowledge of ancient painters from the remains at Pompeii, as to estimate the state of the arts in England from the sign-posts.

## XLVIII.

*The Shrine of Isis:*

Or, of Nature—a worship (as is all worship) of Egyptian origin. She was represented at her Temple of Neitha, in Lower Egypt, as *veiled*, typical of her inscrutable mysteries, and on the pedestal this sublime inscription: “I am what—ever has been—is—or shall be: and no mortal has drawn “aside my veil; my offspring is the Sun.” HERODOTUS.

## XLIX.

*The Pompeian Forum.*

The situation of the Forum is perfect ; on the one side, commanded by Vesuvius, and on the other open to the sea, and opposite mountains. Its grassy area is bounded on three sides with a Grecian Doric colonnade, broken pediments, friezes, cornices, &c., lying everywhere amongst them. The temples of Jove and Venus are here, and the Comitia ; it is, indeed, an impressive and beautifully picturesque spot. There rise, as fresh as if done yesterday, the *new* pillars which replaced the old, overthrown four years previously by the earthquake ; the workmen's hands were arrested in their last finish, and the marks of the last rough chips of the hastily abandoned task are manifest.

Diodorus derives the name " Phlegræan " from Vesuvius, which, he observes, " Like *Ætna*, *used* to vomit fire, and *still retains traces of its former eruptions* ; " thus, the antiquity of such eruptions is lost in the night of ages.

## LIII.

*You shadowing willow.*

This noble tree will be recalled by all who have visited Pompeii : its shadows are doubly grateful, from the oppressive heats. How many an Englishman's luncheon—the end and aim, indeed, of almost every Englishman's jaunt—has been enjoyed under its shadows !

## LIV.

*We tread their very pavement :*

How infinitely more *home* to our bosoms is brought the lesson of mortality when we sit in their Forum, or theatres, where they watched the spectacles and laughed or sighed, as the scene exhilarated or softened ; where they saw the serene landscape we see presented, and reflect that they have quitted those perfect monuments for twenty ages ! The Past is, indeed, embodied in Pompeii : elsewhere but a vague abstraction, an idea of the mind without a form.

We ask aloud, “ Where are those men who lived, and “ enjoyed themselves here, as it were, yesterday ? ” The echo of the walls seems (as in the Eastern poem) to answer, “ *Where ?* ” Their very dust has been lost for ages : their only records are those which their fellow men have restored ; yet *there*, rising apparently almost from the ruins, and never absent from their eyes, stands the Mountain—the cause of all ; which destroyed to preserve—which annihilated their little ant-hills, for the hour, to render that—which must have been else destroyed by war or circumstance a thousand times over—immortal ; to preserve their places of comfort, or of vanity : and to hand down to the last posterity all that which no other human means of preservation could have so well insured. JOURNAL.

## LVII.

*Or spread the untasted feast.*

The wits and poets of the day always *protested* against

this throwing away the good things of life, as they called them, on a cold stone ; that happiest of old men, Anacreon, is more than usually eloquent on the occasion ; the month of February was usually devoted to these sad offerings.

## LXIII.

*Tributes of love to the departed :*

The epitaph on Caia Oppia, by her daughter, is surely among the most affecting of all human compositions :

Farewell

Most happy soul of Caia Oppia !

We shall follow thee

In such order

As may be appointed by Nature.

*Farewell ! sweetest mother !*

## LXIX.

*Life in her masquerading revelry**Surprised :*

“ I noticed,” says Simond, “ a striking memorial of this  
 “ mighty interruption in the Forum, opposite to the Temple  
 “ of Jupiter. A new altar of white marble, exquisitely  
 “ moulded, and apparently just fresh from the hands of the  
 “ sculptor, had been erected there ; an enclosure was build-  
 “ ing around it ; the mortar just, dashed against the side of  
 “ the wall, was but half spread out : you saw the long sliding  
 “ stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own  
 “ track—but it never did return ! The hand of the workman



“ was suddenly arrested, and, after the lapse of eighteen  
 “ hundred years, the whole looks so fresh and new, that you  
 “ would almost swear the mason was only just gone to din-  
 “ ner, and about to come back immediately to smooth away  
 “ the roughness.”

The first line of the stanza is in allusion to Horace's desolate truth :

Tu secunda marmora  
 Locas sub ipsum funus, *et sepulchri*  
*Immemor, struis domos !*

## LXII.

*No tale forgot when read :*

Not certainly the “ Last Days of Pompeii,” by Mr. Bulwer : among such a crowd of productions from the same accomplished author, it would be difficult indeed to assign a preference ; but most assuredly the novel in question is scarcely *inferior* to his very best.

## LXIII.

*There Diomed reclines :*

I cannot resist quoting here the impressive remarks of the anonymous author of “ Pompeii :”

“ It is, indeed, usually called the Villa of Marcus Arrius  
 “ Diomedes, from the circumstance of a tomb, bearing that  
 “ name, having been discovered in its proximity. The con-  
 “ jecture, at the outset, rested on a sandy foundation, which



“ has since been entirely sapped by the discovery of numerous other tombs almost equally near. All that we know of the owner or his family may be comprised in one sentence, which, short as it is, speaks forcibly to our feelings: their life was one of elegant luxury and enjoyment, in the midst of which death came on them by surprise—a death of singular and lingering agony.”

## LXVI.

*Branching their pine-like shape :*

“ I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to a great height in form of a trunk, which extended itself, at the top, into a sort of branches.” PLINY.

## LXVII.

*Vesuvius, in his ever-green attire :*

“ Above these,” says Strabo, “ rises Vesuvius, well cultivated, and inhabited all round, except its top, which is, for the most part, level, and entirely barren, so that *we may suppose* this spot to have been a volcano *formerly*, with burning craters, now extinguished for want of fuel.”

## LXIX.

*Where all was night :*

“ The chariots we had ordered to be drawn out, were so

“ agitated backwards and forwards, that we could not keep  
 “ them steady, even by supporting them with large stones.  
 “ Darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or  
 “ when there is no moon, *but of a room when it is shut up,*  
 “ *and all the lights extinct.* Nothing then was to be heard  
 “ but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, the  
 “ cries of men ; some calling for their children, others for  
 “ their parents, others for their husbands ; some wishing to  
 “ die from the very fear of dying ; some lifting their hands  
 “ to the gods : but the greater part imagining that the last  
 “ and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods  
 “ and the world together.” If such *terrors* could be felt at  
 Misenum, “ what must they have been at Pompeii ? And  
 yet, during all these terrors round him, the younger Pliny  
 carefully reiterates how he pursued his *studies* :—“ I took  
 “ up Livy, and *amused myself (!)* with turning over that  
 “ author, and even making extracts from him, *as if all about*  
 “ *me had been in full security. (!)* A friend of my uncle’s  
 “ reproved me for my careless security ; nevertheless, I still  
 “ went on with my author (!) . . . . I might *boast* that,  
 “ during all *this scene of horror*, not a sigh or expression of  
 “ fear escaped me. . . . As I was, at that time, but eigh-  
 “ teen years of age, I know not whether I should call my  
 “ behaviour courage or rashness :”—*neither*, most certainly,  
 but a specimen of the grossest affectation—of the most con-  
 summate and heartless vanity ever recorded in print.

## LXXI.

*Scathed beneath the fiery rain :*

“ Much of the matter showered on Pompeii appears to  
 “ have been deposited in a liquid state, which is easily ex-  
 “ plained ; for the vast volumes of steam sent up by the  
 “ volcano descended in torrents of rain. . . . Among other  
 “ proofs of this, the skeleton of a woman was found in a  
 “ cellar, enclosed within a mould of volcanic paste, which  
 “ received, and has retained, a perfect impression of her  
 “ form.”\* POMPEII.

## LXXV.

*Through one thick wall :*

“ A skeleton lay in the outermost room, of one, who, hav-  
 “ ing deferred probably to make his escape until it was too  
 “ late to do so by the door, was attempting to break through  
 “ the walls with an axe. He had already forced his way  
 “ through *two*, but, before he could pass a third, was stifled  
 “ by the vapour—the axe was lying near his remains.”—  
 POMPEII.

He was supposed to be a priest of Isis ; the skeleton was  
 covered with pumice stones and other volcanic matter.  
 In the hand was a bag of coarse linen, not wholly destroyed,  
 containing three hundred and sixty silver coins : forty of

\* So exact is the impression, that the very texture of the dress in which  
 she was clothed is apparent, which, by its fineness, evidently shows that  
 she had not been a slave : it might be taken for that fine gauze which  
 Seneca so beautifully and poetically calls “ woven air.”

copper, and six of gold ; and close by him several figures appertaining to the worship of Isis.\*

## LXXVI.

*Yon Roman Sentinel :*

The bruised and battered helmet of the Roman sentinel who was found at his post at the Gate of Pompeii, when all but he had fled, is still shown. It was of bronze, and in colour entirely green : the red cinders and bits of volcanic stone were stuck in, and thickly studded over it ; it looked as if it had been taken scathed out of a furnace ; his spear is shown also. I took great pains to ascertain the *fact* of his position at the gate ; but so it was ; with the full power to fly like the rest, there he stood to be destroyed in his place ; for, even in that dreadful hour, his pride of Roman discipline prevailed. JOURNAL.

## LXXVII.

*Descend yon subterranean gallery :*

The catastrophe is eloquently given in “ Pompeii : ”

“ His daughter, two children, and other members of his family and household, sought protection in the subterranean vaults, which, by the help of the wine-jars already stored there, and the provisions which they brought with them, they probably considered as sufficient refuge against an evil of which they could not guess the extent. It was a

\* The fine effect drawn from this fact in the “ Last Days of Pompeii ” will be recalled.

“ vain hope ; the same fate awaited them all by different  
 “ ways. The strong vaults and narrow openings to the  
 “ day protected them indeed, from the falling cinders ; but  
 “ the heat, sufficient to char wood, and volatilise the more  
 “ subtle part of the ashes, could not be kept out by such  
 “ means. The vital air was changed into a sulphurous va-  
 “ pour, charged with burning dust. In their despair, long-  
 “ ing for the pure breath of heaven, they rushed to the  
 “ door, already choked with scorix and ruins, and perished  
 “ in agonies on which the imagination does not willingly  
 “ dwell.” POMPEII.

## LXXXIII.

*Anterior Pompeii's :*

“ Mais d'autres éruptions doivent nécessairement avoir en  
 “ lieu *avant* cette époque, car on a reconnu que les rues de  
 “ ces villes étaient déjà pavées de lave et autres matières  
 “ volcaniques ; ce que parait annoncer que le Vésuve avait  
 “ été un volcan éteint *long-tems avant que ces villes furent*  
 “ *fondées.*”—VASI.

How the reflective mind recoils startled back on itself be-  
 fore the prospect of almost infinite duration which here lies  
 unexplored before it !

## LXXXV.

*Yon sunlit isles :*

“ While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we finde

“ they are but like the earth, durable in their main bodies,  
 “ alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new  
 “ starres, perspectives begin to tell tales.” HYDRIOTAPHIA.

The Chaldeans believed the origin of all things to have been Darkness and Water. “ Before Nature was endowed,” says the inspired Plato, “ with its present beautiful forms, it was inclined to confusion and deformity.” The existence of a God he inferred from the intelligence shown in the visible world; and, from its unity, he concluded it, also, made by ONE.

“ Je suis près quelquefois de tomber dans le désespoir,  
 ‘ quand je songe qu’après toutes mes recherches je ne sais  
 ‘ ni d’où je viens, ni ce que je suis, ni où j’irai, ni ce que je  
 “ deviendrai.”

And this confession of a serious moment comes from VOLTAIRE, who has been most happily termed “ the Proteus of talents ”—from a mind which, in despite of the straws which floated on its surface, was one of the most profound, the most *suggestive*, mobile, and piercing, that has arisen either in ancient or modern times.

#### LXXXVII.

*What are our ruined piles to Nature’s own !*

That a simple relation of the operations of Nature form Poetry of the highest order, the first part of the following passage will testify, being merely a passage, and not a selected one, from Whewell’s Bridgwater Treatise, thrown into blank verse :

Say not man only perishes : he shares  
 The lot decreed to all save God himself.  
 The oak endures for centuries, and falls ;  
 The crumbling Mountains change, and earthquakes cast them  
 From their foundations : even the sea retires,  
 And the emerging green field smiles above  
 The roar of weltering waves : the starry worlds  
 Fall, and their place in heaven is known no more.  
 The Sun and Moon have written on their foreheads  
 The lines of age ; that they must end : they have  
 Only a longer respite given than man.  
 Th' ephemerae live their hour, man threescore years ;  
 Empires, too, have their centuries, their rise,  
 Their spring and autumn ; and volcanic fires  
 Hurl the fixed Island from his Ocean throne !  
 The very revolutions of the sky  
 Which make our time, will languish, and stand still.

And who art thou, weak man ! who dar'st complain,  
 Least part in this great chain of life ? who talk'st  
 Of *thy* brief span, when worlds and systems round thee  
 Change, and are nothing. Strive to rule thyself,  
 Thy passions, and thy luxury, and pride :  
 Be humble, meek, and ignorant ; and know  
 That resignation to the will of God  
 Is the true magnanimity ; that he  
 Who would approach his Maker, must begin  
 By purifying utterly his heart :  
 Filling it with the melting charities ;  
 Loving all things which God in love hath made !

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## LXXXVIII.

. . . *Shells, and the mammoths of past ages rolled  
Upon their topmost capitals.*

“The world which we inhabit,” says Buckland, “is composed of the materials, not of the earth which was the immediate predecessor of the present, but of the earth which, in ascending from the present, we consider as the third, and which had preceded the land which was above the surface of the sea, while our present land was beneath the waters of the Ocean. There are three distinct successive periods of existence, and each of these is, in our measurement of time, a thing of indefinite duration.”

*Yet have these weak things left their trace.*

For a most eloquent and beautiful illustration of the text, the reader is referred to Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.

## LXXXIX.

*We stand beside the Ocean waves that hide  
One world which buried both.*

“However deeply we may feel that all earthly glory shall perish, and however forcibly it has been impressed upon us that the storied urns shall crumble, and the gorgeous palaces fall, it is yet a more awful conviction that the cloud-capt hills shall find a grave in the hollows



“ of the Deep, and shall again rise above its retreating  
 “ waves—*majestic Obelisks to the Power which overwhelmed*  
 “ *them !*”

The Edinburgh Reviewer concludes with the following beautiful and most impressive remarks: “ It is only with life  
 “ and its associations, with life that has been, and with  
 “ life that is to be, that human sympathies are indisso-  
 “ lubly entwined. It is beside the grave alone, or when  
 “ bending over its victims, that man thinks wisely and  
 “ feels righteously. When ranging, therefore, among the  
 “ cemeteries of primeval death, the extinction and renewal  
 “ are continually pressed upon his notice. Among the  
 “ prostrate relics of a once breathing world, he reads the  
 “ lesson of his own mortality; and in the new forms of  
 “ being which have marked the commencement of every  
 “ succeeding cycle, he recognises the life-giving hand by  
 “ which the elements of his own mouldered frame are to  
 “ be purified and re-combined.”

*Men on earth's sun-lit hills.*

From the remotest ages of Antiquity, from the most ancient records, we learn that mountains, and “ high places,” were chosen by mankind to approach—to appeal to the Deity; not that the Ineffable was supposed to *hear* his creatures the more, but that *they* could more abstract their minds to address Him. The Indian, the Egyptian, the Chaldean, the Hebrew, the Assyrian, and the Persian—all sought the Godhead on their Mountain-Altars. Man descended into

caverns when he would pry into the depths of futurity, but he ever *ascended* when he would address the Supreme. There is a passage on this subject by the ancient sophist Heraclitus (it is quoted by the erudite Cudworth in his “Intellectual System,”) which has, I think, no equal for sublimity of thought and expression; a very close translation is essayed—perhaps, the reader may appreciate, through its medium, something of the fire and the truth of the Original.

The Heathen Sophist’s belief in the existence of a God and in his own immortality, a proof of both, is too fine to be forgotten.

Is there *no* God ? can stones and altars be  
 The only witnesses of Deity ?  
 No !—his own works are witnesses : behold  
 Yon sun, his shrine, the eternal truth hath told !  
 The Day and Night bear record ; flower-haired Earth,  
 Bringing forth fruits, proclaims from Him their birth.  
 The circle of the Moon His hand declares :  
 And the same heavenly testimony bears.  
 Oh, you unskilful ! ’tis not human hands  
 Make God ; His Form upon no basis stands ;  
*His Presence cannot be in walls confined :*  
*Like the space, boundless—viewless as the Wind !*  
 Even now I feel my soul its end presage :  
 Its freedom from this clay-imprisoning cage,  
 Which, looking through the rents of this worn frame,  
 Remembers the bright heights from whence it came ;  
 Clothed with this mortal mass : compound of clay,  
 Blood, nerves, and bones, and weakness, and decay !

*Yes, it shall fatally be changed and pass :  
Yet my soul shall not perish in its mas :  
But, being an immortal thing, shall fly  
Away—away—up-mounting to yon sky !  
And be received in those ethereal domes,  
And talk with gods in their immortal homes !*

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## CANTO VI.

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### III.

#### *The pervading Beautiful.*

“THE ancient mythologists represented the nature of the  
“ Universe, by PAN, playing on a pipe or harp, and being in  
“ love with the nymph ECHO ; as if Nature did, by a kind of  
“ silent melody, make all the parts of the Universe every-  
“ where dance in measure and proportion, itself being, as it  
“ were, in the mean time, delighted and ravished with the  
“ re-echoing of its own harmony. . . . She is, indeed, always  
“ inwardly prompted, secretly whispered into, and inspired  
“ by the Divine art and wisdom.” INTELL. SYSTEM, vol. i.  
341, 7.

### IV

#### *Where Maro blest thee once.*

Martial assures us that the tomb of Virgil, even in his time, was neglected ; and that Silius Italicus restored its long-forgotten honours. “ But our surprise may cease,” as Mr. Eustace eloquently observes, “ when we remember that, “ in less than sixty years after his decease, the house of

“ Pope, the trees, and grotto of which he was so fond and  
 “ proud, were levelled to the ground. No—earth gives no-  
 “ thing to the patriot, bard, or hero, but crumbling monu-  
 “ ments; frail against time,—nothing, against man. *The*  
 “ *monument of genius is raised by itself*; it commands the me-  
 “ *mory of man*, and forces its obedience by instructing,  
 “ while it delights and refines. The neglect of their sepul-  
 “ chres when gone, is only a proof of the ingratitude of man-  
 “ kind—an everlasting renewal of the Promethean fable;  
 “ but a proof also, that those who seek to benefit their fel-  
 “ low brethren should, on this very account, renew their ex-  
 “ ertions the more.”

The name Pausilipo is Greek, signifying “ a cessation from sorrow,” adopted, also, from its beautiful locality. The passage through the grotto must be improved since Seneca’s time, who complains of it most dolefully; but one feels, whilst looking on his busts, that he was not one of those philosophers

Who could endure the toothache patiently.

## V.

*And lo, Avernus.*

What a real feeling of delight is experienced whilst looking down from the road, on the Lucrine and Avernian lakes! The aspect of Avernus, sunk in a profound valley, is quietly and serenely beautiful. Its crater-form proves it an extinct volcano; and the Element of Waters now fills the forges

which had been glowing there for ages. Its Greek name signifies “birdless;” the lake was once girt by woods, but the exhalations from its waters, and its dreary shadows, deterred the fowls of the air from approaching it.

Homer shadowed forth Avernus with the gloom and the sublimity of a dim and vague tradition—and he peopled its subterraneous caverns with the heroes of the heroic ages. All, or almost all the sublimity remains with him: but the enchantment, and, perhaps, the truer character and expression of the spot, is drawn from Virgil alone. The one flies to Avernus to evoke the dead, and throws a religious horror over the whole coast; the latter follows also that Master-Spirit to Acheron; but, even there, the beauty and the tenderness of his genius sheds a halo around, and lightens and softens the horrors of every step of his way. Homer peoples the Avernian groves with the nations of the dead; dim, and distant, and mighty, and melancholy; Virgil irradiates them with the doves of Venus and the golden bough:

Species *auri* frondentis opacâ

Ilice . . . . .

and the soft Rembrandt light which he casts over the gloom, divests it of all its severer terrors. JOURNAL.

## VII.

*Ye with deathless Memory are joined :*

It is not required, of the female reader for example, to learn the Latin tongue to enjoy the beauties of Virgil.

Dryden's matchless version, which, for freedom, grace, and vigour, cannot be equalled, opens the *Eleusinian* sixth book, with all its revelations, and with the beautiful and affecting colloquies of Æneas with departed heroes. How much pains-taking, and (in any other case) meritorious labour, would be spared, if the more modern translators of Æschylus, of Virgil, and of Homer—(for even Pope's unapproachable supremacy has been assailed)—would bear in mind that simplest and truest of all axioms: "Only one great Poet can translate another." I am aware how generously and chivalrously the fine poet—Wilson—has stood up for some of these: but even his eloquence has been useless. Had the author of "The City of the Plague" turned Translator himself, *he* would, indeed, have best exemplified the truth of the axiom.

### VIII.

#### *Lo, the Bridge.*

"Caligula made," says Suetonius, "a bridge about three miles and a half in length, from Baia to the Mole of Puteoli, by collecting together ships of burthen from all parts, anchoring them in two rows, and overlaying them with earth, after the manner of the Appian Way." The caprice of tyrants often engenders mighty works: like spoiled children, they will have impossibilities accomplished. When I saw, and weighed in my own mind, the distance opposite, I could not exactly disbelieve—because I knew that it had been—but I was not able to comprehend the *fact*.

## XII.

*Covered with Siren forms.*

When Nero coasted along the Bay of Baiæ, tents, for all the conveniences for drinking and debauchery, were ranged on the margin of the sea, while courtesans stood, like “Sirens, to invite the passengers from their ships.”—  
SÜETONIUS.

## XIV.

*In the base rabble's venal shouts.*

Nero made some stay at Puteoli to entertain Tiridates with a show of gladiators. The genius of Nero could not lie still on such a trying occasion! It was fitting that a foreign prince should know how well he could *sing*. Tiridates beheld the whole with mixed emotions of wonder, admiration, and contempt. . . . .

So delicate was he on this point, that his greatest rage against Vindex, when that general set out to dethrone him, was, that he had dared to call him—a *vile singer*!

His appeal to the Senate is exquisite:—“Judge yourselves, conscript Fathers!—judge of the insolence of this Vindex; in his own words, see the malignity of that audacious rebel! He has dared, impiously, to maintain that “I have a bad voice!—and that I play ill on the guitar!” A complaint of such solemn import failed not to make a due impression on the Fathers. They passed a decree, de-



claring Galba a public enemy ; and a reward of ten million of sesterces for the head of the pertinacious and ignorant Vindex ! This is “exquisite foolery” indeed.

“The people, with earnest entreaty,” says Tacitus, “prayed that he would let them taste the supreme delight of hearing and enjoying all his divine accomplishments. Such was the language of the populace. In compliance with their wishes, he mounted the stage, conforming in all things to the rules of the orchestra, where no performer was to sit down, *nor to wipe the sweat from his face with anything but his own garment*, and never to spit or clear his nostrils in sight of the audience. Having exhibited his skill, he kneeled down, and stretching forth his hands with pretended agitations of hope and fear, waited, in that humble posture, for the decision of the judges. The populace, accustomed to applaud the notes and gestures of the common players, paid their tribute of admiration to the prince, with measured cadence, in one regular chorus of applause. You would have thought their joy sincere, and *perhaps it was so* : the rabble wished to be amused at any rate, and, for the disgrace which befel the state, vulgar minds felt no concern.”

Yet this ridiculous farce had its tragedy ;—I again recur to Tacitus :

“It is a certain fact, that many Roman knights, endeavouring to make their way out, were crushed to death in the narrow passes ; and that others, who kept their seats in the theatre night and day, fell dangerously ill. The dread of

“being found absent from such a performance was more  
“alarming than the worst sickness which could happen.”

## XV.

*Burner of Rome, and player of the hour :*

“He set the city on fire *so openly*,” says Suetonius,  
“that many men of consular rank caught those of his bed-  
“chamber with tow, and torches for lighting, *but durst not*  
“*meddle with them.* . . . . This fire he beheld from a  
“tower on the top of Mæcenas’ house, and, ‘being prodigi-  
“ously diverted,’ as he said, ‘with the beauty of the flame,’  
“he sang the ditty of the destruction of Troy, in the dress  
“used by him upon the stage.”

*Even this wretch sought fame :*

His friends advised him to rescue himself, by one manly  
deed, from an ignominious death. Nero assented, yet studied  
delay, fond to linger still in life. Preparations for his fu-  
neral were necessary. He ordered a trench to be dug ;  
wood to be collected for his funeral-pile ; and pieces of mar-  
ble to be brought to form a decent covering for his grave.  
He bewailed his unhappy lot ; he heaved a piteous sigh, and  
said to his friends, “*What a musician the world will lose !*”

The fear of ignominious punishment inspired him with a  
short-lived passion which, for a moment, had the appearance  
of courage. He drew two daggers, which he had brought  
with him as if meditating some great attempt—tried the

points, then calmly replaced them, saying, "the Fatal moment is not yet come." He turned to Sporus: "Sing the melancholy dirge, and offer the last obsequies to your friend." He cast his eyes around him: "And why," he said, "why will not some one despatch himself, and teach me how to die? He paused for a moment, and shed a flood of tears." He started up and cried out in a tone of despair—"Nero, this is infamy; the moment calls for manly fortitude."

Nero seized his dagger, and stabbed himself in the throat. The stroke was too feeble; with his freedman's assistance, the next blow was mortal. A centurion entered, and seeing Nero in a mangled condition, ran to his assistance, pretending that he came with a friendly hand to bind the wound, and save the Emperor's life. Nero had not breathed his last. He raised his eyes and said—"You come too late—is *this* your fidelity?" He spoke, and expired. The ferocity of his nature was still visible in his countenance: and his eyes were still fixed and glaring, as if alive.

## XVI.

### *The shore of Baiæ!*

No scene in the universe surpasses the Bay of Baiæ in its natural beauties; and, surely, there are none over which the mind dwells with fonder recollections; and deprived of those inner hues, those *moral* colourings, what are the most magnificent scenes in nature? The heart of man yearns

toward his fellow-man!—then, and only then, to use the language of Claudian, in lines which I know not if Virgil himself can equal for solemnity or sublimity :

*Tunc sylvæ, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere fontes*

*Tunc sacer horror aquis, adytisque effunditur echo*

*Clarior, et doctæ spirant præsagia rupes !*

No translation, I conceive, could convey the infinite ideas which are suggested in these few lines ; the embodying of Nature's Forms—their vitality—and the instinctive and holy Spirit of Prophecy with which they are filled—being, as it were, innate in themselves.

Those grey-looking hills were once covered with palaces, and with hanging gardens of the richest vegetation, for this shore was not only overcrowded with villas, but the sea was too much intruded on. Horace's complaint is well known. Baïæ was the very couch of Sybarism, whose influence was so *felt*, that the poets seriously warned their mistresses against it ; Martial has a pretty epigram on the subject ; and in a modern day, even the *chaste* Boccaccio expressed his fears. The softness of the earth and heaven entered here into the very soul ; some few it refined ; the most, it enervated. On the height of that bluff and grey cape Misenum, rose the villa of Marius. There, also dwelt the refined Lucullus ;\* on the bend of the hill stood Baulis,

\* “ The great expense Lucullus incurred,” says Plutarch, “ in collecting books, deserves serious approbation ”—yet he can add—“ Among his frivolous amusements I cannot but reckon his sumptuous villas,

where Hortensius and Cicero studied together. The retreat of the restless Cæsar rose close by; and in that curve of the bay stood Cicero's Academy, as it is called to this hour.

### XIX.

#### *Haunt of those mortal Spirits :*

Augustus, Virgil, and Horace sojourned on this "golden shore." It may be, that from hence Virgil drew, while surveying it, his graphic description of Vesuvius; and often must he have wandered to Avernus, while preparing his sixth and sublimest book. How delightful—how gratifying are these recollections—how they tend to refine, and to humanise the mind! While memory and imagination dwell on the past, we become, for the time, united with it; and walking on the very shore and hills, which the illustrious of old beheld and enjoyed, and reading also, in our walk, their descriptions, and their feelings so faithfully given, we almost expect to meet the Authors whom we know so well! It seems as if they had only for a while departed, leaving their records to our care behind them! JOURNAL.

"walks, and baths, and *still more so, his paintings, statues, and other works of art, which he collected at an enormous expense!*" How could wealth be so well employed, as in an encouragement of the arts, and the refinements of life? This passage alone proves Plutarch quite unable to appreciate the character of this august and noble Roman, who, among the Roman heroes, was what Sarpedon was among those of the Iliad—the only one on whom the character of the soft and beautiful reposed. JOURNAL.

## XX.

*A tale of human sorrow :*

Such a master of the passions is Tacitus, that with a touch of his pen, or rather pencil, he can so *represent* the scene, as to create a deep sympathy even where, perhaps, it should not exist :—witness the despair and death of Messalina in the gardens of Lucullus :—“ She still entertained hopes of prolonging her days. She began to write to the emperor in a style of supplication : her passions shifted, and she spoke the language of reproach, for even in ruin her pride was not abated.”

Towards night-fall, Evodus was sent (without the injunctions of the Emperor Claudius, who might have relented) to superintend the execution. He *found the Empress stretched on the ground, and Lepida, her mother, sitting by her.* “ While Messalina flourished, the mother kept no terms with the daughter ; in her present distress, she felt the regret and anguish of a parent.

“ Death,” she told the wretched criminal,” was her only refuge. To linger for the executioner’s stroke were unworthy and ignoble. Life, with her, was over : she was in the last act, and nothing remained but to close the scene with dignity and a becoming spirit.”

“ But, in a mind like Messalina’s, depraved by vicious passions, every virtue was extinct. She sank under afflictions ; overwhelmed with grief, dissolved in tears, and uttering vain complaints, when the garden gate was thrown open,

“ *the tribune presented himself in sullen silence ; while Eo-*  
 “ *dus, the freedman, discharged a torrent of abuse on her,*  
 “ *with all the malice of a servile spirit. Messalina was now,*  
 “ *for the first time, sensible of her condition. She saw that*  
 “ *all was lost ; she received a poniard ; she aimed it, with a*  
 “ *feeble effort, at her throat ; she pointed it to her breast*  
 “ *irresolute, and clinging still to life. The tribune despatched*  
 “ *her at one blow.*”

But, in despite of the affecting picture, the historian does not forget his duty—“ The punishment inflicted on Messalina  
 “ was undoubtedly just.”

### XXIII.

#### *Here, Agrippina's crimes :*

It was at a villa “ called Bauli, in a pleasant situation  
 “ washed by the sea, which forms a bay between the Cape  
 “ of Misenum and the Gulph of Baiæ,” where Nero drew  
 his mother from Antium, with the design of either drowning  
 or murdering her. On this shore, he went down to receive  
 her landing, with the tenderest embraces ; and it was there,  
 among a thousand lesser vessels, she saw the one adorned for  
 her, and made, purposely, to fall to pieces in the water.

After the banquet, “ the prince attended her to the shore :  
 “ he exchanged a thousand fond endearments, and clasping  
 “ her to his bosom, fixed his eyes on her with ardent affec-  
 “ tion, perhaps intending, under the appearance of filial piety,  
 “ to disguise his purpose ; or, *it might be, that the sight of a*



*“ mother doomed to destruction might make even a heart like  
“ his yield, for a moment, to the touch of nature.”*

Tacitus gives, to the life, the whole of that iniquitous act; her escape by swimming, and her death;—but this last scene must be given from his own words:—

“ In her room, the pale glimmer of a light was seen, and  
“ only one maid in waiting. . . . She listened; and on the  
“ coast of Baiæ, where, not long before, the whole was tumult  
“ and confusion, a dismal silence prevailed, broken at inter-  
“ vals by an uproar that added to the horror of the scene  
“ Agrippina trembled for herself. Her servant was leaving  
“ the room. She called to her:—‘ And do *you*, too, abandon  
“ me?’ In that instant the tribune entered the chamber:—  
“ ‘ If you come,’ said Agrippina, ‘ from the Prince, tell him  
“ I am well; if your intents are murderous, you are not sent  
“ by my son; the guilt of parricide is foreign to his heart’  
“ The ruffians surrounded her bed. The centurion was  
“ drawing his sword; at the sight, Agrippina presented her  
“ person,—‘ And here,’ she said, ‘ plunge your sword in my  
“ womb!’ ”

Of her own dreadful end Agrippina had warning from a Chaldean, many years before, who told her that her son would reign at Rome, but destroy his mother: the reply of this evil but powerful-minded woman is recorded: “ Let him,” she said, “ let him kill me—but let him reign!”

Tacitus quits the subject with his usual power: “ There  
“ was something awful in the sounds of the trumpets heard  
“ on the hills; and in the nightly lamentations supposed to



“issue from the tomb of Agrippina.” Agrippina was the daughter of Germanicus, sister of Caligula, wife of Claudius, and mother of Nero.

## XXV.

*Where hath change so wrought ?*

It was under Tiberius that Baia became degraded. He came to it like a Pestilence ; his example was only wanted to make the Sybarites dwelling there, throw off the veil which Decency still thinly spread before their vices. The secret shades of Baia were witnesses to crimes as foul as they were unnatural ; the virtuous fled from haunts which fame made infamous. To have been at Baia, settled the character of a Roman lady : it was sufficient. The venal Muses still lauded its beauties ; but they debased themselves in their subject : the holy inspirations of Virgil were fled from it for ever !

## XXVI.

*Solitude sat there :*

The town, forsaken, sank into ruin : none approached, none remembered it. The most delicious spot the Sun ever looked on, became a desert ; and, even to this hour, although the earth, when tilled, replies in abounding fertility, the general aspect of the naked shore, and of the grey waste-looking hills, impressively reminds us of the past ; they still seem to be the expiating witnesses of the crimes of the last degenerated Romans. Of the palaces which crowned the shore—which, as it were, *tiarad* the hills, masses of tufa alone remain,

scarcely distinguishable from its sides. Finally, no page written by the most masterly hand, could illustrate so eloquently well the instability of the works of man, and the mutability of all human affairs, as the mournful and deserted shores of Baiæ!—JOURNAL.

## XXVIII.

. . . *where Cuma rears ;*

How impressive are the Cyclopean looking ruins of the *Arco Felice*, the entrance Gate of Cuma! We remember it as the most ancient of the Italian cities: the “Eubeian Cuma”\*—the fortunate or the happy Cuma of the ancients; the city which Horace so lauds for its vases; which, after war and plague had ruined it, was the “*vacua Cuma*” of Juvenal. It declined with the Roman power, after having, as it were, created Puteoli and Naples; its cause of decline was the most capricious of all tyrants—*Fashion*: Baiæ and Naples held out greater attractions.

## XXX.

*A wilderness of flowers.*

Vines were everywhere trailing, from tree to tree, and on the ground; far below me lay the old Acherusian lake, embosomed among the richest vegetation. Walking along, to the *right* of the gate-way, towards the supposed cave of the Sibyl, which opens beneath a lofty crag, the mounds which rose everywhere round me—ruins of the ancient city—for

\* Strabo.

there was no seeing beyond their surface—were, literally, masses of flowers of all colours, mocking the hues of Iris herself. I never saw such measureless profusion: the horn of plenty so heaped up, so flowing over as here! the whole scene was one Paradise of flowers: and of fertility of every living description! Here, rich fields of wheat were shooting up: olives, and other trees, rising thickly among them; the vines festooning round them all, twined into every fantastic form. Occasionally a stone of the once populous city peeped forth its grey brow; as if its memory ought not entirely to be forgotten; as if the millions whose hearts once panted there, like mine, still demanded from us a tributary sigh! The deep Sea lay extended far below; the intense blue sky was above, making one feel, in its purity, why it was called HEAVEN; and there, among the green trees tangling above me, and in the song of birds, and in the diapason of the distant Deep, I heard the voice, and I felt the pervading influence of the very Spirit of Joy; that our life was love; and that their song was only common gratitude in return for the boon—the ineffable blessing of existence! JOURNAL.

## XXXIV.

. . . *yonder grassy hill:*

There stood the famous Temple of Apollo, which had been brought to Cuma from Æolia, under which was established the oracle of the Cumæan Sibyl. It was here, following Virgil, that Dædalus alighted, after his flight from Crete;

consecrated his “*remigium alarum*” to Apollo, and erected him a temple. Ovid has told the tale with his usual prettiness—Virgil, with the finishing touches of nature—with the master hand of a poet ;

*Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,*

*Bis patriæ cecidere manus!*

The works of Dædalus were chiefly in wood ; of which, no fewer than nine are described as existing in the second century, which, in despite of the injuries of fourteen hundred years, and the imperfections of early taste, seemed, in the words of Pausanias, “to possess something of divine expression.” MEME’S HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.

### XXXVI.

. . . *a ruined Tower ;*

Standing on the hill, near the gate, the wide plain is seen beneath, where stood the city and the lake of Follicole, now Licola. Further along the shore, stood Litternum : a white tower now occupies the site. The word “*patria*” was found legible on one of its stones, which led to a curious popular error. Pliny the elder mentions olives, and also a myrtle planted by Scipio, as existing at Litternum in his time. It is likely the ashes of Scipio were conveyed to the family sepulchre in *Via Capena*.\* It was there where the destroyer of Carthage, and the all but the rival of Hannibal, for *he* never had an equal, played with the pebbles on the beach.

JOURNAL.

\* See in Livy, c. xxxviii. a most interesting account of his Life at Litternum

## XXXIX.

*On Capreæ's loftiest cime :*

The ruins of Tiberius' chief palace lie on the very topmost height of Capreæ, its earthquake-rent or thunder-splitten peaks stretched far beneath, and their cloven valleys lying between. With a world of beauty beneath him, and among airs fresh as if they came from heaven itself, here the old man retired, disgusted with Rome, with the world, and, worst of all, with himself. With a body prematurely worn out, with a mind vitiated by every excess, what was left him to recruit or to enjoy? Tacitus has hinted, Suetonius has dilated on his provocatives; his palaces of the senses must have been gross indeed, since the hour of his decease was that of their destruction. He could not have enjoyed life here; he must either have laughed at human nature, as a good jest, or despised it; he found ample causes round him to do both; and that he did so, we know. A tragedy, a fine one, but whose author should be Shakspeare only, might be written, unfolding the grey tyrant's most secret feelings of satiety, of disgust, of weariness, of baffled ambition, and of despair, which vented its spleen in the most revolting cruelties; combined also with that horror of death, that superstitious searching into futurity, which is ever the index of such a life.

A cloud of locusts were among the ruins whilst I was there. Tiberius' palaces of the senses have

Left not a wrack behind.

but his *name* is perpetuated in Capreæ ; villany is “ damned to everlasting fame,” and so should it ever be, for surely his *name*, or that of any other monster, impresses the *moral* on the mind fully as much as those of Cato or Brutus.

Every short description of Tacitus is a miniature picture ; and his annals are an historical picture gallery ; history, in his hands, is philosophy teaching by examples. Tacitus may be justly called *the anatomist of the heart*, and, so long as the best “ study of mankind is man,” his works will be a school for political and moral knowledge. I have carefully selected the following extracts from him, which more immediately illustrate the text ; I felt that I could not be diffuse with Tacitus.

Sick of everything on the continent, Tiberius passed over to Capreæ ; defended there from all intrusion, he sequestered himself in the solitude of the place, seeing, it may be imagined, many objects suited to his humour\* . . . He chose for his residences twelve different villas, all magnificent and well fortified. Wearied of public affairs, he now resigned himself to his favourite gratifications, amidst his solitary views, still engendering mischief. The habit of nourishing dark suspicions, and believing every whisper, still adhered to him.

\* The inaccessible rocks of Capreæ,” says Suetonius, “ suited the gloomy and vicious habits of Tiberius : Præcipuè delectatus insula, . . . undique præruptis immensæ altitudinis rupibus et profundo maris.”

## XL.

. . . *inaccessible*

*To human sympathies.*

To see those whom he hated in his heart stretched on the torture of the mind, invoking death, yet compelled to linger in slow consuming pain, was the delight of that implacable, that obdurate mind; he thus made his mercy his severest vengeance. On one occasion it pleased him to review all his prisoners. One of them, harassed out with pain, petitioned for a speedy execution. "No," said Tiberius, "I have not yet made up my quarrel with you."

## XLI.

*He clung to power as his minister :*

Bending under the weight of years, and still a slave to his desires, he was anxious to preserve his power to the last. With his usual policy, in appearance resigned to indolence, he made use of his vices to cover his secret purposes. We are informed that Tiberius, often as he went from the Senate-house, was wont to say in Greek;—"Devoted men—how they rush headlong into bondage!" Even he, the enemy of freedom, was disgusted with adulation; he played the tyrant, but despised the voluntary slave. A black and shameful period," continues Tacitus, "lies before me. The age was sunk to the lowest depths of sordid adulation; in—somuch, that not only the most illustrious citizens, but



“ men of consular and prætorian rank, emulated which should  
 “ be the most obsequious.”\*

## XLII.

*He, the inscrutable, arrayed with power :*

A profound master of dissimulation, Tiberius had from Nature, or from the force of habit, the art of being dark and unintelligible. Even on occasions when duplicity was useless, he spoke in short and broken hints ; the sense suspended, mysterious, and indecisive. The fate of Sejanus, (continues Tacitus) filled him with emotions of joy too strong to be concealed ; but, in all other matters, nothing could lay open the secret workings of that involved and gloomy spirit. He was never at any time more abstruse, dark, and unintelligible. He refused to see the Senate ; he rejected the honours decreed to him ; and even Regulus, who had so faithfully served him, was not admitted to his presence : hating the commerce of mankind, he retired, with a sullen spirit, to one of his Palaces, called “ the Villa of Jupiter,” and there continued, ruminating in solitude for months together.

\* Ma lorsque le peuple n'eut plus rien à donner, et que le prince, au nom du Senat, disposa de tous les emplois, on les demanda, et on les obtint, par des voies indignes ; la flatterie, l'infamie, les crimes, *furent des arts nécessaires pour y parvenir.* MONTESQUIEU.



## XLIII.

*Behold the ruin of the man ! decay*

*Hath fixed. . . .*

In his decay of nature, he abated nothing from his usual gratifications ; dissembling to the last, he endured every encroachment on his constitution with composure. Patience, he thought, would pass for vigour : to ridicule physic, and to jest at those who, after thirty, knew not their constitutions, had long been the bent of his humour.

But his cruelties increased with his years. To see those “whom he hated in his heart,” continues Tacitus, “stretched on the torture of the mind, invoking death, yet forced to linger on in slow agonies, was the delight of that implacable, that obdurate mind ; he thus made his mercy, his “severest vengeance.”

Why the Roman tyrants were always more or less regretted by the lower mass of the people is made manifest by Montesquieu :—“A cause de leur folie même ; car ils aimoient avec fureur ce que le peuple aimoit, et contibuoient de tout leur pouvoir et même de leur personne à ses plaisirs ; ils prodiguoient pour lui toutes les richesses de l'empire ; et quand elles étoient épuisées, le peuple voyant sans peine dépouiller toutes les grandes familles, jouissoit purement, *car il trouvoit sa sûreté dans sa bassesse.*”

“He was of a fair complexion,” says Suetonius, “and had his hair so long behind, that it covered his neck, which

“ was observed to be a mark of distinction affected by his family. He had a handsome face, but often full of pimples. His eyes, which were large, had the peculiar faculty of seeing best at night-time. He walked with his neck stiff and unmoved, commonly with a frowning countenance, being, for the most part, silent: when he spoke to those about him, it was very slowly, and, generally, accompanied with an effeminate motion of his fingers.”

That Tiberius must have possessed a wonderful knowledge of character, and a perfect insight into human nature, to a degree which made him scarce short of a prophet, the following anecdotes, from Tacitus, will exemplify: his reproach to Macro, “ that he turned from the setting to the rising sun,” he could not foresee that this creature—his tool—would suffocate him whilst dying. When Caligula spoke of Sylla with contempt—“ You will have the vices of that great man without one of his virtues.” While embracing the youngest of his grandsons, he observed the stern countenance of Caligula, and, in words which were prophetic, calmly told him—“ You will kill this boy, and fall yourself by another hand.” If Caligula was spared, Tiberius gave it as his reason—“ I suffer that son of Germanicus to live, that he may be, in time, a public calamity, and the fated author of his own destruction. In him I nourish a serpent for the people of Rome, and another Phaeton for the world at large.”

## XLV.

*The mind upon its rack of pain :*

A passage in one of his letters (still quoting Tacitus) is too remarkable to be omitted :—" What to write, conscript  
 " Fathers ! or what to refrain from writing, is a matter of  
 " such perplexity, that, if I know how to decide, may the  
 " just gods of vengeance doom me to die in pangs worse  
 " than those under which I linger every day." The confession seems almost to have broken out unawares. I add the fine observations of Tacitus :

" We have here the features of the inward man : his  
 " crimes retaliated on him with the keenest retribution. By  
 " blows and stripes the flesh is made to quiver, and, in like  
 " manner, cruelty and inordinate passions, malice and evil  
 " deeds, *become internal executioners*, and, with unceasing  
 " torture, lacerate the heart. Neither the imperial dignity,  
 " nor the gloom of solitude, nor the rocks of Capreæ, could  
 " shield Tiberius—*from himself*. He lived on the rack of  
 " guilt, and his wounded spirit groaned in agony."

. . . . There is a hell

Upon itself by the quick spirit wrought :

The Mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven !

MILTON.

## XLVI.

*The blow to him was mercy given :*

I give, from Tacitus, the death of Tiberius, entire : for, surely, the page of History opens on no scene more awakening, or where the characters appear more to *live* on the eye, acting their various parts of servility, fear, hope, and dissimulation :—

“ Tiberius now drew near his end : his strength declined,  
 “ his spirits sank, and everything failed, except his dissimu-  
 “ lation. The same austerity still remained, the same rigour  
 “ and energy of mind. He talked in a decisive tone ; he  
 “ looked with eagerness ; and, even, at times, affected an air  
 “ of gaiety. Dissembling till the last, he hoped, by false ap-  
 “ pearances, to hide the decay of nature. Weary, restless,  
 “ and impatient, he could not stay long in one place. After  
 “ various changes, he stopped at a villa, once the property of  
 “ Lucullus, near the promontory of Misenum. It was here  
 “ first known that his dissolution was approaching fast.  
 “ The discovery was made in the following manner. A phy-  
 “ sician, named Charicles, highly eminent in his profession,  
 “ attended the train of Tiberius, not employed to prescribe,  
 “ but occasionally assisting with friendly advice. *Pretend-*  
 “ *ing* to have avocations that required elsewhere his atten-  
 “ dance, he approached the Emperor to take his leave, and  
 “ respectfully laying hold of his hand, contrived, in the act  
 “ of saluting it, to feel his pulse. *The artifice did not escape*

“ *the notice of Tiberius.* It probably gave him offence, but,  
“ for that reason, he smothered his resentment. With an air  
“ of cheerfulness, he ordered the banquet to be served, and,  
“ seemingly with intent to honour his departing friend, con-  
“ tinued at table beyond his usual time. Charicles was not  
“ to be deceived. He saw a rapid decline; and assured  
“ Macro that two days, at most, would close the scene. For  
“ that event, measures were immediately taken: councils  
“ were held in private, and despatches were sent to the army.  
“ On the seventeenth, before the calends of April, A.D. 37,  
“ Tiberius had a fainting-fit: he lay for some time in a state  
“ of languor, speechless, without motion, and was thought to  
“ be dead. A band of courtiers surrounded Caligula, eager  
“ to pay their court, and all congratulating the prince on his  
“ accession to the imperial dignity. Caligula was actually  
“ going forth to be proclaimed emperor, when word was  
“ brought, that Tiberius was come to himself, and had called  
“ for a cordial to revive his fainting spirits. *The whole*  
“ *party was struck with terror—the crowd dispersed; some*  
“ *with dejected looks, others with a cheerful mien, as if un-*  
“ *conscious of what had happened.* Caligula stood at gaze  
“ astonished, and almost out of his senses. But one moment  
“ before, he had one foot on the throne, and was now cast  
“ from the summit of his ambition. He remained fixed  
“ in despair, as if awaiting the stroke of death. Macro  
“ alone was undismayed. With firmness and presence of  
“ mind, he cleared the Emperor’s room, *and gave orders that*  
“ *the remains of life should be smothered under a load of*

“*clothes.*” Such was the end of Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. . . . .

A picture of human nature in its every phrase of meanness, prostration, duplicity, and cruelty. When Tiberius watched from his rock the departure of his favourite Macro to crush Sejanus, he could not foresee he was nourishing the serpent who would, eventually, fasten on himself; and Macro, eager, then, to serve his master and his own ambition, little dreamed that *he* should become the executioner of the Emperor;—what puppets are human beings under the influences of destiny, or, rather, of their own overmastering passions!

But Tacitus sums up—“His manners, like his fortune, had their revolutions, and their distinctive periods; *“amiable, while a private man*; and, in the highest employments under Augustus, esteemed and honoured. He played an artificial character during the lives of Drusus and Germanicus, concealing his vices, and assuming the exteriors of virtue. While his mother Livia lived, good and evil were blended. Detested for his cruelty, he had the art, while he loved or feared Sejanus, to throw a veil over his most depraved appetites. All restraint being, at length, removed, he broke out without fear or shame; and, during the remainder of his life, hurried away by his own unbridled passions, he made his reign one scene of lust, and cruelty, and horror.”

## L.

*While sitting on this mossy stone :*

Beneath the cliffs of Sorrento are shown corridors which are called the caves of Ulysses ; they are stripped of every decoration. Homer has exactly described the shore ; and one huge rock, near the landing-place, seems as if it might have been placed by Polyphemus before his den. The opposite Capreæ answers to Lachæa, from whence Ulysses, having quitted the Æolian isles a second time, proceeded with one vessel to Surrentum, and there encountered the Cyclop : sailing from thence to the Læstrygones, near Gaieta, and after the destruction of his barks by the savages, gaining, with one only, the realm of Circe. The plain of Sorrento is a living picture of Homer's garden of Alcinous ; a realisation of the golden Hesperides—the substance for the vision. It is one vast orchard, but by no means resembling our insular ideas of an apple-orchard, for here flourish, entwined together, the pomegranate, mulberry, fig, vine, olive, walnut, peach, apricot, with whole groves of orange and lemon trees—to look down on which, from any eminence, is like looking down into Paradise : the very eye pours its blessing over the scene for the silent delight which it receives. JOURNAL.

## LI.

*The Sirens yon dim islands have forsook :*

The Sirenusæ, three small isles in the Posidonian gulph ;



they bore sway over the promontory of Minerva, and town of Massa : it was here Ulysses passed in safety. They are three small barren islets : a low ruined tower stands on one, the largest ; being, perhaps, the remnant of some ancient temple ; the other two are conical rocks. I could not behold them, grey-looking and isolated as they are, detached from the main continent, and appearing as specks on the immense ocean before them, without reflecting, and with a deep consciousness of joy, on the immutable and eternal nature of Genius ! To the common, uninquiring eye, they are nothing ; to the intellectual and the imaginative, they have a charm pervading every part of them, like the common light of day.\* They have been peopled with immortal spirits by a human being who *created* them from his own : by a Mind, which, itself immortal and co-existent with time, has been able to throw a halo, which shall endure for ever, round their waste and barren sides ; such are the powers of the *creator*—such the triumphs of the mind ! JOURNAL.

## LIII.

*Sorrento ! who that blesses thy soft brow ;*

The soil around Sorrento is volcanic, and the vegetation one ocean of richest luxuriance. But that which renders Sorrento an eternal object of speculation to the geologist,

\* Longinus compared the Iliad and the Odyssey to the rising and the setting sun—an analogy as sublime as the subjects from whence it was drawn.



are, the sunken ravines, or rather, profound chasms in the earth, intersecting its plain, and tending to the sea; the ground, in all directions, has been rent asunder, in cracks of frightful depth, evidently separated by some great convulsion of Nature.

## LVII.

*Even in Tasso :*

Muratori confesses that he was ignorant of the crime which confined Tasso to his cell, but asserts that the cause was *not* insanity, but from some hasty expressions spoken in choler against the Duke. Manso, the bosom friend of Tasso, throws no light on it; and, of seven or eight annalists of the day, only one asserts that he was confined at all. Tasso might have felt a pride in being patronised by Leonora of Este, but his *heart* was devoted to a humbler beauty: Lucretia Bendedio ranked the author of the “*Pastor Fido*” among her immortal suitors; of this passion, Leonora was the confidant.\* It is also too certain that Leonora deserted the poet in the first days of his distress; and it is as well known, that Tasso did not vent a single grief over the bier of his supposed mistress. Tasso’s great and sole fault, in the eyes of the Duke, was his desire for his natural freedom—in fact, to do as *he* liked; and not to feel that he was detained at Ferrara. In 1575 he fled to Rome, and this journey, or jaunt rather, was the cause of all his misfortunes. On his return, he found that his manuscript of “*Jerusalem*”

\* See Hobhouse’s Illustrations.

was withheld from him by Alfonso. All remonstrances and petitions were vain; till, at length, his passion broke forth in expressions which were carefully repeated: he was arrested by "his generous and magnanimous" sovereign, and confined to his prison as a madman. The *obligations*, then, of Tasso to the Duke, consisted in the seven years' imprisonment of the author, and the surreptitious publication of a mutilated manuscript. His muse was encouraged and confined to her laureate duties, and so carefully was her gratitude secured, and her recompense so exactly *weighed*, that the day before the Prince of Mantua secured the freedom of Tasso, he commanded the captive to compose a copy of verses, as an earnest of more elaborate efforts; even his clothes were not allowed him, *unless worn and shown at court*; his own letter will best speak the extent of his princely patronage.

"My *very magnificent Signor*,

"I send your worship *five shirts—all of which want mending!* Give them to your relation: and let him know that  
 "I do not wish them to be mixed with the others; and that  
 "he will gratify me by coming one day with you to see me.  
 "In the mean while I wait for that answer which your Lordship promised to solicit for me. I kiss your worship's  
 "hands.

"Your faithful servant,

"January 4th, 1585."

"TORQUATO TASSO."

“ If you cannot come with your relation, come alone ; I  
 “ want to speak to you : and get the cloth washed in which  
 “ the shirts are wrapped up. (!)

“ *To the very magnificent Signor,*” &c.

Such was the state of him who thought that besides God, to the poet alone belonged the name of *creator* : and who was also persuaded that he himself was the first Italian of that immortal race. It is gratifying to know that Alfonso had his recompense : deserted by all on his death-bed, he was interred without even decent honours. His last wishes were neglected : his will cancelled. His kinsman, Don Cæsar, shrunk from the Vatican's excommunication, and, after a short suspense, Ferrara passed away for ever from the house of Este.

#### LVIII.

##### *The Exile came for quiet :*

From the delightful scenery of Sorrento, Torquato Tasso was removed in his early infancy, though he appears to have retained a full recollection of its beauties. In latter life he revisited its scenes under circumstances of singular and romantic interest. Suffering under one of those afflicting delusions to which his state of mind gave rise,\* Tasso fled from Ferrara, resolving to seek safety under the roof of his sister

\* Such appears to be the opinion, also, of Roscoe, from whom this interesting notice is taken.

Cornelia, who, having lost her husband, resided with her family in the paternal mansion at Sorrento. Disguising himself in the dress of a shepherd, he succeeded, after many difficulties and privations, in reaching his native place, where he introduced himself to his sister, as a messenger from her brother, who, being in imminent risk of his life, had sent to demand her assistance and protection. Cornelia anxiously inquired into the perils that surrounded her brother; and so lively was the picture which the poet drew of his own imaginary dangers, that Cornelia fainted at the recital. Affected by this touching proof of her love, Tasso gradually disclosed himself, and was received by her with every demonstration of affection. He remained at Sorrento for some time, under the assumed character of a distant relative, and passed much of his time in wandering through its woods, in company with his nephews and nieces, upon the latter of whom, from the tallness of their stature, he bestows, in one of his letters to his sisters, the epithet of "giantess."

The unsettled mind of Tasso, and the love of excitement to which his residence in cities and courts had given birth, did not permit him long to remain a wanderer amidst the beauties of Sorrento. He resided with his sister during the remainder of the summer, at the close of which he departed for Rome. Yet, though a voluntary exile from his native home, its delightful recollections still hovered round him; and, in a letter addressed to his sister, many years after this period, he expresses a wish that he might once more in her society breathe his native air, and once again refresh his weary

thoughts amidst the sublime and delicious scenery which nature had lavished round his home with so unsparing a hand. The aspiration was vain;—the illustrious poet was fated never more to visit the scene of his birth.

## LXIII.

*While bending o'er this fallen shrine :*

The Temple of Minerva was erected on the Sorrentine promontory : hence Statius entitles her,

*Tyrrheni speculatrix virgo profundi :*

Seneca, the same also; and Virgil.

Let me recal that one of the most buoyant mornings of my life was passed on this spot; retiring, yet within hearing of a joyous party, the Ode was composed, or, with more truth, inspired by the glorious scenes around me.

## 9.

*I, too, Arcadia have enjoyed !*

A small but exquisitely finished picture in the Doria Palace represents two shepherds leaning against a tree in an Arcadian landscape, while contemplating a tomb-stone, on which is placed a human skull, with the beautiful and affecting inscription beneath—

*Et ego in Arcadia fui !\**

\* And I, too, have been in Arcadia !

## LXIV.

*The Stars that to the eye are melodies :*

“ In the World of Stars,” says Aristotle, “ there is to be  
“ seen neither the perfect unmovedness of Divinity, nor the  
“ perpetual changeableness of earthly things, but something  
“ Intermediate — a motion which is immutable, and eternal :  
“ revolutions regulated by the most unerring laws.” Milton’s  
beautiful conception may well be a truth :

And in their motions harmony divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that God’s own ear  
*Listens delighted.*

Wishing to include in the same volume all such pieces as  
were written in Italy, a fragment of an Address to the Light  
is subjoined ; composed before day-break, on the shore of  
Salerno.

Ancient of Time—of Chaos elder-born !  
Effluence from Him—His Presence—when he moved  
Above the surface of the Waters, ere  
He called thee from the Shadows into life.  
First—holiest—purest ! thou, that makest all  
Visible, while thou art, like Him, unseen :  
He whom man worshipped first as Light, who dwells  
In light—Himself the emanating Fount  
Of thy self-motive Essence ! Ere the Stars  
Were made, or Suns that led them on, thou wert,  
In-dwelling with the Sanctities of Heaven !  
Thou robe of many colours ! hovering round  
Earth’s body like a mantle, shedding beauty  
On that which was before so beautiful !

Oh, that thy Light which enters in the eyes,  
 And maketh glad the heart of man, could fill him  
 With some faint spark of that absorbing Love,  
 Which made both him and thee !

\* \* \* \* \*

### LXVIII.

#### *The towering Amalfi !*

In all Italy, perhaps in the world, there is no city more wildly, more romantically situated than Amalfi, suspended, as much of it appears to be, seen from the distance, on rocks, and the very edges of precipices ; its gardens and vineyards breasting the lower part of the mountain against which it lies : its white villas reflected in the mellowing water, and its heights, covered with cottages, peeping through their masses of vegetation. Sitting in that immense cavern, adjacent to the chief inn of the city, which was a convent of the most spacious dimensions, and shadowed there from the mid-day sun, which makes its coolness and repose more gratefully felt, no sensation can be more delicious than that of looking between the foliage of the trees which overhang it, upon the deep blue “ world of waters ” extended beneath ; in truth, the sea appears from thence more like azure floating breath than water ; so still does it lie stretched beneath, so sky-like, so silent, so impalpable !

“ Besides Venice,” says Hallam, “ Amalfi kept up the commercial intercourse of Christendom with the Saracen countries before the first crusade. It was the singular fate of this city to have filled up the interval between two



“ periods of civilisation, in neither of which she was destined  
 “ to be distinguished. Scarcely known before the end of the  
 “ sixth century, Amalfi ran a brilliant career, as a free and  
 “ trading Republic, which was checked by the arms of a  
 “ Conqueror in the middle of the twelfth century. Since  
 “ her subjugation by Roger King of Sicily, the name of a  
 “ people, who, for a while, connected Europe with Asia, has  
 “ hardly been repeated, except for two discoveries *fully*  
 “ imputed to them—those of the Pandects and the Mariner’s  
 “ Compass.\* The Amalfitans are described by William of  
 “ Apulia in Muratori.”

If there be one place above another on the face of the earth to which a solitary would wish to retreat, that place must be Amalfi for what sublime, and, at the same time, what soft and beautiful localities does it not present? Who can forget the appearance of the “deep sea,” looked down on from its rocky altitudes? or the vines, and the myrtle galleries which are everywhere thrown around him on the hill-side? If our hermit be not disinclined to the good things of this life—and what serious people *are*?—the very best wine in all Italy, if a Poet may be allowed to know anything of so important a subject—is to be found at Amalfi.

JOURNAL.

\* The common opinion, ascribing it to a citizen of Amalfi, in the fourteenth century, is erroneous. Guiot de Provencs, a French Poet, and James de Vitry, archbishop in Palestine, describe it in the most unequivocal language, as also, others, during the same period. HALLAM.



## LXXII.

*Eternal PÆSTUM there :*

The only account we have of the origin of Pæstum is from Solinus, who says it was built by the Dorians;\* but a profound modern antiquary† has undertaken to prove these came from the East; his chief arguments are drawn from tracing the names Pæstum and Posidonia, to the same oriental radix. Herodotus, also, observes that we shall look in vain for the word ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ among the Greeks—the word, and Deity, being of Libyan origin.

*The Vision changes—ages take their flight :*

When the Lucanians attacked the Grecian settlements, Posidonia was the first that fell; they changed its name to Pæstum, as also the language and customs of the natives. Of this we have a most touching account in Athenæus, who cites from Aristoxenus, a philosopher of Tarentum: “We  
“are doing much the same as the Posidonians, who, from  
“having been Greeks, are now *barbarised into Romans*.  
“These, assembling on one of their old festivals, recalled to  
“memory their ancient names and customs, for the loss of  
“which they indulged a social grief, and parted in tears;—  
“so we, now that our theatres are become barbarous, and  
“the general taste in music so corrupted, meet together,  
“a slender party—to lament the change, and *to remember*  
“*what Music was !*”

\* Notum est Pæstum a Dorensibus constitutum.

† Mazochii Comment. Naples, 1754.

I cannot resist collecting into a wreath the beautiful tributes of the Roman Poets to the roses of Pæstum—it is like steeping oneself in their fragrance ! and first, Virgil :

Forsitan et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi  
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti.

The full tribute of Ovid :

Nec Babylon æstum, nec frigora Pontus habebit  
Calthaque Pæstanus vincit odore rosas.

*Could we omit Propertius ?*

Vidi ego odorati victura rosaria Pæsti  
Sub matutino cocta jacente noto.

And though quotations might extend, the following exquisite couplet of Ausonius would excel them all : he brings *his* roses before the eye, with their morning dew dropping heavily from them !

Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu  
Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero !

During a long sojourn at Naples, the writer of this note had collected, from various sources, some interesting notices of Pæstum ; they extended, however, too far : an extract only is given, which was written on the spot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Looking at the gigantic Temple, massed and concentrated in its own strength—the three huge steps ascending its platform—its quadrilateral shape of nearly two hundred feet in length, and eighty in breadth—its double front—each mounting a pediment supported by six stupendous fluted columns of the Doric order—its vast vestibules—its grand unadorned frieze and cornice—its ponderous exterior columns guarding

the whole, which Time has softened, and mellowed into tones of harmony, casting over their "glory obscured" a tinge of melancholy which renders them more touching still,—we experience sensations such as that Temple alone could inspire. While the naked and boundless waste surrounds us with solitude and with silence, a solitude far removed from "towered cities" and "the hum of men"—a silence for ever soothed rather than broken by that grand and monotonous Chant—the pulsations of the living Sea!—we feel as if we were removed back into the very night of time; as if we looked upon the works of a gigantic race of men who held nothing in common with our weak humanity; as if the old works of the Titanic ages were developed before us; as if, had we turned to the Altar for an Oracle, we still should hear an answer from its shrine.

We look not, here, upon the classical, but on the heroic style of Architecture; the offspring of an heroic age. The Temple is the Record which stamps the People who erected it: simple, uncorrupted, and, *therefore great*; no effeminate or enfeebled nation could have designed such a colossal pile: of such a severe and unadorned character; it testifies the grandeur of both. The whole is stamped with a grand and mighty Energy which awes and fills the mind. Far more impressive are they as ruins, than if presented to us in a perfect state. Their rents serve but to develope the more their Herculean proportions; their injuries, inflicted by time and disaster, *command*, rather than *ask*, the respect of the beholder.

We feel, while surveying them, that, each moment, our reverence is increased ; for we cannot avoid reflecting on all they have met—on all which they have endured. We remember how often the Earth has upheaved around, and shook those columned masses, with their ponderous entablatures, to their foundations ; how often the thunder-stone has been hurled through them, having left its so palpable traces on their sides ; how the Hosts of Heaven have there kept watch ; how the Storms of countless ages have raged above and within them ; how Empires have risen—flourished—fallen—their very positions erased from the earth, while the generations of man have been as grass in the field !—and still to see how fixedly *they* grow in their places—how firmly *they* present their fronts—how serriedly *they* keep their long ordered ranks—scathed and, splintered—but unbroken and immovable !

We almost regard them with human sympathies—but they seem to have outlived the ordeal of human endurance ; and, spared or forgotten by Time and Change, to have become allied with Nature herself : a part of the waste and savage plain they stand on—of the grey mountains—of the everlasting Sea ! *they*, also, need no written histories from man ; they bear their own records on their time-withered but majestic brows.

Cold, and uninspired, indeed, shall that man be, who, sitting under the shadows of their gigantic columns, does not feel the awful impression they convey of the mutability of all human power and grandeur—of the very nothingness of

humanity ! Who shall not feel in the presence of those palpable—those last—and those not *silent* Witnesses of a World gone by—that *here* a mighty City once flourished ; that a populous and busy existence once rolled, Ocean-like, around ; —that all the deeds and thoughts which exalt or debase the man, all the passions that soothe or agitate humanity, were stirring here ? Who shall not feel, I repeat, a moral for his own life ; and for his brethren so long gone before him in a path which he and unborn Ages must follow—a feeling too deeply seated for his tears ? JOURNAL.

## LXXXV.

*Arrayed in marble now :*

It was the kingly boast of Augustus that he found Rome built of brick, but left it in marble.

## LXXXVII.

*The Stars that draw their crowns of light from thine !*

Milton has a beautiful idea on this subject :

Hither, as to their fountain, other Stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Julian, in his Oration, says the Phœnicians represent Light as “ the energy of an intellect perfectly pure, i. e. solar  
“ intellect—which, scattering its beams from the middle re-  
“ gion of the heavens, fills all the celestial orbs with powerful  
“ vigour, and illuminates the universe with divine and incor-  
“ ruptible light.”

*“ Ἀρδην ἐμψυχουσα φᾶος πῦρ αἰθέρα κοσμοῦς.*

Additional lines to the setting Sun are subjoined ; composed, also, in the Temple of Pæstum, during an evening which was, of itself, inspiration.

Eye of the Day !

Watcher and Monarch of the Seasons, flitting  
Round the green Earth in their eternal dance,  
Maker of Time the Shade, who, without thee,  
Had never been embodied with a name ;  
Father of days—years—seasons, Lord of Light !  
Fountain of heat ! all-seeing—whom all see,  
Nor seek beyond. Who calls thee an inert,  
Unthinking substance of material Fire,  
*Thou*—wholly spiritual ? hast thou not  
A will and motion, attributes of Mind,  
And immortality ?

In central Space

Thou sittest like the God himself enthroned,  
The visible Image of the Invisible !  
The Shadow of the Substance, who is All.  
The Stars in their white robes of light, with crowns  
Of glory round their heads, move round thee, hymning  
Melodies that are heard by thee alone !  
Life—woke by thy rays, started from the dust,  
And *was* : even as our spirits from that Light,  
Thy Fountain, from which we, receding still,  
Remember : and retain within our hearts.  
*O thou Apollo ! well wert thou so named :*  
*Thy Lyre is the living world : and Life,*  
*The everlasting music which thy hand,*  
*Calls into vocal sounds ! for ever changing,*  
*As thy beams wander fitfully along*  
*Its thrillingly responsive strings !*

## XCI.

*Galaxied with Cyclades :*

The greatest Sculptors of Greece came from the Cyclades , among whom were the Chian brothers, Bupalus and Anthermus, who lived B.C. 517. Greece and Asia contended for their works, on which, with a beautiful modesty, was inscribed not their own, but their father's name, in the following verse :

The sons of Anthermus will render thee, O Chios,  
More renowned than thy vines have yet done.

## XCII.

*Thou, who didst make an Ocean of the Land.*

No small part of the present surface of the earth is derived from the remains of animals that constituted the population of ancient seas. "What was once sea," says Aristotle, "is now land : what is now land, *was* the sea." We do but repeat truths as old almost as eternity. Many extensive plains and massive mountains form, as it were, the great charnel-houses of preceding generations, in which the petrified exuviae of extinct races of animals, and vegetables, are piled into stupendous monuments of the operations of life and death, during almost immeasurable periods of past time.

Strata thus loaded with the exuviae of innumerable generations of organic beings, afford proof of the lapse of long periods of time, wherein the animals from which they have been derived, lived and multiplied, and died, at the bottom of seas which once occupied the site of our present continents and islands. BUCKLAND.



## XCIV.

*A Priest of Nature :*

Let me set the beautiful *truth* of Goëthe before the reader ;  
 “ *The Poet is the Priest of Nature : he touches each plant,*  
 “ *each bush, with gentle hand, and hallows them ; members*  
 “ *of a loving and harmonious family.*”

I cannot conclude these Notes—that have been to me one of the most beguiling parts of the Subject which I have hoped to illustrate, better than with the *prophetic* remarks of the eloquent historian of Italy—Sismondi ; sentiments which will find a sympathy and an echo from all those who proudly, yet gratefully, feel themselves to be free men, and who know how to appreciate the inestimable blessings of Liberty which they enjoy.

“ The Italians, everywhere victorious over their own  
 “ tyrants, have been everywhere forced back under the  
 “ yoke with redoubled cruelty by the hands of foreign  
 “ despots. Attacked before they could form a government,  
 “ a treasury, arsenals, or army, by a sovereign who reckons  
 “ thirty millions of subjects, they did not attempt a hopeless  
 “ resistance, which would have deprived them of every  
 “ chance of the future.

“ Italy is crushed ; but her heart still beats with the love  
 “ of liberty, virtue, and glory ; she is chained, and covered  
 “ with blood, *but she still knows her strength and her future*  
 “ *destiny ;* she is insulted by those for whom she has opened  
 “ the way to every improvement ; but she feels that she is



“ formed to take the lead again. *Europe will know no re-*  
“ *pose till the nation which, in the dark ages, lighted the*  
“ *torch of civilisation with that of liberty, shall be enabled*  
“ *herself to enjoy the light which she created.*”

THE END.

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